

BAPT  
LH  
1  
W4  
S78  
V.60

WAKE FOREST  
UNIVERSITY



Z. SMITH REYNOLDS LIBRARY



v. 60

1946-47

PROPERTY OF  
Bapt. Hist. Col.  
Z. S. Reynolds Lib.

NOT TO BE CIRCULATED

LH  
1  
wt  
S78  
V.60  
1946-47



WAKE FOREST COLLEGE  
LIBRARY

# THE STUDENT

THE WAKE FOREST COLLEGE MAGAZINE

DEACONS vs. WOLFPACK

Story on Pages 10-11

October 1946

V. 1 #1



WAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY  
LIBRARY

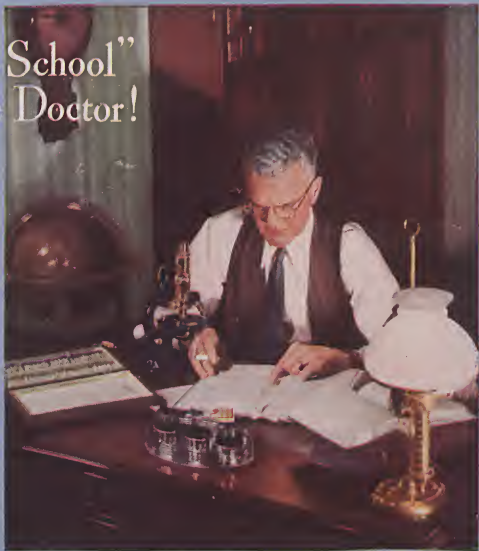
13  
378  
W139  
V.60

## "Night-School" for the Doctor!

*His years of study are  
never finished...for  
the practice of  
medicine is one of  
constant change...and  
every change is for  
the better...for you!*

SEVEN long years he studied before those respected initials "M.D." were affixed to his name. And that was only the beginning!

For every day brings discovery in the field of medicine. New methods of treatment, of protecting and prolonging life. All these the doctor must know to fulfill his obligation to you... to mankind. That's being a doctor!



## According to a recent Nationwide survey: **MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS** **THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE**

● "What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?"

That was the gist of the question put to 113,597 doctors from coast to coast in a recent survey by three independent research groups.

More doctors named Camels than any other cigarette.

If you're a Camel smoker, this definite preference for Camels among physicians will not surprise you. If not, then by all means try Camels. Try them for taste... for your throat. That's the "T-Zone" test (see right).

### Your "T-Zone" Will Tell You...

The "T-Zone"—T for taste and T for throat—is your own proving ground for any cigarette. For only your taste and your throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat.



# CAMELS

Costlier Tobaccos

R. J. Barnhill Tobacco Co.  
Winston-Salem, N. C.

# THE STUDENT

THE WAKE FOREST COLLEGE MAGAZINE

## THE STUDENT Its History, Its Policy

In January 1882 the French began their attempt to construct a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. Two months later a German scientist discovered the tuberculosis germ. Chester A. Arthur was then president of the United States. John L. Sullivan was heavyweight champion of the world and Mark Twain published his *The Prince and the Pauper*. Women wore full skirts and men drank coffee from moustache cups. Wake Forest students of that year were busy founding THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

Beginning with the first issue in January 1882, the magazine has had along and distinguished history. With the desire "to fill a place in the circulating literature of North Carolina," the magazine presented to its readers timely articles and essays on "almost every conceivable topic of local, state, national, and international interest, education, athletics, politics, industry, society, literature and art." Members of the college faculty often supplemented the offerings of the students with well written and learned discourses of their own composition.

That THE STUDENT's contents brought favorable comment from every quarter is easily understood when one pauses to examine its list of editors. Over the years such luminaries as Thomas Dixon, John Charles McNeill, and Gerald W. Johnson have served as its editors. Under the guidance of men of this caliber the magazine carried the best in student journalism until the uncertain days of 1930 when financial difficulties forced it to discontinue publication.

Late in 1931, after more than a year of inactivity, THE STUDENT became a collegiate humor magazine but as such its staff continually found itself in trouble. In more recent years the magazine has received support from the college only with the understanding that it be used as an outlet for student literary offerings.

In the magazine's first issue back in 1882, its editors expressed a three-fold purpose. They hoped to have their periodical "advance the educational interests of the state, encourage and develop the taste for literary effort in the students and alumni of the College, and be a means of instruction and pleasure to all who read it."

Today, nearly sixty-five years later, THE STUDENT's staff would like to aspire to the same high purposes although it is hardly within reason to hope that the magazine can realize all three. On the other hand the staff will consider itself well compensated if it can reflect life at Wake Forest in such a manner that these pages each month will "be a means of instruction and pleasure to all who may read them."

# THE STUDENT

THE WAKE FOREST COLLEGE MAGAZINE

VOL. LX

OCTOBER 1946

No. 1

## THE STAFF

JESSE GLASGOW, *Editor*

PAUL B. BELL, *Business Manager*

## CONTRIBUTING

Evelyn McDaniel, Don Lee Paschal, *Art Work*; Dr. C. S. Black, Stan Vetter, *Photography*; Charles Giles, Sanford Martin, Bill Mellwain, Bill Poe, and Bynum Shaw, *Editorial Matter*.

## BUSINESS ASSOCIATES

Jack Caldwell, Neil Fisher, Campbell McMillan, Bill Hobbs, Herbert Paschal.

Criticism and contributions should be addressed to The Editor, Box 181.

Advertising rates on request.

Application pending for re-entry as second-class matter at the post-office at Wake Forest, N. C., under act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Published during the months of October, November, December, February, March, and April by the students of Wake Forest College.

## THIS MONTH'S WORK

During his pre-war years at Wake Forest, Charles Giles, author of the article on the N. C. State-Wake Forest football series appearing on pages ten and eleven, spent his time compiling a near straight "A" scholastic average, winning an intramural basketball championship, serving as assistant in the Spanish Department, and silently admiring several of the thirty-three co-eds then enrolled here. During a three-year hitch in the navy he edited a ship's newspaper when his duties as radioman weren't too pressing, and upon returning to these environs has continued his interest in writing. The present sports editor of *Old Gold and Black*, Giles is and was the logical choice to write the history of the State-Wake Forest rivalry.

Bynum Shaw, Shorty Joyner's Boswell in the article appearing on page seven claims to be a solid blend of the choice distillations of Ohio and the Carolina lowlands, presently hailing from Wilmington. He got most of his writing impetus from a three year wartime stretch in the Merchant Marine, during which time he haunted hot spots from Murmansk to Djidjelli. His literary gems of that period include odes to Marxian tovarishes and two act plays that feature Mohammedan haremities in veils only and in which the curtain is drawn during the entire second act. After the war he knocked around in South America for six months "studying Latin techniques." Main interests are queer people, the theater, and anything between the pages of newspapers.



Dr. H. B. Jones, erudite head of the English Department, was visited at his office on the third floor of the Alumni Building recently by a freshman who asked, "Is Dr. Speas up here?"

"No," rejoined Dr. Jones, "he never gets this close to heaven. You'll have to look a little lower down."

Vogue  
ALWAYS  
SOMETHING  
NEW



CLOTHIERS  
HABERDASHERS  
HATTERS

Vogue

213 Fayetteville Street  
RALEIGH, N. C.



# Still Champ

A Sports Short Story

By BILL McILWAIN

"Toys" Thornton moved easily about the ring, flicking an occasional left into the towering Negro's scarred face. Giant beads of perspiration oozed from both fighters as they sparred in the worn ring shaded only by over-hanging limbs of a big maple tree.

"Toys, you bout had enough?" asked the bantam-sized man beside the ring busying himself with a large towel, a robe and two bottles.

"Just a little more, Johnny," breathed Toys as he exchanged a flurry of light punches with the hulky colored boy.

Toys was something to see in a ring. Not since Jack Dempsey, had a man packed so much power in so lean a frame. Even in a workout Toys shuffled in with that same hungry, killer look that belonged to Dempsey in his heyday. That constant moving in and a right hand loaded with sleep had brought Toys Thornton the world's heavyweight championship. And he would defend this crown in the Garden Tuesday night against a clouting Jewish boy, Abe Keister.

"Let's call it quits, Icky," Toys panted after several minutes of brisk jabbing and light crosses.

Icky, the giant Negro sparring partner, parted the ropes for Toys to descend to the ground. "You seems alright, Mr. Toys," he grinned.

Johnny Riddles, Toys' little bald-headed trainer,

threw a robe and a towel about him as he jumped from the ring. His manager, Dixie Lawton, perspiring and tomato-faced under the bright New Jersey sun, approached him, accompanied by a host of newspapermen.

"Hi, Champ," the sports scribes greeted Toys. Huddling about him they unleashed a barrage of questions.

"How bout it, Toys, think you'll stop Keister Tuesday? Figure he'll go the whole fifteen? What round will it be, Champ?" all this fired at Toys at once.

The flood of questions was interrupted as a gaunt, white-haired old man with enormous cauliflower ears broke into the group and edged his way toward Toys.

The old man, his battered face twitching strangely, glared at Toys with watery, half-closed eyes.

"So you're the champ," he exploded. "Get in the ring with me! Get in the ring with me! I'm still champ and I can wallop hell outa all you young no goods!" the wildly gesticulating old man shrieked.

"O.K. Pop. O.K., you're still champ. Now run along home and water your nasturtiums," Dixie Lawton elipped, grabbing the old man by the arm.

"Nasturtiums hell," bellowed the tall, bent oldster. "I'm going to put on the gloves and elout this young punk before I go anywhere."

Icky, you and Johnny get this punchy old goat outa

(Continued on page thirteen)

## VOGUE

Now featuring exclusively in Raleigh



America's favorite brand of men's shoes

## VOGUE

# Pen Pan Alley

By S. W. MARTIN

Time is short. Therefore, it's precious. Three-score and ten years is a mere drop in the bucket when you think of it. But, in that allotted time a lot can happen and does happen and is happening—every hour and minute and second. And, when you stop to look at all these “happenings,” you suddenly see how ludicrous so much of this so-called serious life can really be.

Far be it from a gourd-headed, pot-bellied, worn-heel individual as I to philosophize. That's for the scholar. But, a little baggy-pants observation is a privilege reserved for all of us. That is to say, the kind of observation that grows out of a walk downtown or a chat in front of the corner drugstore or a glance at a pretty co-ed leaning over to drink water from a fountain. A man doesn't have to be a philosopher to observe these things and to be affected by them. It's a natural privilege and a rightful one. The only drawback is that so many of us take so many of our observations too seriously.

Therefore, the object of PEN PAN ALLEY is to observe in a vernacular and mirthful sort of way the bewildering mass of Wake Forest scholars who get up at 7:35, eat breakfast at 7:50, charge gulpingly to class at 8:00, wring their hands and pull out their hair thirteen hours before a big test, and walk away at the end of the semester completely satisfied that they did enough to get by.

So, if there are any feelings to be hurt or any feet to be stepped on, let them be those of the ALLEY'S originator.

## OH, BUT TO BE A RUSHED FRESHMAN

It must be a wonderful feeling to be a rushed freshman—rushed in more sense than one.

Rushed in learning the scholarly complexities of college life. Rushed in mastering the proper squeeze of a college politician's handshake. Rushed in knowing when to grin and when to look personally concerned over the intimate remarks of a fellow student—and, incidentally, potential voter. Rushed in acquiring the

proper amount of grace and composure when a knock comes on the door of his room and in walk two of the most graceful upper-classmen the world has ever seen with out-stretched hands and pretty little pearl-like pins over their hearts and a gushingly sincere invitation to a pop drinking get together of all the “good brothers down at the house.”

Perhaps it's fortunate that most Wake Forest men are satisfied to receive their social thrills merely from observing the happy throngs of first-year men who trip gaily from one cigar to another and from one pat on the back to another with complete assurance that they always were meant to be popular. To me there's nothing more inspiring than a cigar-smoking, pop-drinking Freshman who has suddenly seen the light—the dazzling light—of a fellowship and social life far deeper and more adventurous and more abundant than anything the Hi-Y club back home ever had to offer. That's a sight, a thrilling sight, for anyone's sore old eyes.

While uptown the other day, I couldn't help but hear a conversation between two of these fellowships seekers. The exuberant tone of their voices made me a regular high school girl eavesdropper. They were almost beside themselves. And, frankly, their joy was contagious as they shared the experiences of two fraternity “rush parties”—I believe that's what they called them. Anyway, they talked and giggled and talked and confided and talked and finally concluded that there never was a finer group of men than the “fellows who asked us down to the house last night.”

Well—I don't know but what “fine fellows” can be found elsewhere. But I do believe there must be a “glorious something” to a system of fellowship which can bring such joy and abiding peace to two otherwise harassed freshmen. And, although the gaiety and splendor of it all bewilders my humble observations at times, there still must be a certain wonderful feeling in being a rushed freshman.

Oh, but for the knock on the door and the pat on the back and the cigar in the mouth and the kingly little pins over the hearts of good fellows, college life would be such a bore to a freshman.

# Little Man in Big Business

A Wake Forest Institution Gets  
Its Face Lifted

By BYNUM SHAW



smoking, and pots of snuff for, well, how do you take yours? A rack of strictly fresh eggs sits near the grill, waiting the omelet call, and three silent Silaxes are busy producing caffeine for the long night hours that have to be stayed awake through.

That is Shorty's. It is not just another place of business, a lackadaisical roadside grill that you draw up to, froth at the mouth at and drive away from. Shorty's is an institution and Shorty is a tradition. He is a little man whose hair stayed long enough to grey and then started to leave. He wears an upbrimmed straw hat and from his face there are always two protuberances, a decidedly pug nose and the chewed stump of a cigar. You can generally tell which is which because occasionally he strikes a match to one of them. Shorty won't divulge how his cigar always manages to be short, but it's perhaps best that it is. You

*(Continued on page fourteen)*

It does not have a glittering facade, and there are no neon lights flashing gaudily in front to dazzle minds already bewildered with the metaphysics of Anaximander and Gray on his and everybody else's anatomies. There is not a liveried doorman, or even a doorman at all, for that matter, unless you want to call Buster, who unlocks the door every morning and hauls in the stacks of milk bottles, a kind of St. Peter, or a kind of who is that at the other place? There are no mural bedecked walls inside or plasters flaunting frescoes, no fawning waiters vying for the percentage *douceur*, no wine spattered menus sprinkled with high sounding French phrases that only mean "it costs you more if you get it with mayonnaise," no subdued lighting to hide how white your face turns when you get the cheek, and no, not even a slim limbed lady who gets showers of applause and quarters for taking off all those flimsy niceties that any subdued male can glance covertly at in the Mademoiselle Shoppe display without cost.

Its simple legend, painted in faded gold letters on one window, is "Shorty's, Hot Dogs, Hamburgers," and above the torn, weather-beaten, probably brown awning out front a jagged shard is missing from a cracked plate of corrugated glass. Inside, ten red stools face a long black counter, and a row of much carved school desks is backed up against the opposite wall. There is the smell of frying hamburgers throughout, the reek of onions, the blare of a battered nickelodeon, and coming from the back the sharp clicks of the cueballs on four tables blasting away at rotation. There are stacks of drinks, shelves of soup, and assorted buyables that include pork rind for chewing, black twists for



M. E. "Shorty" Joyner

# The Preceding Twenty-two Years . . .

## *The Facts in the Case of Robert Earl Lee, S. J. D.*

By **BILL POE**

On June 10, 1946, the Wake Forest College School of Law returned to its rightful place on the campus here after a wartime sojourn of some three years at Duke University, and returning to Deacontown at the same time was one of its most scholarly sons, Robert Earl Lee, as Dean of Law.



*He Painted the Water Tank*

For eighteen years Dean Lee had been absent from the Wake Forest scene, but his fellow members of the class of '28 and faculty members and college officials did not forget the little dark-headed fellow who parted his hair in the middle and stood head and shoulders above the rest of his class in law school. When it became necessary to select a new dean to reorganize the school of law on a postwar basis, Lee, then pro-

fessor of law at Temple University, heard the call of his Alma Mater and decided to retrace his steps to his native North Carolina.

One time selected "Laziest" in his class (by an odd circumstance, so we are told), Dean Lee can today boast of five earned degrees and the authorship of three books, the latest of which is to appear this month. He received both his B.S. and LL.B. degrees from Wake Forest in 1928, an M.A. in Public Law from Columbia University in 1929, an LL.M. from Duke in 1935, and an S.J.D. (Doctor of Juridical Science) from Duke in 1941. All three of his books are texts for the study of law, the latest being *Law of Contracts*.

In 1929, at the age of twenty-two, Lee started teaching law at Temple University in Philadelphia, and he was still on the faculty there when called to return to Wake Forest this spring. In the meantime, however, he had been overseas during the fall and winter of last year and the early part of this year teaching law to G. I.'s at the U. S. Army University at Shrivenham, England. And just before returning home in February,

he toured a good bit of the Continent as a lecturer on specialized legal topics at various army installations in occupied Germany, including Frankfurt, Heidelberg, Nuremburg and Munich.

But like most Wake Forest men, this widely-traveled, scholarly professor of law, was once just another green freshman, and possibly a bit too impudent at that. He left his home in Kinston and came to Wake Forest when hazing was very much in vogue. Right away he found that upperclassmen didn't like the way he combed his hair—parted in the middle. The problem was solved in the usual manner of the time but only after Freshman Lee had climbed the water tank (then on the campus) on the night before the homecoming game with Carolina and painted out the sophomore class numerals and substituted those of his own class. Outraged sophs lost no time in tracking down the guilty party, and Freshman Lee parted with the greater portion of his hair. Automatically he became junior member in the local cue-ball club.

All his luck didn't run bad that year, however, for on the night before that same Carolina game Lee attended an enthusiastic pep rally and came away firmly convinced that Wake Forest was certain to lick the Tar Heels—a trick the Deacons hadn't performed since the turn of the century. But still, a senior had told him that Wake Forest was going to win, and the gullible freshman took it all in—even

to the extent of placing \$152.50, his entire bankroll, on that team that couldn't lose. The next day was the longest in Lee's life so far, but when the smoke of battle had cleared away, the Deacons had emerged with a 7-6 victory, and Lee had won his last bet on any football game. He swore he would never make another.

Again like most Wake Forest men, Lee eventually became an upperclassman and finally, a senior. By



*He Toured the Continent*



then he had acquired the nickname, "Nig," which has stuck with him even to the present. (When asked if his students had ever resorted to calling him Nig, the Dean replied that he understood them to use more descriptive and more emphatic words, and those not to his face.) Apparently, he quickly outgrew the "green years," for as an upperclassman he was president of the Student Legislature, chairman of the Moot Court, managing editor of *Old Gold and Black*, associate editor of *THE STUDENT*, president of his senior class, and a licensed attorney before he had reached his twenty-first birthday.

As a matter of fact, for a number of years Lee was the youngest attorney in the state of North Carolina. In explaining how he managed to secure his license before he was twenty-one years old, the Dean pointed out that according to the legal definition, a man reaches a majority on the first moment on the day preceding his twenty-first birthday, and on that very day he went to Raleigh and secured his license. Of minor significance is the fact that he maintained an average grade of 95 per cent during three years of law school.

Other minor incidents in his undergraduate days saw Lee take an active part in the organization of possibly the first "Al Smith For President Club" in the south and also take his first look at a cute little Louisburg girl who seven years later became his wife. Dean Lee states that he has never regretted the former incident but not the latter.

The editor of the 1928 *Howler* had this to say of Lee at the end of his student days here: "Here is another one of those men who have placed their ideals high—one who is not content with 'a little learning.' As a student 'Nig' stands high, both in Law and in Academic work; as an executive he is well recognized, but in the field of romance he is unsurpassed." (The Dean chooses to deny the latter statement.) "Friendship, scholarship and character—what other elements are necessary in the formation of a useful man and citizen?"

As to the future of the Law School under his leadership, the little man who still parts his hair in the middle and has somewhat the appearance of Edward G. Robinson, has this to say: "The Wake Forest Law School has been alerted to the tremendous changes that have

taken place in the practice of law. In a comparatively brief space of time, there have developed fields of law undreamed of a generation or two ago, while other branches have diminished to insignificance.

"It is incumbent upon the successful lawyer to be alert to the changes that are taking place daily in the practice of law if he is to protect himself against loss of employment.

"Among fields of law giving promise of greater expansion in the future practice of the legal profession are the various aspects of tax law, labor relations, and the vast field of practice before administrative agencies.

"The Wake Forest Law School is looking to the future and will study the broad range of present and potential practice, and it intends to prepare its graduates for the fields of law that offer the greatest prospects of permanent and continuing employment within the community in which they are to be located."

At the TheSPEan meeting in the Johnson Building the other night the faithful of Alpha Sigma Omega were sitting around waiting for drama prexy Bill King to show up so that the meeting could begin. After about fifteen minutes Buster Cherry said, "Oh, don't worry, he'll be here any minute now."

Just at that point a cabinet door swung open and a skeleton fell out. After the laughter had subsided, someone quipped, "That's about the liveliest thing in the Little Theater."

**FRESH UP!**

You're at Your Best  
With a New Haircut

**CITY BARBER SHOP**

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

**MILLER MOTOR CO.**

WAKE FOREST





*Simmons Dormitory*

# Deacons.

The Highlight  
Serappy Th  
Rivalry B  
and N. C. S

By CE

"A. & M. Tramples Wake Forest to Spoil Baptists' Reentry Into Collegiate Football." So might have read the headlines back in the fall of 1907 when Wake Forest's embryo footballers fell before the archrival North Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical College by a score of 25-0.

Thus began a gridiron rivalry that has produced just about everything in the books over the last 39 years—riots, clashes with police, major upsets, a world's championship punt, introduction of silent signals, dedication of a new Wake Forest athletic field, victory snatched from defeat in the last three seconds of a

game, state championships, and indirectly, the ambushing of a bootlegger pouring large jugs of whiskey onto a thirsty earth!

This year the headlines will read: "Cochran, Sacrinty, Hobbs and Company Lead Deacons In Quest Of Fourth Straight Triumph In N. C. State Series." (Yes, the present-day N. C. State is the same A. & M. of former years, the name being changed about 1917.) The long and colorful sometimes bitter series will be renewed in all its glory to the delight of some 23,000 Homecoming Day fans, many of whom are bringing their families to visit the setting of their former trials, tribulations, and triumphs.

Many features of the W.F.-N.C.S. spectacles have changed. For instance, the large crowds of the 'teens—sometimes several thousand!—could be accommodated in one section of Groves or Riddick Stadium. But one element remains unchanged—the fighting spirit of the teams and their rabid rooters waxes as high as ever.

State enjoys a large edge on Wake Forest in games won, but in the last seven years Wake has been closing in. State's last win was in 1938, when they came off the field with a 19-7 verdict. Up until this year the Wolfpack has won 22 games to the Deacons' 13, while there have been three scoreless ties. State has run up a total of 591 points, while Wake Forest has amassed 292.

Not until 1917 was WF able to cross the State goal-line. "Big Boy" Blanch-



*Meets the Wolfpack for Tenth Time*



# s. Wolfpack

ghliff the Colorful,  
y Thine Year Old  
y Be Wake Forest  
C. S

y CES GILES



*Holiday Hall*

ard, a pile-driving fullback from New Iberville, Louisiana, and father of Army's famous "Doc" Blanchard, crashed over from the one-inch line to keep the Baptists from being shut out. State won, 17-6, but all was not peaceful in Raleigh town.

Wake Forest rooters went ranting mad when the referee nullified what they thought was a second WF touchdown, and a big mass fight developed between Deacons and Technicians. Raleigh called out its police department, and it was summarily mobbed. The harassed policemen summoned the fire department, which finally was able to break up the riot by drenching State and Wake Forest students alike by means of fire hoses.

This 1917 scrap was only a skirmish compared to the war that took place on the night of November 14, 1925.\* State had just licked Wake Forest, 6-0, in the biggest upset of the year, and to celebrate their victory several score engineering and agriculture students piled into a half-dozen big automobiles and roared into Wake Forest to pull off a big paint job—with the enemy colors of red and white! Wake Forest scouts spotted them and sounded the alarm.

Soon the air was filled with blood-curdling whoops, yells, pistol shots, and peals of the chapel bell as some three hundred vicious Deacons poured out of the dormitories with blood in their eyes and mayhem on their minds. The

Technicians, panic-stricken and half scared to death, were forced to stop their cars, which underwent immediate search. The cans of paint were found and soon the autos had a new paint job! The Staters were ordered on their miserable way then—with the accompaniment of brick-bats, stones, and other missiles of all descriptions.

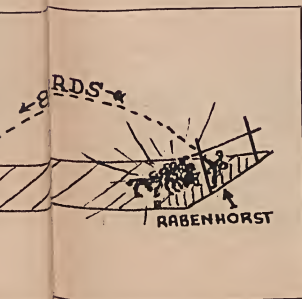
In the town of Wake Forest an all-night vigil was kept in case the humiliated State boys would dare come back with reinforcements. Guards were placed and road-blocks set up. All cars were stopped and searched.

*(Continued on page sixteen)*

\* Information on this episode was gleaned from a story in a 1925 issue of *Old Gold and Black* whose wide-awake reporter was Robert E. Lee, now Dr. R. E. Lee, dean of the Wake Forest law school.



*Meet Wolfpack for the Last Time*



## A JACKET TO "TAKE IT"



ALL LEATHER  
WITH ZIPPER  
FRONT AND  
POCKET

**Special \$12.95**

MEN'S DEPT. - - - - STREET FLOOR

### NOTE TO THE CO-EDS:

You are cordially invited to visit  
The Showplace of the Carolinas  
soon and often. Make it your  
shopping center for everything  
from lipstick to fur coats.

*Taylor's*

The Showplace of the Carolinas

## Fine Equipment for Your Pleasure . . .



- Sporting Goods
- Everything Photographic
- Fine Pipes
- Adult Games

*"Come in and Browse"*



**BOCOCK-STROUD CO.**

4th at Spruce  
WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

*Compliments*

*of*

**ZINZENDORF  
LAUNDRY**

WINSTON-SALEM

Balanced Tailoring makes  
**TIMELY CLOTHES**  
look better . . . longer

North Trade Street  
WINSTON-SALEM



## STILL CHAMP

(Continued from page five)

here and send him to Florida for some sunshine," directed Dixie as the old man attempted a swing at a newspaperman who had called him Junior.

"Hold it. Give him the gloves," interjected Toys.

"Toys, what in the name of hell are you talking about?" Dixie demanded, eyeing his fighter as though he were crazy.

"Give him the gloves," Toys repeated. "Lace mine on, Johnny. Me and him are going to fight right now for the championship."

Looking at Toys and then at the now pleased old man, the usually unperturbable Dixie Lawton was dumbfounded. Here before his eyes the world's heavyweight champion was proposing to fight a bent old man who was surely 60 years old.

Toys moved impatiently. "Get the gloves on him, Johnny."

Dixie, who had managed Toys for eight years, stood as though he'd just seen Greta Garbo pitch a no-hit game against the Yankees. Baldheaded little Johnny fumbled with the gloves crazily. Big black Icky blinked in unbelief as Toys pulled on his own gloves and commanded Johnny to lace a pair on the old man.

"That's it! That's it! Get in the ring with me! I'll clout you to East Hell and back!" screamed the old

**OYSTERS -- BARBECUE**

**DICK FRYE**

**MEALS -- SHORT ORDERS**

**CANNADY-SMITH  
FURNITURE CO.**

**NEW and USED  
FURNITURE**

PHONE 4341

Opposite Hardwicks in

**WAKE FOREST**

FOR  
BETTER FOUNTAIN  
SERVICE  
  
**COLLEGE  
SODA  
SHOP**

Meet Your Friends  
at  
P. D.'s

**HAPPY - SNAPPY SERVICE  
ALWAYS**

Whether you are the owner of a dozen suits or just one you want it back in a hurry when it is being cleaned.

*"We fix 'em good and we fix 'em quick"*

**WILKINSON CLEANERS**

PHONE 3751

Opposite Railroad Underpass

WATCH FOR OUR STUDENT REPRESENTATIVE

**SMITH'S  
ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP**

SHOES REPAIRED THE NEW CEMENT WAY  
NO NAILS NO STITCHES

PHONE 3756

**WAKE FOREST**

man, now beaming his approval of Toys' willingness to put on the gloves with him.

Dixie could see that Toys was firm in his decision. "Get the gloves on them, Johnny," he said weakly.

The veteran sports writers, always able to take anything in stride found this simply too much. Their eyes focused on Toys, certain that some punch had put those feared cob webs in his gray matter.

Johnny completed knotting the mittens on the two and moved toward the ring as Toys and the smiling old man also approached the canvassed square.

Toys climbed through the ropes as the old man squinted with sunken, oft-cut eyes. Toys reached a corner in the far side of the ring. Then the old man hoisted himself with some difficulty through the ropes.

As Icky sounded a makeshift gong, the two contestants moved to the center of the ring. Toys glided lightly while the old man advanced slowly with hands high and his distorted chin concealed behind a bony shoulder.

It was indeed an odd sight to see—the world's heavyweight champion in fighting togs preparing to give battle to a bent, white-haired old man in faded blue dungarees and a soiled white shirt.

Despite his age and odd fighting attire, the old man maneuvered in a manner that indicated that some where, at some time, he had been very much at home in a fight ring.

"Come in and fight, puppy," challenged the old man.

Toys, dancing in close, threw two wild hooks and then back pedaled from the old man. Suddenly he darted in again, reeled backward and collapsed and squarely in line with the old man's cocked right hand.

Mustering all his force the old man shot a weak right directly to the point of Toys' chin. Toys spun around, reeled backward and collapsed on the canvass.

The old man pranced to a neutral corner, awaiting Toys' rise from the boards. But Toys did not get up. After several minutes, the old man was apparently satisfied that Toys was on the floor for keeps. He climbed from the ring, aglow with pleasure.

As Johnny removed the gloves from the knotty, broken up hands, two white-jacketed men grasped the old man by the shoulder.

"Alright, let's go back home," they told him.

Content that he had administered the champion a thorough drubbing, the old man obediently shuffled toward the road with the two men.

Toys rose to his feet quickly as the old man turned his back to depart for the road.

Disgruntled, Dixie gazed at Toys with disgust. "Now just why the hell did you get in that ring and let that punch drunk old goat belt you one? Do you realize the chances you took just to please some old whiskers you've never seen? Now will you just explain all that to me?"

"I guess it's just one of those things, Dixie," mumbled Toys as he looked down at the road and watched the two white-jacketed men lead away his father, who was babbling happily because he was still champ.



#### LITTLE MAN IN BIG BUSINESS

(Continued from page seven)

couldn't see him at all if it were long. There would just be a cigar behind the counter, whisking around on short orders. It wouldn't do at all; there is no room in Wake Forest for a place called "Stogey's."

## FAMILY BARBER SHOP

*"The Friendly Shop"*

R. L. PERRY

J. T. NELSON

B. J. KINLAW

B. J. POWELL

## SHORTY'S

*A Famous Name at a Famous School for:*

**SANDWICHES**

**DRINKS**

**CONFECTIONS**

**BILLIARDS**

**MAGAZINES**

**ALWAYS**

**A**

**DEACON BOOSTER**

**S. W. BREWER CO.**

The reason Millard Edward Joyner, that's Shorty, is important right now, or more important than usual, is that he has just changed over from the right to the left and it cost him 6,000 dollars. It wasn't a political move at all. Politicians get paid for changing. Shorty's money went for moving the counter from the right side of the place to the left, for a huge new icebox, for a tile floor, for a shiny smoke trap over the grill, and for the new billiard equipment that replaces those prewar antiques.

But none of the things we call atmosphere are gone. The old rack of magazines is still over in the corner, the pictures of yesteryear football teams are going back up on the pecked yellow walls, the mirrors out of which thousands of graduated students peer are lined up in the back, and that glass case you can look through to see the frankfurters sizzling on a hot plate is still there, too, with the mustard jar and the dish of chopped onions close by. The tall bottles of milk and the oatmeal cookies that long armed beavers reach over your shoulder for are in evidence aplenty. Better yet, hamburgers are coming back. They have been off to the wars until recently and Shorty has had to serve the more expensive steakburgers. The difference, he says, is that steakburgers are steak ground up and hamburgers, they're, no they're not ham ground up, they're just not steak.

The old munch maestro has been around a long time. He came to Wake Forest in 1913, and it was during the last war that he started his eatery. He was running a movie at the time down Hardwicke Pharmacy way and a flu epidemic closed it up. With his brothers Buster and Worth he opened up the short order emporium, holding forth in various places until he finally came to rest at his present location. That was in 1939. Shorty has been in various side enterprises during that time. He built the Collegiate Theater, and when it burnt down mysteriously in 1940 he rebuilt and sold it lest arson catch him again. Somewhere along the way he took unto himself a wife and begat a daughter and a red Chevrolet.

Now 46, Shorty has very definite ideas about love, life, and the current student body. The boys are a

younger bunch now, he says, but they are more serious. There used to be a lot of horseplay, haircutting, hazing, that sort of thing, but the kids have grown up. The veterans are pretty solid citizens, too, the hot dog Hottentot observes. No foolishness out of them. They're here to get somewhere, and it takes a lot more franks to get them there. The co-eds? They're fine. They come in and sit down just like one more of the boys, drink their coffee and eat their hot dogs. A Deacon is a Deacon, even if she does wear skirts.

In the old days Shorty was an honorary member of the Hoot Owl Club. They presented him the Seaboard Airline Railroad, and when every train came through the engineer had to stop and tell him why it was late. One day the boys drew up a complaint. The engines were making too much noise when they passed the Collegiate Theater. Ed Wilson couldn't sleep, and even Roy Rogers had to stop singing and wait for the Orange Blossom Special to shoot past so that the audience would know what was going on. Shorty decided to equip all trains with rubber tires to make them noiseless, but before he got around to it the OPA froze rubber. To get out of the difficulty Shorty sold the railroad back to its owners.

Hamburgers are his business anyway, not locomotives.

## IN RALEIGH—

**Your Best Bet  
For Good Food**

## GREEN GRILL

324 South Salisbury Street

"Near the State Theatre"

## WILLIAM R. LANIER WATCHMAKER -:- JEWELER

COME IN AND SEE OUR  
FINE STOCK OF HIGH  
QUALITY WATCHBANDS

WAKE FOREST

## CLIP THIS SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

ONE Genuine 8"x10" Silvertone Portrait—Reg. \$5 Value  
This Coupon Effective through **For Only \$2.00**

NOV. 15

Choice of 4 Glamour Poses  
Special Hollywood Lighting

All Work Guaranteed

## REMBRANDT STUDIO

RALEIGH, N. C.

Only One Offer to Customer Open 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.  
W. H. EVANS, Manager  
Under New Management and Ownership  
Capital Club Building Phone 2-2574

## DEACONS vs. WOLFPACK

(Continued from pages ten and eleven)

One bootlegger, not knowing what was going on up ahead of him, but fearing that it was the work of the law, stopped his car in a dark spot and threw overboard a goodly quantity of whiskey. Thirsty Deacons—religious to the core—raced to the scene only to find the precious liquid soaking into the ground. What they did to the poor bootlegger is not recorded.

Down through the years the State-Wake Forest gridiron struggles furnished an excuse for mischievous undergraduates to cause material damage to one campus or the other, usually with paint. In 1938, with

the schools about to break off athletic relations, oil was poured on the troubled waters when Dean Bryan of Wake Forest and Dean Harrelson of State made a gentlemen's agreement that called for cutting out such sophomoric tomfoolery between two institutions of higher learning.

There has been no serious trouble since then, although such was narrowly averted last year when, on the morning of the big game, "N.C.S." was found splattered in bright red over a few of Wake Forest's buildings and walks. Feeling against State ran high and retaliation was talked, but Dean Bryan calmed the student body by reminding them of the 1938 gentlemen's agreement. In a pre-game dinner for Wake Forest and State student leaders, the State student body president apologized for the occurrence, and the Wake Forest delegation graciously accepted his apology.

But to get back to the football contests which geared the young collegians to such uncontrolled excitement. . . . Captain Harry Rabenhorst set what was thought to be a world's punting record in the 1919 Thanksgiving Day game in Raleigh. Sports writers called it one of the most remarkable plays ever pulled, and it scored Wake's only touchdown in a 21-7 battle. The Baptists (WF's nickname in those days) held the Teels for downs on the Wake one-yard line, and Rabenhorst dropped ten yards back of his own goal to punt.

Spectators gasped in amazement as the ball traveled

## HOLLOWELL'S FOOD STORE

**"GOOD THINGS TO EAT"**

PHONES 2521 - 2531

You'll Find Our Uptown Office  
Convenient

## WAKE FOREST LAUNDRY & CLEANERS

TELEPHONE 2441

COMPLIMENTS OF

## SILVERS STORES

Winston-Salem

## Dixie Loan Company, Inc.

**Need Money? See Abe**

**"We Make Loans on Anything  
of Value"**

209 South Wilmington Street

RALEIGH, N. C.

## THE RECORD BAR

Eighteen W. Hargett Street  
Raleigh, N. C.

**For Your Enjoyment**

A Full Line of  
**LATEST RECORDS  
and PLAYERS**



the remarkable distance of 89 yards in the air over the head of the Tech safety man, who followed it as it rolled down the field. Heckman and Johnston, Baptist ends, raced down the field, and just as the ball was about to roll into the end zone Heckman pushed the State man against the ball, causing him to lose it. Johnston fell on the ball behind the goal-line for the first touchdown of the game! Rabenhorst's punt had carried some 110 yards!

During the beginning years of football's revival here, one of the brightest stars to carry the banners of the gold and black against the red and white was young Phil Utley, who in the years 1910-11-12 was one of the South's outstanding backfield men. Coach Phil, as he is known to hundreds of WF's budding amateur athletes today, came back to the magnolia campus in 1922.

Another of the Deacon coaches starred brilliantly against State and was a great star here in days of yore. In the 1923 game which Wake Forest took, 14-0, Half-back Murray Greason made many substantial gains on his spectacular end runs. For his pigskin exploits the 135-pound Murray was picked on the All-State team.

Greason put on the outstanding exhibition of the year on November 22, 1924, when he swivel-hipped his way to both touchdowns as the Deacs took their second in a row from the Capital City boys, 12-0. The *Old Gold and Black* reporter covering that game declares that he was as elusive as a ghost and plenty fast. Many times the State tacklers grabbed only atmosphere when they thought they were getting the flashy little half-back! One spectator aptly named him "Eel" Greason!

Probably the most dramatic contest of them all was the 1934 game. The score was State 12, Wake Forest 6, with ten seconds of playing time remaining. Half-back Walton Kitchin dropped back and shot a strike to End Bert Shore, who fought his way over the goal-line, tying the contest with three seconds remaining. Wake's try for the extra point was perfect, and delirium reigned among hundreds of loyal Wake Foresters!

The following year at the State game in which he again was a big hero, Kitchin was described by Governor Ehringhaus as the greatest tailback in all Dixie.

He is the son of the president of Wake Forest College.

Of all the Wake Forest-State games, the one of November 1923, in which Coach Hank Garrity's Wonder Team licked the Wolves, 14-0 (the second Deacon win over Tech in fifteen years) featured one of the most unusual elements. Garrity got wind of a rumor that State had stolen a set of his signals. Not wanting every Deac play to be telegraphed to waiting State defenders, he had his quarterback flash silent signals on every play.

Last year's 19-18 Wake Forest victory was the most thrilling of recent years. Nick Sacrinty was all over the field running and pitching deadly passes and scoring all three Deacon touchdowns. In the waning moments of the first half he took a State kick-off, broke into the clear, and galloped 89 yards through the entire State team to cross the goal-line without having a hand laid on him. He set up the other two TD's with passes to John Bruno and Dave Harris, and then ran them over himself from first the 32- and then the nine-yard line. This exhibition was a big point in his favor when the All-Southern selections were made.

In 1943 the Demon Deacons defeated the Wolfpack 54-6, the largest score Wake Forest has ever run up on the cross-county rivals. Fred Grant's star shone brightly in this fiasco. He ran wild for four big touchdowns of one, 38, 56, and 28 yards—the most ever made by a Wake Forest player against State.

Quite a few Baptists recall the 1942 scoreless tie

## FOR RECORDS, SHEET MUSIC

Largest and Newest Stock  
Both Popular and Classic

Also School Supplies, Fountain Pens, Leather Goods,  
and Greeting Cards

**JAMES E. THIEM**

PHONE 2-2913

RALEIGH, N. C.

IN RALEIGH IT'S

**FOGG'S**  
RESTAURANT

SPECIALIZING  
STEAKS :- SEAFOOD

## BROOKS FURNITURE SHOP

Have Your Old Furniture Reworked  
To Look "Like New"

**Used Furniture Bought and Sold**

Office and Show Room 218 S. Dawson Street  
Workshop 327 W. Martin Street

RALEIGH, N. C.

PHONES 3-2751 and 2-3064

over on Riddick Field. None have forgotten the hair-raising 7-0 victory of October 18, 1941—the one in which Wingback Johnny Perry took a reverse from “Jolting John” Polanski, scooted through the N. C. State secondary for 18 yards and the touchdown, and then kicked his own extra point! A real star that Perry. Only Tony Gallovich was his equal on the famous Wake Forest reverse plays.

(Just recently the Raleigh *News and Observer* carried the story that the Navy Cross was awarded posthumously to Cpl. John Perry of the U. S. Marines for heroic service against the Japanese on Okinawa.)

Speaking of Gallovich . . . it was he who wrecked the Wolfpack in the 1939 game which Wake Forest won

to the tune of 32-0. This speedy wingback electrified the stands with beautiful runs of 18, 39, 45, and 65 yards. He collected thirteen points; Big John Polanski garnered 12. The paths were cleared for them by one of the best blockers of them all, Jimmy Ringgold.

So there, you have a picture of the highlights of the sectionally famous N. C. State-Wake Forest football series, which for sterling drama, colorful excitement, and downright scrappiness, is possibly unequalled by the gridiron feud of any other two football teams in the nation.

What will the 1946 meeting add to the epic story of these two pigskin Titans? The next few days will tell.



#### **STUDENTS—**

**OUR MOTTO IS  
SERVICE**

**UNDERPASS  
SERVICE STATION**

*Esso Products  
Atlas Tires and Tubes*

**WAKE FOREST, N. C.**

#### **STUDENTS—**

**FOR THE BEST  
HAIRCUT IN TOWN  
IT'S**

**OSCAR ALSTON'S  
BARBER SHOP**

Opposite the Bus Station  
In the Wilkinson Building Wake Forest

**WE BOOST**

**THE**

**DEMON DEACONS**

**CITY FUEL & SUPPLY CO.**

**WAKE FOREST**

**WE BRING YOU THE BEST**

**— in —**

**ENTERTAINMENT**

**FOREST and COLLEGIATE  
THEATRES**

## MURRAY CLEANERS

### CAMPUS REPRESENTATIVES:

- H. W. CAUSBY.....Barbee's
- W. A. MOODY.....West Street
- L. O. GREENE.....Delta Sigma Phi
- G. ANDERSON.....Mitchell's
- VIVIAN HARRINGTON.....Bostwick

PHONE 3071

WE DELIVER

FOR QUICK FRIENDLY  
SERVICE —

SEND YOUR SHOES

— to —

**HARPER'S SHOE SHOP**

One Block Behind the Bank in Wake Forest

**B. & S. DEPARTMENT  
STORE, Inc.**

*Buy with Confidence—  
Wear with Pride*

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

A Complete Line of

**CLOTHING  
READY-TO-WEAR  
and SHOES**

## THE COLLEGE BOOK STORE



*"On the Campus"  
"The Students Headquarters"*

BRING YOUR FRIENDS IN  
TO SEE US DURING  
HOMECOMING

?????????????  
**CARELESS?**  
**CAR-LESS!**  
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Neglecting to have your car serviced regularly can result in its premature consignment to the scrap yard. Be a wise motorist; Service now at your headquarters for expert car maintenance.

**CARS—TRUCKS**  
WE SERVICE ALL MAKES!

**SERVICE CHEVROLET CO.**  
WAKE FOREST                      PHONE 262-1

.....  
**WELCOME STUDENTS!**

BASIL RATHBONE  
STAR OF  
"DRESSED TO KILL"  
another of  
Universal's Sherlock Holmes Series.

*Yes!  
it's Elementary*



RIGHT COMBINATION OF THE  
WORLD'S BEST TOBACCO'S *Properly Aged*

**A** ALWAYS **B**UY **C**HESTERFIELD



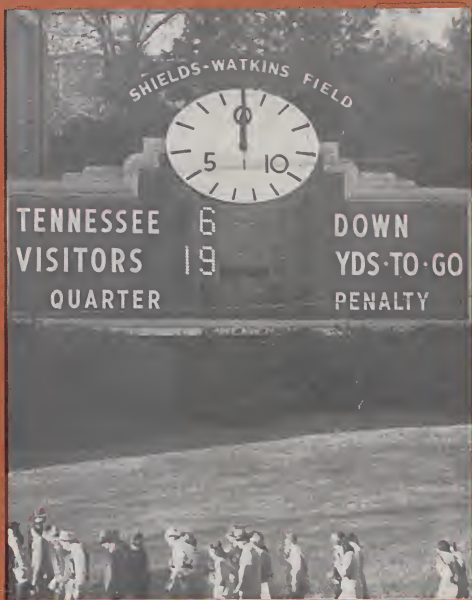
378  
W131  
150  
**THE**

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE  
LIBRARY

JUN 26 1947

# STUDENT

**THE WAKE FOREST COLLEGE MAGAZINE**





## Everybody knows him...

*Early or late, he's a familiar figure to every policeman on the street—he's the Doctor—he's on an emergency call!*

• A Doctor's life isn't his own to live as he chooses. There are interrupted holidays and vacations and nights of broken sleep. Emergencies require his presence for long, exacting hours... with somewhere a pause and perhaps the pleasure of a cigarette. Then back to his job of serving the lives of others.

# According to a recent Nationwide survey: **MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS** THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

### The "T-Zone"—T for Taste and T for Throat

The "T-Zone" is your own proving ground for any cigarette. For only *your* taste and *your* throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. On the basis of the experience of many millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."



THE MAKERS of Camels are naturally proud of the fact that, out of 113,597 doctors who were asked recently to name the cigarette they preferred to smoke, more doctors named Camel than any other brand. This survey was nationwide, covered doctors in every branch of medicine—nose and throat specialists too. Three nationally known independent research agencies made and vouch for the findings.

Try Camels. See how *your* taste responds to Camel's full flavor. See how your throat likes Camel's cool mildness. That's the "T-Zone" test (see left).

# CAMELS

*Costlier  
Tobaccos*

Incidental intelligence reports have it that Martha Harrington of the Hunter Harringtons has been receiving anonymous letters from a very ardent though silent admirer. The writer of the letters pours out his love daily and in a recent note said in part, "I'm soon having an operation to have a piece of shrapnel removed. I wish you could be there to hold my hand."

New story, new paragraph: John "Stoneface" Whitfield, formerly a first sergeant with the rugged First Cavalry Division, just the other day had a piece of Jap shrapnel removed from his forehead and is recovering nicely.

Some coy co-ed is always leaving something in her room when she goes to Instructor Charles Allen's biology lab. Recently a shy maiden approached tall Mr. Allen and said in one of those sweet voices that they all assume for such occasions, "Professor, I didn't know we were going to need our manuals and left mine in the dorm."

Allen looked her over sternly as Allen will and quipped, "Living protoplasm should exhibit a certain amount of anticipation, you know!"

Lines found on the fly-leaf of a hymnal in chapel:

I shot an elephant in the air  
It fell to earth I know not where  
But the thing that's got me tearing my hair  
Is, what the hell was it doing there?

THE STUDENT nominates Grover (the Rover) Williams as Miss School Spirit of 1946, despite the noticeable absence of appropriately formed arms, legs and what-not. In this and the past football season he has missed only two Deacon football games, the Arm ymeet last year and this season's Boston College win. To avoid cutting classes and other incidental items of college life the Rover takes to the airplane, financing the flights by taking "sugar" from inexperienced bettors. He confides that he "more than made

expenses" on the recent Tennessee sojourn. He loves "dear ole Wake" so much that when the Reynolds offer was made he switched from Luckies to Camels.

A Wake Forest professor's daughter had been dating a fraternity man. At a dance last week chaperoned by the professor and his wife he suggested that they ride home with the young folks.

"Why no," protested the daughter. "We'd be a little cramped."

The learned man snorted, "Cramped, eh? It's getting pretty bad when I have to walk home just so I won't see what I know is going on!"

Probably the most understanding man on the campus is the English professor who asked his drama class if they would like to have a mid-term quiz and wasn't at all perturbed when they voted against it.

The champion campus name giver is the Little Theater's student director, John D. Davis, the same to be confused with the author of "Flaming Autumn." He calls his bicycle Edmund and has a name for every dog on the campus, even knows which is their favorite tree. His most recent chagrin was when he discovered that Aphrodite, a nondescript little brownie, is not a female at all.

Sole owner and proprietor, and he can have it, of the '24 Cadillac Phaeton that spurts occasionally around the campus is Bobby Smith. He received a letter in the post the other day offering him \$2.50 for it. Probably from some alumnus who has the Reynolds spirit.

It is reported that during the intermission of the Yehudi Menuhin performance, droll spirit Bob Wilson sent a request backstage for the violinist to render "Old Zip Coon" as an encore. In keeping with the Bartok trend, no doubt.

And then there was the eager young intellect who popped up in the middle of a history class the other day to ask Dr. Pearson an erudite if somewhat involved question.

"Come into my office after class —(chuckle)—and we'll figure that question out," Dr. Pearson told him.

The scholar came, and found a stack of eight ponderous volumes on the professor's desk. With a barely perceptible smile, the good doctor pointed to the books and said, "You may find the answer to your question in there."

When last seen the scholar was trudging toward his room weighed down with wisdom, somewhat less eager in his search for learning.



# THE STUDENT

THE WAKE FOREST COLLEGE MAGAZINE

VOL. LX

NOVEMBER 1946

No. 2

## THE STAFF

JESSE GLASGOW, Editor

PAUL B. BELL, Business Manager

## CONTRIBUTING

Don Lee Paschal, *Art Work*; Stan Vetter, *Photography*; Sam Behrends, John Dixon Davis, Doug Elam, Bettie Horsley, Sanford Martin, Bernie Price, Bynum Shaw, and Ray Swain; *Editorial Matter*.

## BUSINESS ASSOCIATES

Jack Caldwell, Emile Fisher, Campbell McMillan, Bill Hobbs, Herbert Paschal and Grady Patterson, Jr.

Criticism and contributions should be addressed to The Editor, Box 181.

Requests for advertising rates should be addressed to the Business Manager, Box 298.

Application pending for re-entry as second-class matter at the post-office at Wake Forest, N. C., under act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Published during the months of October, November, December, February, March, and April by the students of Wake Forest College. Subscription rate: \$1.50 per year.

## THIS MONTH'S WORK

The fact that the Wake Forest Deacons handed the Tennessee Vols one of the most humiliating defeats ever suffered by the home team at Knoxville has been publicized far and wide, as indeed it should have been, for this upset was one of the great moments in Wake Forest football history. THE STUDENT adds its applause to a football team that is always good and sometimes great by featuring on its cover this month a picture of the scoreboard at Shields-Watkins Field in Knoxville, Tenn., as it read at 4:25 p.m. on October 26, 1946. The unruly visitors who had the temerity to amass a total of nineteen points to the Vols' six were, of course, the Deacons.

Sam Behrends, conductor for this month's Shoo Fly (see page five), is a Wilmingtonian and one of that city's foremost beachcombers. Whether he will continue to spend the rest of his life in that capacity is the subject of conjecture in many quarters, especially

in the boudoirs of Pi Kappa Alpha. The mere fact that he is fraternity and student body president is absolutely no indication that he expects to enter politics, he says, but that is possibly more Shoo Fly. Right now his main interests seem to be persuading some law school to accept him and keeping his girl friends from getting engaged to somebody else.

Bernie Price, who authored the Phi Society article appearing on pages 14 and 15 of this issue, spent a small part of his four years in the army's transportation corps editing a mimeographed, daily news sheet, *Scraps*, which he ground out in various church cellars, abandoned houses, and leaky tents over much of North Africa, Sicily, Italy, Panama, New Guinea, and the Philippines. On returning to Wake Forest he has loaned his talents and energies first to the campus weekly newspaper and, with this issue to THE STUDENT.

Bettie Horsley, who recently spent an afternoon interviewing the five editors of *The Woodland News*, to get the article presented on page seven, says of herself: "I feel slightly out of place among the other contributors to the magazine for I've had no experiences in Paris or Frankfurt or Lingayen. And I've never been to sea nor flown over Tokyo. In fact it seems that I've spent most of my life here at Wake Forest. Actually it's just three years but it's been interesting if not exciting. Interviewing the five near-prodigies for my article this month has proven to be one of the most interesting of all my experiences here and one which I won't soon forget."

Doug Elam whose essay recognizing his pipes as great companions appears on page eight attended Wake Forest from 1941 to 1943 during which time he was active in debate and speech activities, and the Eu Society. Following a three-year stretch in the Merchant Marine which featured visits to most of the world's great ports and sunsets on many seas, he is back on the campus scene, this time with an intense interest in writing (for his own personal enjoyment, he's quick to add), a vast collection of pipes, and a wife, whom he considers a great companion too. Doug hails from Winston-Salem and stands ready as a one-man chamber of commerce to defend the good name of the city of cigarettes and underwear.

Don Lee Paschal, the creator of the pen and ink illustrations in this and the last issue of the magazine, hides each time a member of THE STUDENT staff approaches his domicile and for a good reason. It seems that most of the enthusiasm he once held for sketching was killed during a three-year hitch with a tank battalion during the recently concluded war. The whole trouble was that Don had to paint a name and insignia on every tank in his battalion—and with only one brush—and during the coldest Austrian winter imaginable. He recovered sufficiently, however, to enjoy his "tour" of the late A. Hitler's estate near Burchtesgaden, and other points in France, Belgium, Holland, Austria, northern Italy, and Trieste.



# The Shoo Fly

Ascension to Train Heaven Was Its  
Reward for Years of Faithful Service

By SAM BEHREND

For the first time in history the Shoo-Fly was on time. Slowly she pulled into the siding at Wake Forest to clear the track for through-train No. 3. The little train "was so proud of itself that it disdained to look to see if anything else were on the track, and was so tired from the unusual exertion," that it jammed into a load of logs projecting from a boxcar on the tracks, and the Shoo-Fly wailed for the iron-horse doctor.

Mention of the name of this little train to any residents of the Wake Forest of those days, will serve to bring a light to their eyes and a smile of pleasant memories to their faces, for the Shoo-Fly stood foremost in the activities for the college students of the ten's and twenty's.

The train in question was a shopper's train, a commuters' train, a picnickers' train, and an excursion special. It consisted of a baggage car and three coaches, and served many special purposes for the folk who lived in the general vicinity of Weldon, Wake Forest, and Raleigh. It left Weldon at about seven o'clock in the morning, meandered down to Raleigh, arrived there around ten o'clock, left Raleigh at four in the afternoon, and returned to Weldon the same evening. It is said to have stopped at every single house one time, and every double house two times. It was called the Shoo-

Fly, in fact, because it went so slowly that it shooed the flies off the track.

The little train began running in 1905, and in the years between 1905 and 1918 it took every Sunday school class within miles of this area on their annual picnics at least once, and it also served to bring baseball and football fans to Wake Forest for games.

The favorite social activity of students at the College was to go and see the delightful old train pull in. Some even missed classes so that they could get a good seat on the bank, in an effort not miss the sight, and in order to be within hailing distance of the locomotive. The boys yelled "whoa" as it pulled into the station, and the second it came to a standstill, onto the train they hopped, to see and visit old acquaintances for a few minutes.

The March 1910 issue of THE STUDENT speaks of the "self-importance of the absurd little engine that draws the 'Shoo-Fly,' as it comes into the station yard, groaning and panting at its heavy load of three coaches, like Hercules bearing up the sky. As it rolled in Thursday evening, February 16, 1911, it seemed ready to burst with conceit, the very smokestack had a rakish angle, and it came to a standstill with an elephantine sigh as if it felt relieved of a huge responsibility. And it

(Continued on page twenty-three)



# Babes In The Wood

Or The Woodland News and How It Grew

By BETTIE HORSLEY

EDITORS aren't all hardboiled. I found that out one day not long ago when I interviewed the editors of one of Wake Forest's two newspapers. I say "editors" because there are five of them—in fact, all staff members hold that title. And the paper in question is not the *Old Gold and Black*. It is the little weekly mimeographed sheet known as *The Woodland News*, edited and published by the daughters of several faculty members.

The front (and only) page of the *News* reveals the following information: it is now in its third year of publication; it has five staff members, Margaret Brown, Alice Speas, Virginia-Knight Coker, Virginia Chilton Pearson, and Melinda Speas, who is also circulation manager; and its subscription rate is 60¢ a year in town and \$1.50 out of town.

But an afternoon spent with the staff revealed many less prosaic facts. For example, they told me just how the paper had its origin and why. It was back in 1944 that Professor Brown of the College English faculty told his little nine-year-old daughter, Margaret, that he had an idea for keeping the neighborhood gang busy during the summer months. The polio epidemic was at its worst then, and they couldn't even go swimming, much less go to see Roy Rogers on Saturday. So he suggested that they start a weekly newspaper. Margaret, being a rather literary young lady, even at that age, liked the idea and so did Virginia Coker, Alice Speas, and Melinda. Without telling their parents, they gathered news and typed out enough copies of the news to supply one block of the Woodland section of town. In it was this paragraph:

"This is our first copy of *The Woodland News*. It is news of the neighborhood that will interest the children. Melinda Speas will deliver *The Woodland News*. If you have any news of the neighborhood that you would like to send in we will be glad to have it. It must be sent to Margaret Brown or it will not be put in this newspaper."

However, the news proved to be of interest to grown-ups as well as children; so with the help of the Speas, the Browns, and the Cokes, the paper began to be mimeographed. The response it received is understandable, for in it appeared such items as this: "Bobby Black has six little puppies. All of them look exactly like Snookie, their mother, except one, which is like their father, Lueky Bradbury." Or this: "Mr. Brown planted some beans in his garden. A mole came through and messed it up. Mr. Brown put some mole poison in

the mole track and fixed the beans. The mole came through and messed it up. Mr. Brown fixed it up again and put some more mole poison. The mole didn't come back so Mr. Brown thought he had killed him. He fixed his garden of beans all up. He put poles and strings for them to climb on. The beans got big and strong. Then the mole came back and messed them up again. Mr. Brown was angry."

In January of this year Virginia Chilton Pearson joined the staff. She and Margaret Brown, who live in the north section of town, gather news there, and so *The Woodland News* has grown. The subscription list at date consists of 125 names. Approximately forty of these live outside of Wake Forest. There are no ads in the paper but the staff manages to pay for all of their supplies and occasionally save enough money to divide among themselves. Although they don't expect to get rich in this way, the money does provide an extra ice cream cone occasionally.

With the enlargement of the circulation of the *News*, the problem of distribution around the town has grown more complicated. Originally Melinda Speas did all of the job. She was called the "Deliverer." Now, as circulation manager she delivers copies on her bicycle and her mother drives her to the outer limits of the town. Margaret Brown and Virginia Pearson deliver the papers to subscribers living north of the campus.

Margaret Brown, the originator of the *News*, is the daughter of English Professor D. A. Brown. She is now eleven and has lived in Wake Forest since she was six. She is one of the best students in the sixth grade, in addition to being a prolific poet. Two of her poems have appeared in the *News* and *Observer*, and she contributes often to her own paper. Writing poetry is her hobby, but she has no ambitions in the field of journalism. When she grows up she hopes to work in an orphanage.

Alice Speas is the oldest of Physics Professor W. E. Speas' three daughters. Although she has the distinction of serving as editor of a paper at an extremely early age, her real field of accomplishment is music. She is only eleven now, but at the age of eight she played the piano on Radio Station WPTF; she also composes quite a lot of music. For four consecutive years she has rated "superior" in the district music contests. She likes, next to playing the piano, to collect stamps and post cards.

Dr. Elton Coker's daughter, Virginia-Knight, is

the oldest member of the staff. She is twelve and this gives her the distinction of being allowed to wear lipstick occasionally. She plays the piano, collects stamps, and acts as a baby sitter. When she grows up she plans to be a pediatric nurse—quite a high aspiration for one so young.

Virginia Chilton Pearson is the newest member of the staff. She's eleven, and in the sixth grade. She has taken music for three years and is an accomplished pianist. Collecting stamps is her hobby.

Melinda Spears is only nine years old. In order not to be different, she admits that she too plays the piano, but reluctantly. She prefers to draw, both in charcoal and pastels, and she studies art under Miss Elva Sledd. Like her father, she likes to raise flowers.

The *News* in its two and a half years of publication has gained quite a lot of publicity. It has been mentioned in the *Old Gold and Black* twice, in the *Raleigh Times*, the *Zebulon Record*, and *Charity and Children*. Heretofore, though, the staff picture has never been published.

A picture of the staff reveals quite a lot about the paper itself. It shows a group of freckle-faced, pigtailed, bobby-soxed youngsters, not too different from any of the other kids on the block in any town. The paper reflects their interests; stories about birds and pet animals dominate the news; their picnics and Girl Scout camping trips are all faithfully reported alongside the news about who's visiting who in the neighborhood. Occasionally something happens here at the college which is of sufficient importance to be reported. This poem appeared in the November 1 issue of this year. Virginia-Knight Cocke wrote:

"'Twas a wonderful game with Tennessee;  
All Wake Foresters yelled 'Whooppee!'  
For hours and hours the bell was rung  
By happy students both old and young.  
The final score was 19 to 6,  
Those Tennessee boys were in a fix.  
The crowd that welcomed the team back  
Had cars decorated in Old Gold and Black."

One unusual feature of the paper is the music it prints. This poem by Alice Spears was set to music by Virginia Pearson:

"Oh nature is so beautiful,  
With all its lovely things,  
With flowers that bloom so sweet,  
And little birds that sing."

The actual notes of the music were printed in a later issue.

In September, 1944, Margaret Brown contributed the following essay: "I wonder how God came. If there

was nothing before he came then there was nothing to make him. I always get a lump in my throat when I try to puzzle it out. And another thing, if the world has been here forever, when did forever start? I would like to know these two things but there is nobody to tell me."

The parents of the staff members are very interested in the progress of the little paper. Each parent is making a file of the issues to be saved, and probably these will be cherished family heirlooms some day. In addition to these files, Mrs. Cocke is making a file to be added to the Wake Forest Library.

The staff members expressed some embarrassment at their early writing efforts. For instance, they said that back in 1944 the sentences they wrote were so short and choppy. This item came out of a paper of that year: "Saturday, Margaret was going to write an article for *The Woodland News* and didn't have any paper to write it on. She said to Mr. and Mrs. Brown, 'What can I write my article on?' Mrs. Brown thought she didn't have anything to write about and said, 'Why don't you write on your sprained ankle?'"

An item from this year's paper will serve as a contrast to that of earlier years—and show the difference that two and a half years has made: "When Margaret asked Mrs. Crittendon if she had any news for the paper she said, 'I wish we could put in when we got a pound of lard or a box of soap flakes so I could have some news once in a while.'"

## THE STAFF



Although *The Woodland News* and its staff have been featured in articles appearing in the *Raleigh Times*, *Zebulon Record*, *Old Gold and Black*, and *Charity and Children*, the above picture is the first photograph ever made of the paper's staff.

(Reading left to right): Melinda Spears, *Circulation Manager*; Margaret Brown, Virginia Chilton Pearson, Virginia Knight Cocke, and Alice Spears, *Co-Editors*.



# My Pipes Are Great Companions

We've shared sunsets at sea, misty afternoons, and  
quiet evenings over chess.

Says DOUG ELAM

Of all the implements and accessories man has chosen for his personal use, the tobacco pipe has undoubtedly created more domestic strife by way of irate housewives and yet has provided more enjoyment than any other. Far be it from my intentions to allow the term "implement" to remain affixed to such a loyal follower as a pipe. For my pipes are my greatest and most constant companions.

At the outset, I would suggest that a pipe cannot achieve this station of trust at a mere brief introduction. Nor is it sufficient to be moulded out of the choicest briars and given the most bizarre, intriguing shape.

Like the face of a human being, the contour of a pipe will indicate much of its qualities of soul-giving satisfaction. Indeed, one of my favorite pipes is a very plain, honestly cut, black bowl figure with none of the fancy filters and gadgets so often ballyhooed by the connoisseur. This one I chanced to meet in Baltimore on the eve of another departure into the Atlantic during the war. There was an urgency of time; I liked the looks of this pipe; so we embarked together, sharing, in the weeks to follow, many sunsets at sea, many misty afternoons of blustering winds and waves, and many quiet evenings poring together over a volume of poetry or a game of chess.

Just as we meet people and are drawn to them through close association in a difficult or pleasant task,

so have I met each of my pipes. There is something about a sharing of adventure that breeds companionship. Ever after will be the reminiscences—pleasant, thrilling, enabling us to recall favorite incidents in the past at will and to enjoy recounting them.

One of my pipes possesses a peculiar curvature which does not afford the most comfortable grip. Still we share many thoughts in common as it recalls some very interesting experiences. Most interesting is that of my procuring it. This occurred in the fall of 1945. The war had ended and interests turned to an enjoyment of the scenic values afforded by European countryside. While my ship was anchored at Le Havre, I chanced to make the acquaintance of a family living on a little barge which engaged in the Seine River traffic between the channel ports and Rouen and Paris. I arranged to make one of these trips as far as Rouen and was able to view perhaps the most picturesque of all the French countryside. Before leaving my friends on the barge, I was given this pipe as a farewell token. And today, when I am poring over a text of medieval European history and chance upon the pages of the saga of Jeanne Arc, I feel like an authority on the subject, and my pipe knows, too, because we have stood together before her statue in Rouen and have read the inscription thereon. It cannot speak French or even English for that matter, but to me it remains as a close companion as we have all this in common.

My entire pipe collection carries these same values of sentimental companionship. And all because with each of them I have shared moments of my life. Depending on the mood of the occasion I can choose from a wide variety of nationalities for an evening's camaraderie. There's the Belgian pipe from the bustling port of Antwerp, the German pipe, large and cumbersome, from Bremen. Or I can cross the channel and choose my friend from Southampton, the conservative English model, next to the Welshman from Swansea, and the Scotch briar from Glasgow, with the horn stem.

So regardless of modern advertisement urging me to smoke this brand or that, of family criticism which suggests that pipes are nothing but obnoxious, smelly things, I can ignore them all, choose my brand and light up, knowing that really my pipes are something more than all of this because our friendship has stemmed from a lasting source. And what man doesn't like to reminisce? Certainly I do.



# The Smoke Is The Thing

... for without it there'd be no pleasure  
to smoking at all.

Says BYNUM SHAW

Since the first pre-Columbian Indian rolled up a leaf of sun-dried Nicotiana and held it to the wake of a thunderbolt for a light, since the first curious Spaniard sprinkled a few bits of the weed into a corn husk and made mystic maneuverings at the end with his flint and steel, and since elfin-puffing Walter Raleigh got his untimely dousing at the hands and sudsy bucket of an over-solicitous charwoman, the lovers of the cigar, the cigarette, and the pipe have waged a mortal, though a bit inconsequential, struggle as to which instrument afforded the most smoking pleasure.

The Chinese aversion for the Filipino lies in the fact that Confucius favored a water-cooled tobacco receptacle with a Buddha bowl while the islanders upheld their prehistoric custom of clipping off the ends of a twist they call a stogey. At the same time, American frontiersmen sat about their Ticonderoga wagons inhaling down to the last gulp the fumes of a corrupt stogey and speaking derisively of the men and speculatively of the women in the caravan of Joseph Smith, who did not smoke at all. And afterward, American co-eds, crooks, buxom matrons, newspapermen, and even presidents, have preferred to hang upon a lip or extend from a polished finger or protrude from an amber holder the makings of Phillip Morris, Liggett-Myers, or R. J. Reynolds, content in their dating and murdering and charter making that they are the only true lovers of the blue gases.

They cling to their fags, their calabashes, and their Havanas, and as yet they have not stopped to analyze their true love. They have gone willy-nilly about their separate ways, cursing politely or profanely at each other, calm in their bearing, unruffled in their ignorance, but they have not asked of themselves or each other, why?

Why the pipe, why the cigarette, why the ten-cent seegar, Lord? Is it the purported love for the old friend, is it the glow of the butt in the long night hours, or is it the chew of the nasty stub? They have not decided. They do not know. I think a little bit they do not care. Perhaps, all human, they prefer to sit around and argue and talk nonsense and not listen to what a sane man has to say.

A short analysis of the situation will reveal to anyone but the most ardent lover of his pipe harem that were it not for the smoke issuing from the bowl, the stump, or the whited ash, there would be no pleasure to it at all. Rare is the man who can sit for long holding a dead pipe in his mouth without reaching for his pouch, or his matches, or turning to his fellow plumber and

saying, "Say, buddy, will you loan me a bowlful?" And if he can't find some tobacco, watch him. See if he won't furtively sneak a cigarette out of his pocket and slink off into some darkened corner to enjoy it.

It is true, of course, that freshmen and the unenlightened sometimes carry a fag over an ear, but there is no joy in that. The ear position is just a boasting of a smoke on reserve. It is saying, "Look, you sinners. I'm a man, too." It is only in the anticipation of the light, of the first draw, of the deep-lunged inhaling that a body fully realizes the importance of the cigarette. *The smoke is the thing.*

And further, it is an essential fact that only a dolt or an addict of the cud will sit around with an unlighted cigar in his mouth. Anyone who does that can be discarded from this discussion as extraneous. He is not a smoker. He is a chewer. He has no right to a voice in a strictly puffing crowd. He is an outcast. He dribbles. *The smoke is the thing.*

It is the smoke, not any actual love for a thing or an association or a collection. I know.

Among my relics are all kinds of collected items that in some people might arouse a pseudo sentimental feeling. I have on reserve cigars and churchwardens gleaned from everywhere for my addicted friends and even a pinch of snuff, just in case they bring a date along. But it all means nothing to me, nothing more than "noblesse oblige." I have no attachments to any of the

(Continued on page twenty-four)



# Pen Pan Alley

By SANTFORD W. MARTIN

## OH, BUT TO BE BLESSED BY SOAP BOX DISCIPLES

It was dark last Saturday night. There were no stars or moon or milkyway, or even a planet. To me it was darker than it had ever been at Wake Forest. And I was out in this darkness for no more sinful reason than to get to Shorty's hotdog edifice for a couple of dogs and a cup of coffee. But, out of this deep, purple curtain of night there came a voice of indescribable melody saying, "I love you."

My heart fluttered, and I felt the cuff of my shirt jump under the impact of a quickening pulse. And quite ridiculously I caught myself saying to no one I could see, "Oh, this is so sudden," and then, "What the devil's going on around here?" Just as suddenly, however, and as affectionately as before, the amorous voice through the night air came again—"I love you all, everyone of you," it said—and I concluded that I wasn't the only recipient of this mysterious confession.

It was as if I were in a dream; for I tripped down the steps and across the tracks below the train station in regular "Daisy May-after-Li'l Abner fashion." Down the block to an uptown corner in regular spring fever ecstasy. And just across the street from the Wake Forest bank, in a vacant and quite appropriate service station lot, I saw the one who loved me. Who loved us all. And he was good looking, too. Yes, terribly handsome—as if in a dream, almost too handsome. There was a fiery gleam in his eye, an humble tilt to his chin, an unpretentious dimple in each smiling cheek, a sincerely pious glow to his teeth—white teeth, shining teeth, teeth that sparkled like the white sands on the beach of Galilee. Even now my heart flutters every time I think of him.

He was standing on a soap box. He called it the rock of ages. But it was a soap box, so help me, it was a soap box. Lifebuoy, I believe. Anyway, he was waving his arms over a large gathering of Saturday-night-popcorn-chewing folks who munched to the rhythm of his arms and the chant of his eloquent phrases. And they were eloquent, and rightly so; for they were all about a little black book which he held in his hand with practiced tenderness. A New Testament. Fresh looking. Gold-

edged pages. And, above all, a very meaningful purple string hanging from its closed pages. A little purple ribbon which can always hang out of a Sunday morning vest pocket in needful testimony of its owner's sincerity and purpose in life.

Crowds have a smothering effect on me, so I didn't move in close. Besides, the scene was more attractive from a distance; that is, more attractive until the disciple suddenly scorched me with his eyes and screamed, "Come over here, Brother, come over here and hear about Christ."

Trying to be as casual as possible, I moved in a little closer; and as I did, I suddenly had that down-the-middle-aisle-front-pew-Sunday morning feeling that everyone was looking squarely down the back of my neck. And my face became crimson, because it was being stared off by a very curious mob—yes, a crowd which reeked more of ordinary curiosity than thoughtful reverence. Just curious, as I, over what would be yelled next or sung next or testified next or even rolled around and shouted next.

The eyes of the young zealot blazed with a John Brownian spark as he shouted head on in my direction. "Some people say we're fanatics for preaching on the corner every Saturday night. Some people call us 'young preacher students of corner preaching,' but they forget that Christ preached on the corners. (And I wondered if he had forgotten that the people went to Christ and asked Him to preach to them.) Sure, we're fanatics. Fanatics for Christ. Some people say we're cracked. They may be right, but through that crack shines the ray of Jesus' love and promise of salvation." (And I couldn't help but wonder why stop with a mere crack; why not give them the full ray of truth in church, and in thoughtful reverence, away from popcorn and tobacco juice and blaring loudspeakers and vacant lots with tin cans.)

However, as I said before, he was eloquence personified. So eloquent that each mellow word of this wise

(Continued on page twenty-five)

## Flaming Autumn

He came to know his heart; that time of year  
When trees discover leaves they never knew before,  
Leaves they bore since Spring and drew their life from;  
Leaves that caught the sun each day in verdant chore.  
And as the sun ignites the somber hill and touches off  
The blaze that fuses earth and sky in one aurora with  
the night,

He saw himself. As quietly as the autumnal painter  
With pigments red and yellow, he touched the canvas  
Giving life to death.

Oh, soul of mine, a thousand hearts have bled;  
To a thousand glories no glory will come;  
A thousand springs fall down to winter, dead;  
But in their falling—Oh, look, to flaming Autumn.

J. D. DAVIS.

## White Caps

Ten thousand white horses were out for the night  
With manes flying silky and wild;  
Ten thousand white horses were prancing with might.  
The moon and the stars did applaud all the while.

They raced in the lee of the wind's light caress,  
Caring little for distance and time;  
They teased the ships' bows plowing on through the sea,  
Heading off to some far distant clime.

Like frisky young colts on a far western range  
These horses of Neptune did play,  
But many a seaman can tell of the change  
To wild raging stampede of blind, salty spray.

Yea, many a seashore has trembled beneath  
The surge of this thundering herd.  
And many a vessel has flirted with death,  
In running her course undeterred.

They've roamed the far north seas all hoary and cold  
And challenged a glacier for spite.  
They've raced to the south lands and there made so bold  
As to bask on an island remote.

Yet strange to believe, as I gazed in the night,  
Were these playful white spirits the same?  
Were they seeking a truce or perchance  
Brief respite e'er raging the sea lanes again?

Then out of the west wind beneath the moonlight  
The voice of King Neptune did roll,  
Come home now, my ponies, we've no storm tonight;  
The morrow will bring forth our toll.

A tiny star twinkled afar, though in vain.  
While the moon hid its face in the night.  
The wind gave a sigh and the moon came again.  
And lo! not a horse was in sight.

DOUG ELAM.

## Where or When

*The loveliest day must end in night,  
And sunshine is followed by rain.  
The radiant sun must sink from sight,  
And joy is tinged with pain.*

*Beautiful faces grow haggard with age,  
Flowers bloom and scatter,  
Actors have their hour upon the stage,  
Then are veiled in shadow.*

*Lips grow cold and love grows old,  
And lovers weep for its dying.  
Time tarnishes the brightest gold,  
Laughing turns into crying.*

*Oh, Time, you wrecker of beautiful hopes!  
Your work seems never done.  
Does happiness await us beyond the stars,  
When all your sands have run?*

BETTIE HORSLEY.



# Hero

At Least to His Wife and Everyone  
But Himself; He Knew Differently.

By RAY F. SWAIN

I guess the first time any of us really noticed Hub Mathis was back in the summer of '42.

Six of us were standing around at the bar in the club taking large doses of nerve tonic after night flying. We had just joined the group, having come up from Southeastern Training Command, and it was pretty touchy business trying to control the big P-47's after being used to advance trainers. As I said, we had just landed after feeling our way around in the dark and mist of a Maine summer night. To add to the strain on our already taut nerves, word had just come in that Hank McAdams had augged in and killed himself just north of the field. It was a pretty gloomy gathering and nobody was saying anything—just staring into their glasses and thinking.

Hub's big voice preceded him through the door and bounced off the opposite wall, jarring all of us:

"Boy! haven't had so much fun since I got my first pair of knee britches. They oughta let us do this every night."

Nobody said anything.

"What's the matter with you guys? You'd think this was a funeral or something."

Silence. Hub ordered a double rye highball and put a quarter in the jukebox, selecting the loudest pieces offered. One by one the gang finished their drinks and filed out of the bar.

After that Hub managed to get on the nerves of practically everybody in the group. He was good; Zempke himself couldn't wheel a Thunderbug around the way Hub could. The trouble was that he knew that he was good and wanted everybody else to know it, too.

I was standing on the line one day when Hub came zooming over in over the end of the runway, racked around in a tight, hot-pilot, peel-off, chopped the throttle, dumped the wheels and flaps, and started in for a showy landing. As he leveled off he hit a down draft that pushed him below some high tension wires just off the field. He hit his throttle but it didn't take. Just when it looked like he had to crash, the nose came up, he cleared the wires by an inch, and settled down in a smooth three-pointer.

I don't see yet how he did it. Most of the guys would have been very humble and very thankful for the reprieve, but not Hub. He made the pilots' room uninhabitable for everybody else by his interminable bragging over it.

Not long after that a bunch of new boys came in,

and I had the misfortune to be assigned as Hub's roommate. When I came into the room, Hub was lying on his side staring at a photograph of a woman. She was dressed in a simple print dress, and she seemed to belong in it. She had blonde, braided hair and was pretty in a kind of a plain way. She had a sweet, little-girl smile, and her nose was lightly sprinkled with freckles.

"Girl friend?" I asked.

"No, she's my wife," he said.

"I didn't even know you were married."

His voice became quiet and more tender than I would have believed possible.

"Yeah, we were married just after I finished high school. I guess I'm pretty lucky. Lucy's not a glamour girl or anything like that, but she thinks I'm the most wonderful person in the world. It takes a lot of living up to sometimes. I don't know what I'd have done without her."

The day was coming closer all the time. The rumors got so thick that I wouldn't have believed the earth was round if I'd heard it in the mess hall. The group was ready; anybody could see that. No replacements had come in in months, and we'd done practically everything in the training program. Hub had helped me a lot with my formation flying, and I wasn't scared of the big ships any more.

One day the word came through. We flew to a field on Long Island, and the ships were dismantled and crated. I guess the boys who did the job thought we were the biggest bunch of soreheads in the world, but those planes were our friends. We'd fallen in love with them and we didn't like seeing them manhandled.

After the ships had been crated we went down to New York and boarded the *Elizabeth*. The guessing was over then; we knew we were on our way to England.

A bunch of us were leaning on the rail and watching the lights just after we shoved off. It's a funny feeling to watch your home drifting away from you and not to know when or if you're coming back to it. Everybody had his own little private thoughts and was mulling over them by himself and not feeling too good about things when Hub's foghorn opened up again.

"Well, I guess Hitler'll find out how wrong he was pretty quick now, eh, fellows?"

There was that pointed silence I had learned to expect after one of Hub's inappropriate remarks. Hub's smile looked a little strained around the edges, and he said,



"Anybody want to join me in a little poker? I got two large-sized bottles of bourbon below."

Nobody moved. Nobody spoke. Hub always won at poker, and he was obnoxious about it. He waited a minute and then started below. "I'll be in my sack if the admiral of the convoy should want any advice."

Tony Matteo, a quiet, tough-looking, little Italian from the Bronx, spat over the rail and said, "I wonder how that guy'll go in combat? I bet he can't take it."

Herb Thomason, a kid who looked like a schoolboy and flew like a hellion, snorted, "Hub? Hell, he don't know the meaning of fear. Why I've seen him do things with a Thunderbolt that give me a cold sweat just to think about."

"Yeah, I know. I've seen it too, but the only difference between you and me and these guys who never seem to be scared is that they never admit they're scared—even to themselves. Then one fine day the pressure gets too much for them, and they crack. I've seen it happen before."

We moved into a little grain field called Horsham St. Faith, just outside of Norwich, and there were a couple of busy weeks until everything settled down. Then there was nothing to do but slowtime the ships, drink warm beer at the nearby pub, and curse the weather. Things were pretty monotonous, and everybody felt a big letdown except Hub, who was as energetic and irritating as ever.

We flew a few missions—milkruns—just to get us accustomed to flying over enemy territory. We flew at thirty thousand feet and avoided the flack areas, so we never saw anything.

Then one evening in March '43, the rumors started moving around the mess hall. Tomorrow was to be the big day. Our first escort job was coming up. I gulped my supper and hurried down to Squadron Operations. Sure enough, my name was on the alert sheet. I went out to the line and found my big, Irish crew chief fussing around the ship. He saw me coming and gave me a wide, freckled grin.

"She's all ready, skipper. I waxed her down today and she's faster than anything in the group."

"Fine, Mac. Put her to bed early and be sure to top off the gas tank in the morning."

When I got back to the room, Hub was already in bed and seemed to be asleep, so I undressed quietly and hit the sack, where I had a wonderful time counting sheep.

At midnight the telephone in the Group Operations office jangled, and Captain Vic Wright answered, "This is Ajax, captain. It's coming over now?"

Vic sent a jeep over for Major Bredahl, group intelligence officer, and Stormy Albrecht, group weather officer. Then he went into the teletype room and watched the field order come in. By the time Bredahl and Stormy arrived, he had checked the times and was plotting courses on the wall map.

"Take-off time is 0830," he said, looking up. "We'd better make briefing at 0700. What does the weather look like, Stormy?"

"Can't tell for sure 'till I check it, but I think it'll be O.K."

"You going to wake the Old Man?" Bredahl asked.

"Not till morning. He knew it was coming and said not to bother him if nothing went wrong. We'll go ahead and set it up."

Thus were the wheels of the machinery of the mission

*(Continued on page twenty)*

## A Matter of Choice

### —A Student Vignette

THE boy in the sport coat slid onto one of the red stools in the hamburger joint and ground out his cigarette on the tile floor.

"Two hotdogs," he told the short man behind the counter.

"With or without?"

"Without. And a bottle of milk."

"Whatsa matter no onions?" asked the fellow next to him. "Got a date or something?"

"Yeah. Got a date."

"Co-ed?"

"Uh-huh. Lives up in Hunter. Pretty gal. You know, that one with bangs."

"Um. Pretty nice. Date her often?"

"This is a darn good hotdog, Shorty. I've dated her twice."

"Do any good?"

"Not yet. Haven't tried. But tonight is the night. She doesn't even know I'm coming. I'm gonna drop by Hunter, sort of catch her off guard, take her to the Collegiate, and sit in that little box of seats under the projector. Nobody else ever sits there. She's crazy about me. I could tell last time. Brother, tonight is the night." He chewed meditatively on the hotdog, anticipating.

"How you know she'll go? Maybe she's got somethin' else to do."

The sport coat swelled with pride. "Listen, Freshman. When I date a woman once she don't go with anybody else. She sits around waitin' for me. That's the kind of guy I am. Old Killer Jones. That's me. Death on the women."

The freshman threw thirty-two cents on the counter and left, grinning.

"What time is it, Shorty?" Jones asked.

"There's a clock up there on the wall. Quarter to nine."

Jones picked up the second hotdog. "Better hurry," he said to himself, glancing across the street. A girl was walking down the sidewalk toward the Forest Theater. She had bangs. The Killer gulped.

"Say, Shorty. How about putting some onions on this one?"—B. S.

# "The Philomathesian c

Through the Years of  
Names Have Been  
Only Two Women Be

By BPR



In the records and minutes of the Philomathesian Literary Society may be found an interesting sidelight to Wake Forest's unique history. One of the most unusual features of these records is a collection of acceptance letters from the many well-known honorary members. Of Wake Forest's two societies, only the Philomathesians have the policy of selecting famous people as members.

The selection of outstanding individuals as honorary members has become a tradition dating from the Society's activation on February 14, 1835. The original constitution provided that all persons of distinction were eligible for election to honorary membership. As a result the college library has among its most valuable documents many letters of acceptance from these celebrities.

Henry Clay, dynamic orator, Secretary of State under President John Q. Adams, U. S. Senator, and four times a presidential candidate, accepted the Phi's invitation with the following letter:

Ashland, Ky.

30th May 1835

Gentlemen:

I have received your favor communicating the wish of the Philomathesian Society of the Institute of Wake Forest to place my name on the list of its honorary members. Greatly obliged by the friendly sentiments towards me which prompted that wish, I take particular pleasure in acceding to it, and shall

feel honored by the association of my name with those of the members of the Society. I add my fervent hopes for their welfare and fame, collectively and individually, and request your acceptance of the assurance of the high esteem and regards of friend and obedient servant. H. CLAY.

The invitations have been extended to leaders in widely varied fields. James Buchanan, former President of the United States, accepted in 1845, while serving as Secretary of State under President James K. Polk; Washington Irving accepted in 1841 while at the height of his literary career; Daniel Webster's letter of acceptance was dated 1835, while he was serving as senator from Massachusetts. Martin Van Buren was made a member in 1842 after he had served as president of the nation; Sam Houston accepted in 1843 while he was president of independent Texas; in 1866, while serving as president of Washington and Lee University, Robert E. Lee accepted honorary membership. Forty years later in 1895, John D. Rockefeller became a Phi.

This year the Society broke tradition in

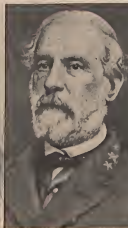
MRS. PHILIA  
She Throwing  
poor.



Johnston



Grady



Lee



Irving



Van Buren

# n ciety Invites You . . ."

ears of America's Great  
Beed to Its Roll But  
men Been So Honored.

PRICE

those  
opes  
ndi-  
sur-



RS. PHILA WEBB  
She Throng in the  
pair.

selection of its honorary members. It was the first time that a woman had been chosen. The lady so honored was Mrs. Philomathesia Folk Webb, of New York City. Mrs. Webb's father, Mr. H. B. Folk, was an outstanding member of the society in its early days. He planned for all his children to become Phi's at Wake Forest, but since his first child was a girl his plans were not fulfilled. In admiration for his literary society he named his daughter "Philomathesia."

In accepting the invitation, Mrs. Webb wrote:

"I feel proud that the Philomathesian Literary Society has unanimously voted me an honorary membership. It is a great moment in my life.

"Several years ago I had the privilege of attending a commencement at your historic college and was honored by being allowed to sit in the president's chair of the Philomathesian Society. Now, I consider that the highest of honors has been conferred on me by invitation to become an honorary member of that famous group of Philomathesians.

"I accept the honor of being the first lady to whom this honor has been extended in the 112-year history of the Society. With my acceptance go pride and prayer that I may be a credit to the name, "Lover of Learning."

PHILOMATHESIA FOLK WEBB.

The latest acceptance of honorary membership was that of Walter Lippman, one of America's outstanding contemporary writers. Mr. Lippman wrote: "I am very much honored by the invitation to become a member of the Philomathesian Society, and accept with great pleasure. I am already an honorary alumnus of Wake Forest College and I am glad to have another tie with it."

It is interesting to trace the form and content used in construction of these letters. Daniel Webster used eighty words to express his delight over the honor, while Clare Booth Luce, the second lady to be accepted, wrote a brief forty-word acceptance. In general, the letters of today are shorter and less elaborate.

This year the Society extended honorary membership to Clare Booth Luce, Dr. George Buttrick, Walter Lippman, and Mrs. Webb. Their letters will be placed along side those of such members as Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, James Buchanan, Sam Houston, Washington Irving, John Van Buren, Edmund Burke, Robert E. Lee, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, Gen. Wade Hampton, and Henry W. Grady in the files of the Philomathesian Society.



Burke

Clay

Hampton

Webster

Houston

# The Creed of Greed

**"My life will be void of any god other than gold. I swear that by almighty me."**

**By MORGAN BISSETTE**

*"Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors and aspirations in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace in your soul."*

Winnemucca, Nevada, had not graduated from the lawlessness that typified most of the surrounding towns when the body was found. Death was still a commonplace affair there so the *Chronicle* printed only these words:

"The body of an unidentified man was brought into town yesterday by Jim Holt, a prospector, in hopes that someone might be able to identify it. Jim states that he found the man, evidently killed by a charge of dynamite at one of the richest veins of gold that he has ever seen. The striking thing about the body was the look of utter defeat on its face. It seems as if nature preserved this one part of the body for us to see. Jim also stated that the man held in his hand, when he found him, a huge gold nugget. As no one has claimed the body it will be interred on Boot Hill. Good luck with your newfound riches, Jim."

Three weeks before the printing of the article in the *Chronicle* there had appeared among the mountains that overlooked and overlorded the Humboldt River a man. No man west of the Mississippi surpassed him in his callous attitude towards God, or his greed for gold. He had been christened George Henry Johnson. However, after he had left his home back East and become well known in some of the more reputable towns of the West the George Henry had been dropped and "Greed" Johnson was substituted for it.

There where the Humboldt tumbled and cascaded over time-blackened boulders, and then suddenly dropped with an everbeating crescendo over the falls, Greed made his camp. The sighing of the wind in the evergreens, the roar of the falls, and a chorus of wild creatures joined their voices in a symphony of nature. All around was evidence of God's endeavor to make man's stay on earth pleasant.

Greed, heedless of the beauty, began to mumble, "Eight years, a thousand promises to the Devil, a million curses ago, I left my home. I, a gentleman, traded that kind of life for one of a dirty, unkempt prospector all because of God. It was He who placed the wife of my brother within my seductive reach. He knew that I could not, would not resist an affair with her. He knew that John would challenge me to a duel when he finally

caught us embracing. He even knew who was the better shot. And as the life blood spurted from John and dyed the ground with death He knew I would have to leave home. Yet He knowingly let me into all of these pitfalls. The battle began then and I shall win it. I, despite His will, shall become rich and famous. My life then and now will be void of any God other than gold. I swear that by almighty me."

Finally Greed started to prepare his meal. Grabbing his water pail, he started towards the river for water. As Greed looked for a place from which he could conveniently get his water his eyes came to rest on a spot in the falls. Through the shrouding mist that surrounded the waterfall the sun shone on a long vein of yellow rock. The vein, at least a foot wide, snaked itself the entire length of the falls and as Greed traced its course with unbelieving eyes through the crystal clear water he found that it ran almost twenty-five yards upstream.

"Can that be gold? Is all of that golden rock the vein I've been living for? Is God causing the sunlight to play tricks on me?" These and a thousand other questions raced through Greed's mind as the sun slowly but finally sank behind the mountains.

Greed's lust kept him sleepless. All night long he raved. His swearing became ferocious, and all of it directed at God for taking away the sunlight.

The blood boiled through his veins at race horse speed. Hoping against hope, Greed began to formulate his plans.

"If it is gold, if it is gold then here lies untold, unimaginable riches. If it is gold I will build a golden replica of the falls and worship it every single day of my life. And on the base of the idol I will have inscribed: 'To Hell with God!'"

At the first suspicion of dawn Greed began making preparations to determine the value of the vein. Taking a piece of stout rope, he tied one end to a tree, the other around his waist in order to keep the current from sweeping him over the falls. Then he plunged into the river, and started a special effort to batter his body against the rocks. Twice he was sucked under the surface by the gyrating lips of a whirlpool; twice he came up. At last, battered and bloody, but still driven on by his pent-up anticipation, Greed arrived over the spot.

Blowing up his lungs with air, he dived with his knife in his hand. Down, down he went into the depths of that roaring hell just below the falls. Down, down he went



until he was over the vein. Struggling to drive the knife against the buffeting, unrelenting force of the eurent, Greed at last chipped off a piece of the surface.

Unable to hold his breath a split second longer, he shot to the surface like a huge bubble. With all the remaining strength left in his exhausted muscles, he swam to shore. Crawling up on the bank, unable to move a limb, his breath bellowing forth from his lungs, Greed lay down to rest. Exhausted, he fell asleep and dreamed that he held in his hand a huge nugget of mica.

Angered by the dream, Greed awoke with a start.

"Can I dare examine the rock now? If it isn't gold I don't think I can go on. I've fought my final battle."

Like a general waiting for the smoke to clear away from the battlefield, Greed waited for the doubts to roll away from his mind.

Suddenly he thrust the rock up into the sunlight.

"It's gold! It's gold! I've won! I've won!" Greed shouted as he saw the rays of gold reflecting from the rock.

"To hell with God! Look out, mansions. Look out, plantations and riches. Here comes George Henry Johnson, Esquire, winner and champion over God."

Quickly Greed began to make his preparations.

"I must build a dam, a dam to send the water to one side, so that I can mine the gold."

Greed rushed with clocklike precision to break camp. This was the moment he had been living for.

"There's a trading post near where I can get dynamite," he thought. "I must have dynamite to blast the gold away from the rock that God embedded it in."

Greed traveled towards the trading post with race-horse speed. He cursed his legs for not carrying him faster. He ate on the run and after two and a half days of living mostly on his thoughts of gold, and spurred on by his lust for the metal of rich men, he arrived at the trading post. After staying only long enough to buy his dynamite and get a few hours of needed sleep, he set off again at a redoubled pace, and arrived back at the falls in two days.

No slave ever worked harder on the pyramids than Greed worked on his dam. He moved boulders with his bare hands. He chopped trees until his hands looked like one huge blister. He dug and grubbed and sweated and cursed. His bones cracked from the strain and his belly cried out in agony, but still he drove himself on. On, on, until it was finished, this dam of Greed's. He lay back and gloated. Just one step more and his victory would be complete.

Greed enjoyed his victory. As he slowly walked out to put the dynamite charge in place he lifted his face towards heaven and grinned the most hideous, sardonic grin ever seen by the mountains or the river or God.

"Now we'll see who is boss around here," Greed gloated.

Finally, with infinite care, he figured out the exact spot where the dynamite should be placed. There he placed the stick of destruction and lit the fuse. He turned his back quickly and started shoreward.

"What is that over by the dam? Is it? Can it be?"

There before Greed's eyes lay the largest nugget he had ever seen. It had been chipped off in his labors to build the dam.

Stumbling and crawling, his eyes seeming to double and redouble in size, Greed fell on his knees before the nugget. He knelt there for a moment, saliva drooling down his chin. Then he picked up the nugget and held it heavenward. The rays from it spot-lighted the space where Greed was kneeling and bathed him in gold.

"Here is life. Here is something to worship," beamed.

Suddenly the air was split with a tremendous roar that shook the mountains. It was as if all the volcanoes in the world had blown up and the boilers of Hell had exploded. Too late now!

Too late now to remember God, too late now to remember the dynamite. With that awesome concussion went Greed's dream, Greed's victory, and Greed's life.

The devil had a new stoker.

THE STUDENT is a magazine by and for Wake Forest students and as such welcomes contributions of poems, essays, short stories, and feature articles from Wake Forest students.

FOR RECORDS, SHEET MUSIC  
Largest and Newest Stock  
Both Popular and Classic

ALSO SCHOOL SUPPLIES, FOUNTAIN PENS  
LEATHER GOODS, AND GREETING CARDS

JAMES E. THIEB

PHONE 2-2913

RALEIGH, N. C.

Cleanliness, Service and Quality  
WE FEATURE WESTERN STEAKS  
AND  
OUR SUNDAY DINNERS ARE  
PARTICULARLY APPETIZING

ANDREW JOHNSON  
DINING ROOM

228 South Salisbury Street  
RALEIGH, N. C.

Christ Peters, formerly of North Star Cafe, Mgr.

**We Specialize in  
STEAKS  
and  
HOME COOKED FOOD**

**NEW YORK CAFE**

127 W. TRADE

PHONE 3-1086

CHARLOTTE

IN CHARLOTTE IT'S

**BELK BROS.**

- ★ For Smarter Fashions
- ★ For Greater Values

CHARLOTTE'S LEADING RESTAURANT

- SEAFOOD
- STEAKS
- ROAST DUCK
- LOBSTERS

**TENNERS RESTAURANT**

221 WEST TRADE STREET  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

**SUPERIOR LUNCH**

531 W. TRADE

**STEAKS and FRIED  
CHICKEN**

WHEN YOU GO TO THE GAME  
STAY AT THE

**STONEWALL HOTEL**

535 WEST TRADE STREET  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

**HICE-WILLIAMSON  
COFFEE SHOP**

**Soda ★ Candies ★ Tobaccos**

PAUL FUNDERBURKE, Mgr.

120 S. TRYON STREET  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

**W E L C O M E  
TO**

**Charlotte**

**FOOTBALL**

**AMERICAN LEAGUE**

**November 28**

**CHARLOTTE**

**THE CHARLOTTE FIRM  
PAGES ARE NOTED FOR  
VISIT THEM WHILE IN**

COME  
TO  
the Queen City  
AT  
THANKSGIVING  
LE  
SION STADIUM  
be 28, 1946  
ROTT

FIRM  
D FOR  
VHIL  
N CHARLOTTE  
ADVERTISED ON THESE  
THEIR EXCELLENCE . . .

DELICIOUS  
HAMBURGERS  
*The*  
CANARY COTTAGES

FOR SANDWICHES  
*or* MEALS  
*in Charlotte*

KINGS COTTAGE  
400 W. TRADE

The  
MECKLENBURG CHAPTER  
of the  
WAKE FOREST ALUMNI  
ASSOCIATION  
WELCOMES  
WAKE FOREST  
STUDENTS & ALUMNI  
to the  
QUEEN CITY  
*For the Annual*  
WAKE FOREST - SOUTH  
CAROLINA GAME

FOR DELICIOUS DINNERS

*It's*  
SHIP AHOY

*Charlotte's*  
*Leading Restaurant*

*Free Parking*  
TRAVELERS HOTEL  
533 W. Trade Street  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

• CLEAN  
• COMFORTABLE  
• CONVENIENT  
Inner Spring Mattresses \* Sprinkler System

## FRESH UP!

You're at Your Best  
With a New Haircut

### CITY BARBER SHOP

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

"HURRY BACK"

## HOLLOWELL'S FOOD STORE

"GOOD THINGS TO EAT"

FRESH DOWNYFLAKE DONUTS

PHONES 2521 - 2531

## HAPPY - SNAPPY SERVICE ALWAYS

Whether you are the owner of a dozen  
suits or just one you want it back in a  
hurry when it is being cleaned.

"We fix 'em good and we fix 'em quick"

## WILKINSON CLEANERS

PHONE 3751

Opposite Railroad Underpass

## WE BRING YOU THE BEST

— in —

### ENTERTAINMENT

## FOREST and COLLEGIATE THEATRES

## HERO

(Continued from page thirteen)

set in motion. They were not to stop until many hours later when the last report had been sent to headquarters and the last plane had been accounted for or given up for lost.

At 0500 the mechanics, radio men, armorers, and cooks were awakened. At 0530 the full-throated roar of thirty-six P-47's blasted everybody else within ten miles out of bed. The pilots sat at the breakfast table drinking coffee and toying with their eggs. The only person who really ate anything was Hub, who put it away as methodically and calmly as ever.

At briefing the Old Man gave us the route and times. We were escorting about 150 B-17's who were going to bomb the marshalling yards at Chartres. Two groups of fighters operating from Debden and Duxford were going in ahead of us and our group was to bring up the rear. I was flying Schilling's wing and Hub was on Bill Price's wing in the same flight. I felt pretty good about having Schilling and Hub so near. We listened to everything pretty closely, and a low moan went around the room when Bredahl started talking.

"The target area is well defended with heavy flak. In addition to the flak you can expect to run into around 750 Me 109's and FW 190's. However, they'll be interested in the bombers, and you should get in some good shooting."

Rapid calculation told me that our combined fighter strength would be not over a hundred and eight and that didn't stack up well against 750 Germans.

I had some bad moments waiting for the other squadrons to get off but suddenly it was our turn. I wheeled the big buggy into position next to Schilling, locked the tail wheel, said, "Here goes nothing," and shoved the throttle forward.

We seemed to cross the channel awfully fast. The first indication I had that we were over France was when Zempke's voice came in on the radio. "Flak at 9 o'clock low." I looked over that way and saw a few ugly, black puffs. It was the closest I'd seen, and it gave me a peculiar feeling in the pit of my stomach.

Then I heard Hub's voice. "Shaker white four here. Big friends at 12 o'clock low, ten miles."

I looked and there they were, a long serpentine line of our bombers crawling through space with angry little gnats buzzing about it.

About that time somebody shouted, "Shaker white flight. Break, for God's sake!" At the same time I felt my plane shudder and saw little flecks of flame shooting past my left wing. I broke right and the rest of the flight must have gone left, because the next thing I knew, I was all alone except for the Jerries. I split-essed, lost the traecers, and started for home. I still had power but the engine was vibrating and knocking pretty badly and oil was coming out of the cowl. I landed alright and taxied over to the revetment. Mac, my crew chief, jumped up on my wing.



"You hurt, Lieutenant?"

"I don't think so," I replied, climbing out.

The ship had a couple of cylinders knocked off and a busted oil line. After looking at it, Mac and I sat down on the bank of the revetment to sweat out the rest of the boys. The atmosphere was pretty tense, even the boys tried to act as if nothing was going on. I lit a cigarette as soon as my hands stopped shaking so I could. After about an hour somebody shouted, "There they come!" and everybody stood up and started counting. There were only thirty. Five missing. I checked the letters on the ships as they landed, and none of the rest of my flight had come back.

I sat back down, and I must have looked pretty sad, because Mac said, "Aw, don't worry about it, skipper. They'll be along."

About fifteen minutes later two ships came in from different directions at the same time. It was Schilling and Hub. That left Price still missing. I waited another half hour and then went over to interrogation. I told what had happened and started to leave when the sergeant asked about flak. I started to say the sky was full of it, but I heard somebody else say, "Flak, light and inaccurate," so I said, "Light and inaccurate."

When I got back to the room Hub was sitting on the side of the bed, still in his flying clothes. He looked up when I came in but didn't say anything.

"How'd it go?" I asked.

"Price bought it."

"I know."

"He burned."

"Yeah, it's rough, fella."

Hub got up and began undressing mechanically. There didn't seem to be anything else to say, so I followed suit.



Things seemed to go along pretty smooth after that. We flew missions about five times a week, and it got to be a sort of a routine. Hub got six or seven victories and was promoted to captain and flight leader. He gathered quite a few medals in the process. I thought everything was about the same as always until one night in the bar when I hazarded to notice a lot of new and younger faces. Then I started looking for the older ones, and when I saw how many were missing I had to order a double shot.

Hub had changed a lot, too. With his rank and his ace rating and his double row of ribbons he became the center of attention for the new kids. They always seemed to be leaning forward a little in their eagerness to hear every word he said, and they even called him "Sir"—a very rarely used title in a fighter group. As for Hub, he didn't quite know how to take it all. He became much quieter and drank a lot more than he had. He seemed to want to be by himself more and never tried to force his way into a group like he did at first. He would spend a lot of time at a little table over in the corner of the bar, writing long letters to his wife. One



## MILLER MOTOR CO.

WAKE FOREST

## SHORTY'S

*A Famous Name at a Famous School for:*

**SANDWICHES**

**DRINKS**

**CONFECTIONS**

**BILLIARDS**

**MAGAZINES**

## CO-EDS

*WOMEN'S APPAREL A SPECIALTY*

## MURRAY CLEANERS

LEAVE YOUR CLEANING WITH  
**VIVIAN HARRINGTON**

315 BOSTWICK

Visit  
**THE SUPER MARKET**

*Fancy and Staple Groceries*

*Fresh Meats and Sea Foods*

DIAL 2661

DIAL 2691

**WE BOOST**

**THE**

**DEMON DEACONS**

**CITY FUEL & SUPPLY CO.**

WAKE FOREST

**ALWAYS**

**A**

**DEACON BOOSTER**

**S. W. BREWER CO.**

**OYSTERS -- BARBECUE**

**DICK FRYE**

**MEALS -- SHORT ORDERS**

night I noticed him sitting there watching the horseplay of the younger kids with a quizzical look on his face as if he couldn't understand what they had to be so happy about. His eyes met mine, and he quickly looked away. He looked so old and sort of gray all of a sudden that I almost asked him if he were sick. He never boasted any more and I sort of missed the boisterous confidence he had exhibited. The squadron flight surgeon noticed the change and asked me if he had many nightmares, but as far as I could tell he hadn't cracked any—just changed.



One day we were in some rough stuff over the Ruhr, and Dave Schilling bought it. It happened right in front of Hub and me, and if either one of us had moved a split second sooner we might have saved him. It was just one of those things. Just after it happened Hub went wild, shooting down three 109's faster than it takes to tell about it.

When we went back up to the room that night, Hub went over to his footlocker and brought out a bottle of Scotch he'd been saving for a leave in London. He poured two water glasses full and sat down on his bed.

"To Dave Schilling," he said. "He was a white man."

He drained his glass at a gulp. I sipped mine. Hub continued to refill his glass until the fifth was emptied. He drank it all without a chaser or visible effect. We sat there for some time in silence. Then he spoke.

"I want to tell you something about me, and I don't want you to say anything until I'm through."

His voice was heavy, dull, and lifeless. He continued in a monotone.

"Look at these ribbons. My wife thinks I'm a hero. Those kids out there think I'm a hero. Hell, I'm not good enough to lick their boots. They think I'm a brave man—everybody thinks I'm a brave man. Well, I'm telling you something about me; I'm yellow, yellow as all hell. Remember that first escort mission—the day Price was killed? Well, I was there and I saw it. He had three Jerries on his tail, and I could have bluffed them off if I'd gone in shooting. So what did I do? I turned tail and shot down a lone little cripple that happened to get in my sights and got a medal for it while Price burned in hell.

"And another time—I got separated from the group and was on my way home when a crippled B-24 with two FW's attacking it. I told myself that I barely had enough gas to get home. I landed with plenty of reserve that day, but I didn't sleep so well for a while.

"And then today—I sat up there and watched Dave Schilling take it and never moved a muscle to help him. I'm just no damned good. I haven't got the guts of a mountain jackass."

He hurled his glass against the wall and stomped out. I sat there, too dazed to move. After a while the numbness began to wear off, and I took my boots off and rolled over in bed.

The next morning I got up early and went down to the line before breakfast. There was some guy really wringing a P-47 out right overhead. He was doing everything in the book with a few added fillips of his own. I think I must have known who it was even before Mac said, "Morning, skipper. That's Cap'n Mathis. Been up about half an hour. He sure can rack 'er around, can't he?"

We stood and watched him for about five minutes, and I don't guess I ever saw more things done with an airplane.

Suddenly the ship righted itself and started to climb in a slow spiral. A chill ran down my back and settled in the pit of my stomach. He climbed to about ten thousand feet and then leveled off and just sat there—as if saying good-bye.

Then the right wing snapped over and he began to wind up, the way a Thunderbuggy does in a power dive. I tried to yell, but nothing came past the lump in my throat. I stood there with clenched fists, watching him knife cleanly down through the cool morning air until he disappeared behind some trees and the black, oily smoke came belching up.

I turned in a daze and walked slowly back toward the barracks, wondering what I could put in the letter I'd have to write to his wife.



#### THE SHOO-FLY

(Continued from page five)

was. For five long minutes visitors spilled out of every car down into the howling mob of students in the yard, and when the train finally continued its journey, the crew sighed thankfully, 'Praise the Lord, that's done once more!'

In November, 1919, the *Old Gold and Black* carried a protest from the sophomore class about the freshmen meeting the little train on its return trip from Raleigh. The arrival in Wake Forest was scheduled at 7:05 p.m. and frosh had to be indoors by dark. In reply the "newishes" stated that it was the duty of the entire student body to meet the train, and the president of the class suggested that the Seaboard might be induced to change the schedule.

The long arm of the law did not appreciate the students' activities around the train. The boys used to gather on the bank beside the track to await its arrival. When the valiant little engine pulled into the station, the boys would gather around to whistle and flirt with the girls who might be the passengers. Dr. E. E. Folk says that "it was dangerous for a lady to be on the train. The boys really raised Cain."

The February 16, 1920, issue of *Old Gold and Black* recounts the tale of "four speed demons who last Saturday night sought to step on the gas and break the town record for fast conduct" attendant to the visit of the

## EDWARDS & BROUGHTON COMPANY

Established 1871

PRINTERS  
PUBLISHERS  
ENGRAVERS  
LITHOGRAPHERS  
BINDERS



Printers of

*The Student*



Raleigh,  
North Carolina



*Your story in  
pictures leaves  
nothing outside.*

**STEARNS**  
*Engraving Company*  
ARTISTS. PHOTO-ENGRAVERS  
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

IN RALEIGH IT'S

**FOGG'S**  
RESTAURANT

Specializing

STEAKS

SEA FOOD

**THE RECORD BAR**

EIGHTEEN W. HARGETT STREET  
RALEIGH, N. C.

*For Your Enjoyment*

*A Full Line of  
LATEST RECORDS  
and PLAYERS*

Shoo-Fly. According to the story one of the boys was flirting with a young woman on the train, two were yelling, "Run, Bill, run," and a fourth was leading a chorus in fifteen raps during the process. *Old Gold's* article ends with an admonition to "keep well under the speed limit, even if you have to go to the other extreme and make faces at the passengers." The lesson seems to have gone unheeded, however, for we can find records in Wake Forest court files where young dandies were fined \$2.65 for flirting.

Dr. G. W. Paschal, Wake Forest historian and professor emeritus of Greek, recalls that he used to defend the "young dandies," arguing that the only way boys could insult the girls would be to ignore them. "I've seen up to thirty-five get up and move to the side of the train to look at the boys," he'll tell you.

The attraction of the young lady passengers and the inevitable tardiness of the little "smoker" characterize the chief conveyance for Sunday school picnics, parties or other gala events, or just plain shoppers in this section for a quarter of a century. Dr. C. C. Pearson says that "the Shoo-Fly was definitely a social institution rather than a business enterprise."

After approximately thirteen years of faithful if intermittent service, the little iron personality, the friend of the Wake Forest student body and indeed everybody in this section, ascended spiritually to train heaven, a victim of the depression years.



THE SMOKE IS THE THING

(Continued from page nine)

collection. In fact, if anything, I own a peculiar feeling of antipathy for some of the items. There is a pack of white-tubed papirosa that contain two inches of staggering tobacco on one end and a hollow paper on the other. That's so your tongue won't touch the tobacco and leave you speechless for a few days. They go well with vodka, in an atom-bombish sort of way. And then there is a nifty little dudeen, clay, very mild looking. I hung with it over a railing halfway across the Atlantic. I haven't hung with it since. At the time I thought it was seasickness. In my collection are some cigars the Germans left in Amsterdam. I've been afraid to light them. They might be booby trapped.

At any rate, they all mean nothing to me, just lying there. They can only come to life when the smoke starts pouring from them. That's it. The smoke. *That's the thing.*

If one delves deeply enough he may get to the root of the argument, and after much spading I have come upon this startling revelation. When the man said, "Where there is smoke, there has to be fire," he wasn't far off the track. The whole thing, this pipe-cigarette-cigar disagreement, is a diabolical plot generated and nurtured by the match companies to increase their sales. Once we stop arguing and puffing at our furious rates



and stop buying, the bottom of the match market will drop out. Everybody in Sweden will starve. Only arson will thrive.

So that is why we fight. It isn't love. It isn't loyalty. It's fire. *The smoke is the thing.*



#### PEN PAN ALLEY

(Continued from page ten)

man on the Wake Forest corner seemed to make my body lighter—a bird's feather, a dove's wing, a piece of Salvation Army cotton—and my heart went into a mystic flutter, and my eyes filled with the moisture of a love that passes all barriers, and my ears rang with the soft bells of a peace that passes all understanding, and my mouth—well, I'll have to admit it—my mouth still held a forgotten but fervent taste for one of Shorty's oh so earthly, but oh so tasty, hotdogs.

I don't remember exactly what the young gospel dispenser was shouting when I came to—he was waving a dollar bill in his hand and chanting something about it being the root of all evil and the cause of most of the sin in the world today—but I failed to hear him further, for the crowd was moving in on me and him and his soap box. And they were shaking me violently and without mercy, and I heard someone shouting, "Wake up, roommates! Wake up! For goodness sakes, wake up! You've got ten minutes to get to class!"

And there in stark, bitter reality stood my roommate. Bless his heart. He didn't mean to pull me out of such a blissful dream. He was only doing a faithful roommate's duty. I got up and dressed and said nothing to him about my trip to the stars. But, as I walked to class, I couldn't help but hope that someday—maybe even in our time—Wake Forest will be blessed with men who know the only true way and who won't be afraid to shout it even from a soap box on the village's busiest corner or, if need be, from North Carolina's Capitol Square.

FOR QUALITY MERCHANDISE

IN RALEIGH IT'S



FASHIONS

## THE COLLEGE BOOK STORE

"On the Campus"

Student Headquarters  
FOR —  
BOOKS  
SUPPLIES  
PENANTS  
JEWELRY  
SODAS

Interne Coats and Trousers are  
available in many sizes

HINE-BAGBY CO., INC.

"Your Store"

CLOTHIERS and FURNISHERS

Phone 2-3145

412 Trade Street

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

You'll Find Our Uptown Office  
Convenient

WAKE FOREST LAUNDRY  
& CLEANERS

TELEPHONE 2441



That gleam  
in your eye...

... is a

## Van Heusen Tie

Focus your eyes on these new Van Heusen Ties ... they're a vision of style-studded beauty. They're elegant satins that will bring new sparkle to your wardrobe.

Everything for every taste ... a galaxy of colors and patterns, stripes and prints.

*Taylor's*

The Showplace of the Carolinas

## EDWARDS PHARMACY

(FORMERLY HARDWICKS)

**Welcomes Students**  
FOR DRUGS and SUNDRIES

Wake Forest

## MARTIN'S

Incorporated

SMART APPAREL FOR MEN

305 Fayetteville Street  
Raleigh, North Carolina

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED

# WINDBREAKER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. JOHN RISSMAN & SON

AMERICA'S MOST  
FAMOUS JACKET

LOOK FOR THE  
WINDBREAKER LABEL



It's your assurance of all the qualities that have made the WINDBREAKER famous.

It's handy, hardy and handsome. Ideal for all purposes.

**TubTest**  
TRADE MARK  
FABRICS

Expertly tailored of finest gabardine the genuine WINDBREAKER is the perfect all-season all-purpose jacket.

## B & S DEPARTMENT STORE

WAKE FOREST

## Directory of Advertisers

ANDREW JOHNSON DINING ROOM.....	17
BELK BROS. ....	18
BREWER'S GROCERY .....	22
B. & S. DEPARTMENT STORE.....	26
CANARY COTTAGES .....	19
CAMEL CIGARETTES .....	2
CHESTERFIELD CIGARETTES .....	28
CITY BARBER SHOP .....	20
CITY FUEL AND SUPPLY.....	22
COLLEGE BOOK STORE.....	25
EDWARDS & BROUGHTON CO.....	23
EDWARDS PHARMACY .....	26
FOGG'S RESTAURANT .....	24
FOREST AND COLLEGIATE THEATRES.....	20
FRYE'S CAFE .....	22
HICE-WILLIAMSON COFFEE SHOP .....	18
HINE-BAGBY CO., INC.....	25
HOLLOWELL'S GROCERY .....	20
KINGS COTTAGE .....	19
MARTINS .....	26
MILLER MOTOR CO.....	21
MOTHER AND DAUGHTER STORE.....	25
MURRAY CLEANERS .....	21
NEW YORK CAFE.....	18
RECORD BAR .....	24
SHIP AHOY RESTAURANT.....	19
SHORTY'S .....	21
STEARNS .....	24
STONEMALL HOTEL .....	18
SUPERIOR LUNCH .....	18
SUPER MARKET .....	22
TAYLOR'S .....	26
TENNERS RESTAURANT .....	18
THIEMS .....	17
TRAVELER'S HOTEL .....	19
VOGUE .....	27
WAKE FOREST LAUNDRY AND CLEANERS.....	25
WILKINSON CLEANERS .....	20

# Vogue

ALWAYS  
SOMETHING  
NEW



CLOTHIERS  
HABERDASHERS  
HATTERS

# Vogue

213 Fayetteville Street  
RALEIGH, N.C.

In New York City it's  
**ABC**

Chesterfield is the big favorite  
in the Big Town, outselling  
all other cigarettes by far.



**ALWAYS  
MILDER**

**BETTER  
TASTING**

**COOLER  
SMOKING**

**ALWAYS BUY CHESTERFIELD**


RIGHT COMBINATION ✕ WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS • PROPERLY AGED



# ***THE STUDENT***

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE  
LIBRARY

***THE WAKE FOREST COLLEGE MAGAZINE***



**Merry  
Christmas**

---

**VOL. LX. NO. 3**

---

**DECEMBER 1946**

---

# CAMEL

CIGARETTES

## PRINCE ALBERT

SMOKING TOBACCO

GRAND  
GIFTS FOR  
SMOKERS!

● Every time he buries his pipe bowl deep in the fragrant gay Christmas treasure-tin of Prince Albert and tamps down a golden-brown pipeful of this mellow-mild tobacco, he'll think of you. The National Joy Smoke — on Christmas and every day of the year.

1-POUND TIN  
(ALSO IN 1/2-POUND SIZE)



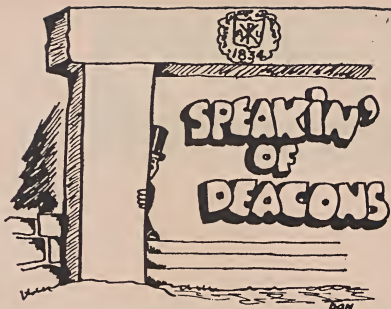
● Here's a grand gift that keeps on saying "Merry Christmas" long after that festive day is done. Two hundred rich, full-flavored, cool, mild Camels, all dressed up in a bright and cheery holiday carton. No other wrapping is needed. Your dealer has these Christmas Camels.

Dutch Overton, who came to Wake Forest with the bell that he rings, has evolved a solution to the current coal strike. He is going to organize all the rope pullers in the nation as the National Collegiate Association of Bellringers, Wake Forest to be local No. 1. The NCAB is then going on strike against John L. Lewis. No bells will be rung, and classes will be so disrupted that the miners will be forced to return to work.

A freshman overheard discussing Religious Emphasis Week had this to say: "I think the topic should be Religious Freedom—Compulsory Attendance."

In case you're wondering who won that tag football game on Bostwick mall one afternoon recently, it was Marie Frazier's twelve yard pass to Crecie Green which decided the contest. Frazier started an end run but was rushed hard by the opposing tackle, Jeanne Black. The quarterback faded and heaved a pass to Green in the flat that was good for twenty-two yards and the winning touchdown. Both Frazier and Green are being mentioned for the mythical All-Campus Coed team, currently called the G-string.

THE STUDENT learns from a usually reliable source that Herb Berry, sophomore from Morganton, put a fresh friend of his in her place so well recently that she hasn't stuck her neck out since. Herb was calling on a local school teacher on the night in question and was making no progress at all. Several hours later the bored and conspicuously yawning school marm told her suitor that she must "go now and get my beauty sleep." Berry smiled warily and drawled, "If it's beauty sleep you're gonna try to get, you should've gone to bed right after supper."



The faculty member with a record of twenty-five kills out of twenty-seven shots at cats has a serious rival in Tom "Freshman English" Jones. Jones is alleged to have boasted recently that he came to school to study (yes, Tom said that!) and believes in removing all distracting influences which might hinder him in the larnin' derby. A recent "kill" was a local lady's pet squirrel, and as a result the rumor is circulating that Jones is peddling meat to several of the local beaveries.

Students working in the Religion Library were disturbed one afternoon recently by a library assistant who took time out to drive tacks with a desk sign reading SILENCE.

In Dr. Folk's essay class last Tuesday Priscilla Shore of worry bird fame claimed that a world traveller has invaded the sacred halls of Hunter Dormitory. On a wall of the hallowed sleepery is inscribed the legend, "Kilroy was here." What, there too?

Is the attitude of campus coeds reflected in this paragraph?

A staff member in a discussion with Jeanne-of-the-bangs McSwain accused her of trying to run up a string of suitors and being simultaneously engaged to all of them. What, he asked her, was she going to do, resort to polyandry? She looked at him coily from beneath her hair and replied, "Well, just being engaged to a man doesn't mean you're going to marry him." !!! Calling all fraternity pins!

In line with Now It Can Be Told, or The Truth About the Head of Pi Kappa Alpha: "Sam Behrends, president of the Women's Student Government. . . ." (*Old Gold and Black*, Vol. 32, Number 10) and from the same publication:

"Virginia's face brightens up and her eyes glowingly fall on the third finger of her left hand. . . ."

Well, heck, we've heard of 'em in the back of the head.

More of the same:

"For one brief moment I can hear

Her invite me to go;

And wander lust, I know—

Yet I cannot move—anywhere."

(*Ibid*, Nov. 22.)

Ych, this housing situation is bad, ain't it, honey?

# THE STUDENT

THE WAKE FOREST COLLEGE MAGAZINE

VOL. LX

DECEMBER 1946

No. 3

## THE STAFF

JESSE GLASGOW, Editor

PAUL B. BELL, Business Manager

## CONTRIBUTING

Don Lee Paschal, Art Work; Stan Vetter, Photography; Morgan Bissette, John Dixon Davis, Mrs. Edith Earnshaw, Doug Elam, Bettie Horsley, Sanford Martin, Lanneau Newton, Bill Robbins, Bynum Shaw, and Gerald Wallace, Editorial Matter; H. Leldon Kirk, Technical Assistance.

## BUSINESS ASSOCIATES

Grady Patterson, Jr., Assistant Business Manager; Emile Fisher, Circulation Manager; Bill Hobbs, Campbell McMillan, and Jack Caldwell, Advertising Salesmen.

Criticism and contributions should be addressed to The Editor, Box 181.

Requests for advertising rates should be addressed to the Business Manager, Box 298.

Application pending for re-entry as second-class matter at the post-office at Wake Forest, N. C., under act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Published during the months of October, November, December, February, March, and April by the students of Wake Forest College. Subscription rate: \$1.50 per year.

## THIS MONTH'S WORK

If during the next few days you see the ghost of a dark haired Frenchman with vengeful, gleaming eyes and a few opium leaves carelessly left unconcealed about his person, you may recognize Charles Baudelaire, the author of the unfortunate sonnet translated by LANNEAU NEWTON on page seven. The English translation, which is probably more Newton than Baudelaire, is nonetheless a triumph for Lanneau because it represents his first attempt at translating French poetry into readable English. Newton is a senior, a Latin major, and a native of Wake Forest. He would appreciate your warning him should Baudelaire's fiendish ghost puts in a local visit.

MORGAN BISSETTE, author of a short story in THE STUDENT's November issue, one of the poems appearing on page nine of this issue, left Wake Forest almost six years ago to join the U. S. Maritime Service. Shortly after war was declared he switched over to the navy and served as an aerial gunner in that branch of the service for over three years. The quiet, peaceful life he leads today provides a marked contrast with

the excitement and organized confusion he experienced during the war and he likes it that way.

No newcomer to THE STUDENT's staff is DOUG ELAM, who wrote the essay lamenting the commercialization of Christmas appearing on page three and the article explaining that "there is no cause for alarm" even though an average of one student is leaving school every other day. Also repeating this month is BETTIE HORSLEY who settles down to investigating the derivation of the names borne by the campus buildings after an interesting assignment interviewing the editors of a local newspaper last month.

Like Ebenezer Scrooge, SANFORD MARTIN has apparently been visited by the ghost of Christmas passed for he steps out of his usual role as a cynical satirist this month to describe a genuine mistletoe and holly Christmas for STUDENT readers and wish for them "a fruitful Christmas—a perfect Christmas" to quote from his column *Pen Pan Alley*, appearing on page five.

GERALD WALLACE, scholar, mystic, and lover, lends his talents to THE STUDENT this month in presenting a sketch of "the real Walker" referring, of course, to Coach Peahead Walker, mentor of the Demon Deacons for the last decade. Wallace, who was a student football manager for two years before service in the air corps interrupted his career at Wake Forest, thought for a long time that The Head disliked him because he made him the butt of so many of his jokes. After learning that continual ribbing was good evidence that Walker likes a person, Wallace and the Coach became good friends. While serving overseas in Guam and various other Pacific islands, Gerald was the recipient of several of the letters he refers to in the article on page six of this issue.

BILL ROBBINS, who wrote "Two Tickets to a Concert" during a few of the spare hours which he found on his hands while waiting for shipment home from Japan insists that he had no particular professor or student in mind. He was in college here three semesters during '41 and '42 and returned for the spring semester of '46 to continue working for his A.B. in Journalism. Married and an expectant father, his chief worry is how he is going to keep warm in his apartment by the tennis courts during the coal strike. He is the current editor of *Old Gold and Black*.

We spoke of JOHN DIXON DAVIS last issue in connection with his dog-loving tendencies. His contribution of a short story, *The Pipe*, this month led us to believe that there must be a little more to him than just pipes, pooches, and poetry. Art lovers of the campus saw some of his seascapes in the recent student exhibit, prompted mostly by a three year hitch on a minesweeper. He pilgrims here from Beaufort, N. C., and is only one of a long line of Davises who attended Wake Forest. He claims he is a "fifth wheel," has no future plans, and will probably spend his remaining days womanless, digging clams on Bogue Sound.



# The Commercial Spree That Is Christmas

Each Yuletide Season John Q. Public is the Victim  
of the Year's Biggest and Wildest Business Boom.

By DOUG ELAM

ALONG about mid-September when the beaches batten down for another winter, when milady shops for that new fall suit, and Junior begins trudging to the little red school, there is an unseen, unfelt flurry of activity in all the shops in every town in America and in every factory that supplies them. Lines of delivery are cleared; orders are placed, and sales managers map their campaigns for another business boom—the biggest, wildest of the year—the buying spree that characterizes every Christmas.

For, beginning about mid-November when the activity becomes really noticeable, no stone is left unturned, no effort is spared, no tactic is considered too radical or too rash to convince the gullible John Q. Public that for a really perfect Christmas he should give this set, that box, or this item to his wife, children, and friends. Manufacturers and retailers go all-out to sell; and so convincing has been their propaganda in recent years that the season ends with a mad, scrambling public buying everything in sight from hair pins to horse shoes in order that the scene around the family tree on Christmas morn might be a merry one.

The manufacturers are usually the first to sound the cry. For weeks magazine pages are filled with tantalizing, colorful scenes of jovial, rosy-checked old gentlemen deep in old southern mansions partaking of their choice Rye or Scotch or Brandy which, the sponsors carefully note, makes the complete Christmas gift for the boss or the butcher or the landlord. Jewelers strive long and loud to convince the gullible bachelor that theirs is the one and only stone fairly made to order for that slender white hand, and a touch of holly adds color and season to the layout.

By Christmas the chase is in full swing and from then on the going gets tougher. Crowds trample each other for that last shirt for Dad or Uncle, that rolling pin for Grandma, that best seller for Aunt Janie, that bicycle for Junior and the doll for baby sister. Of course there are those practical-minded large families who solve the give and take problem easily and still remain conventional. They arrange for a name drawing whereby corresponding names drawn receive a gift from the drawers. This allows every one to be mildly remembered and no one is slighted by an oversight.

Still, there are those exacting, precise, barter-minded ones who snoop and inquire and stoop to any end to ascertain what gift they will receive from Aunt Sally

or Uncle John in order that the exchanged gift might equal but never exceed it. Then there's the good wife who hints and hints and questions for weeks in getting some idea of what husband John has in mind for her. Finally with patience at end, she blandly suggests a mink or that "darling little number in the corner window which just does things for her."

By way of noting the approximate attitude of the public toward this anniversary, a poll has been conducted to ascertain just what the average reaction to Christmas might be. This question was asked at random among students, townspeople, and farmfolk who swarm into the town of Wake Forest on Saturdays. "What immediately comes to your mind at mention of the word 'Christmas'?" The answers to this question taken anonymously from fifty different persons and tabulated are indeed varied and interesting; but they are just what might be expected. One person thought of the birth of Christ, thirty of a gift, five of a holiday (obviously students), two were reminded of holly or mistletoe, three of a Christmas tree, three of snow and sleigh scenes, and six were reminded of good cheer, happiness and joy. These figures indicate well that few attach immediate value to the original purpose and, if at all, certainly not spontaneously. They do indicate that manufacturers and merchants and caterers have done an excellent job in regimenting the public along the lines of a seasonal buying spree.

But good custom or bad, happy or sad as the results might be, by and large, year in and year out, it's Papa who most often pays. Even in the case of his own gift from the family, his bank account usually suffers, and, except for the annual box of cigars from the boys in the office, the average man is thrown for a heavy financial loss.

But would he abolish the practice? Never! Why from his cradle on he was steeped in the lore of old St. Nick. He will indoctrinate his children just as strongly. This fact, coupled with a never withering fire of propaganda from the merchants, will always insure Christmas appearing as a grandiose, gigantic spree of buying, selling, and giving which is always acceptable to even the meanest thrift when accompanied by laughter, holly, yule log tradition, song and good cheer. Truly, Christmas time is selling time; Santa Claus is now a time-honored institution for young and old alike and definitely is here to stay.

# No Cause For Alarm

The Fact That One Student Stops School Every Other Day Should Not be Disturbing.

By DOUG ELAM

SINCE September 12 when the bell atop Wait Hall hailed the opening of the fall term of 1946, there has been a silent, regular stream of names being removed from the enrollment list of the college. Some went quietly, having scarcely stayed long enough to make their absence noticeable; others went through official channels of signing out and indicating generally their reasons for doing so. But this migration of both groups has left definite holes in the ranks. In nearly every classroom the casual observer can notice empty chairs and a definite decrease in the number of students, whereas, during the opening weeks, they were packed in the aisles and perched on window sills.

By consequence of this trend, there is the immediate effort to find cause for it—either locally or as part of a national problem. Questions are raised as to whether or not the majority of those leaving are veterans disillusioned and wandering aimlessly, dissatisfied with school life and pampered by the G. I. Bill. Perhaps they have lost initiative and prefer to loaf at home or exist for a while with the highly abused Unemployment Compensation (52-20 Club).

There are suggestions that living conditions are largely responsible—That housing cannot be found even for those who were admitted in September and that rents are so high as to be prohibitive of the average students' ability to pay. There are other suggestions dealing with general living conditions—cost and quality of food, long waiting lines to get it. Then the educational program itself comes under scrutiny. Perhaps classes were too crowded, causing some to feel that they should leave. Shortage of textbooks and lack of adequate number of instructors may have been contributing causes. At any rate, any number of excuses could be and have been applied to account for the decrease in the school enrollment.

To ascertain definitely what causes did prevail, what types of students did leave and how many, a check was made with Dean Bryan which disclosed the following information: Of the 1,519 who enrolled September 11-12 a total of 51 has left school. (Of these 12 left before September 20). Six of the total were women, two of whom left for reasons of health and another returned to the nursing profession after doing some pre-med work. Three men entered service in order to qualify for the G. I. Bill upon their release after which they hope to return to Wake Forest. Two left because of disappointment in athletic participation. Six left because of family and financial conditions, and eleven decided to accept good jobs or to enter private business. Four required hospital treatment of old wounds

and hope to return next year. Four could not find adequate housing; one broke a hand and could not write; two lost transportation from an adjoining town because of a wrecked automobile; and three were able to receive more scholastic credits elsewhere. Only two indicated that they were just tired of school work. Three left unofficially giving no cause, and one left on advice of the administration.

The total represents slightly over 3 per cent of the entire Student Body, which, according to Dean Bryan, is proportionately the same as the rate in former years with smaller enrollments. Exclusive of the six women, forty were veterans, most of whom were beginning their first year.

The break down of the above figures clearly indicates that few of the aforementioned contributing possibilities can be connected with those who disenrolled. There was little sign that disillusionment, loss of initiative, the supposed evils of the G. I. Bill had anything to do with the veterans who left. Housing affected a very few, and none left because of food conditions.

Indeed, it appears that Wake Forest possesses an unusually rugged and determined Student Body, which, for our purpose here, can be divided into two groups. These are: (1) The experimental group or those who are beginning their first year of college work and thus may be subject to more emotional stress concurrent with the new life. This group includes veterans, women, and non-veterans. (2) The veteran group who had some college work before their service experiences and who have returned with definite ambitions, clearer perspective, and a vengeance to dispel the time lost and finish their remaining schooling.

In contrast with most institutions, which have a large majority of veterans who are beginners and fall into the experimental group, Wake Forest possesses a large predominance of the second group. In granting admissions for 1946-47 the administration provided for the greatest possible number of veterans who had already finished some college work. By reason of this, the Wake Forest student body might well be regarded as superior, giving consideration to its consequently greater stability, its larger proportion of students who are here to become educated and the fact that few have left because of trying living conditions, crowded classrooms, and the lack of adequate number of instructors.

Definitely, we might draw from the list of disenrollments a picture of optimism—The Student Body seems willing to make many sacrifices for an education, there is no apparent attitude of lost hope and no galaxy of blank faces. "There is no cause for alarm."

# Pen Pan Alley

By SANTFORD W. MARTIN

THIS is the Christmas issue. Therefore, *Pen Pan Alley* has decided not to let any sophomoric cynicism or senior-wise satire invade its premises this month. In a time like this there's nothing as important as the brightness of the Christmas eve stars, the tenderness of Mom's turkey, the tastiness of a healthy slice of mince-meat pie, the flicker of a candle in the window, the smiles on the faces of people—for they represent what we seek at this season. And we ask for the opportunity to wish every reader a very merry Christmas—a Christmas that is merry in an old-fashioned way.

The modern byword seems to be *progress*. Change! Rape the status quo! Give us new laws, new clothes, new cars, new dishes, new entertainment, new interpretations! New everything—just about! Rapid and sometimes merciless progress! And we like it. Just look around you and watch the people admire the new “which-a-way” Studebakers roll by. Watch the feminine faces light up with vanity and aspiration at the latest fashion show. Watch the masculine mouths water over a new five dollar pipe that has a special carburetor and a juice-catching filter and even a new metal bowl with a cherry briar inlay. Watch the twinkle in the eyes of little tots as they follow the journey of a new postwar streamline electric train through the tunnels and over the bridges and around the curves of a store window track. Watch all these people, and you will see an unquenchable love of progress—a healthy love, too. Everything new. Everything potentially better. Everything splashing with progress—that is, everything but one thing. That one thing? Don't you know? Can't you see it? Can't you smell it? Can't you taste it? Can't you hear it? Can't you feel it?

That one thing is bigger than progress. It's immortal. It can't take a higher step in the latter. The clouds have been reached as far as it is concerned. I speak, of course, of our time-honored observance of Christmas. I speak of the oak logs that burn slowly in the fireplace and crackle with a flame that paints the faces on the sofa purple and red and blue and white and deep lavender as it dies down and sizzles itself to sleep. I speak of smiling faces over hot ovens in the kitchen; of carving knives pushed deep into the mellow white breast of the family turkey; of dessert forks overflowing with brown crust and spiced pumpkin;

of carefree fingers locked around a glass of eggnog on the hearth's edge; of brotherly arms embracing shoulders that sway with “Silent Night” and “The Last Noel”; of knee-length stockings hung from mantelpieces that smell of holly and mistletoe; of the fresh cedar tree over by the piano and covered with tinsel and colored bulbs and unpretentious gifts wrapped in red and white and green tissue; of soft toes on the steps to bed; of excited giggles from under the wool covers; of prayerful whimpers which say “thanks” and ask forgiveness and express the hopes of tomorrow; of sensitive little ears listening for the sleigh bells and the hoofs of four reindeer; of the bicycle or the wagon or the crying doll being tugged up from the basement or down from the attic or out of the closet and placed in the most conspicuous spot in the livingroom; of the soft sighs from weary but happy maternal bosoms that roll over and slip into a slumber of thanksgiving.

I speak of all these customs which, to me, are one custom—Christmas—a tradition that progress can't dampen, can't change, can't make more perfect, because it's the perfect birthday of the only perfect baby that ever breathed.

Perhaps some people will call this a stereotyped wish. Others may scoff and wonder how anything merry could come out of the conditions that exist on earth today. And even a few may sneer at such a childish ornament as a wool stocking full of oranges and nuts and stick candy.

For those people who claim deeper appreciations than the aroma of green oak crackling under white heat and red berries dangling beside the leaves of fresh holly there is only one consolation. The great mass of people who celebrate this birthday every year are sane enough to return to their childhood for one brief season, wise enough to remember once a year, at least, the origin of all good blessings, faithful enough to fan the spark of goodwill once every twelve months.

So, my biggest hope today is that everyone everywhere will have a merry Christmas—a fruitful Christmas—a perfect Christmas—a Christmas of stars and bells and carols and joyful worship and grateful arms around ever-loving mothers and tender kisses upon the lips of faithful wives and, finally, genuine, old-fashioned happiness for all.



# "THE HEAD"

**Appearing Hard, Stern, and Gruff,  
Peahead Walker is Actually Shy  
and Modest.**

**By GERALD WALLACE**

IN 1937 when D. C. Walker came to Wake Forest as head football coach, the Demon Deacons hadn't beaten their arch rivals, the Davidson Wildcats, in five years. The cry among the student body and the alumni was for a victory over Davidson. Walker's charges promptly administered a licking to the Wildcats much to the pleasure of all Wake Forest supporters.

However, after defeating Davidson, the cry changed to one for a victory over N. C. State. This too was shortly realized by the Walker-coached Deacons. Then the Wake Forest rooters clamored for bigger game; they wanted Carolina's scalp. This was realized in 1940, three years after Walker came to Wake Forest, and again in 1941, 1943, and 1945.

The cry was always for bigger game and has finally culminated in Wake Forest wins over Duke in 1942, and Boston College and Tennessee in 1946. Thus it may be seen that football at Wake Forest has come a long way since 1937 when Walker took over as head coach.

To those who know him but slightly, "Peahead" Walker is a shy and modest individual and, indeed, he does have these characteristics. He says that he inherits them from his grandmother, who, Walker remembers, had very little to do with people she didn't know very well. But regardless of how it came about, most people do not think of Walker as the proverbial "hale fellow, well met" as the first impression. However, once you get to know "Peahead" intimately, you find him very congenial. And if you happen to make a big "hit" with him, you've acquired a good friend for he will always "go to bat" for those he regards as close friends.

Although inwardly shy, Walker becomes stern and gruff on the football field. He seems to admire these qualities in his players and likes men who are rough and can take a lot of punishment. Football, being a rough game, seems to call for this type person, he thinks. It seems only natural for him, therefore, to add emphasis to almost everything he says by using expletives like "damn" and "hell."

It has been observed that one of the best ways to determine whether or not "Peahead" likes a person is to note how much ribbing he gives the person in question. Those who hold a warm spot in his heart usually take severe teasing from the little, bandy legged gentle-



man—teasing that sometimes seems cruel to those who don't understand, but teasing that seems exceedingly complimentary to those who do understand.

One chap who has been the object of many of "Peahead's" cracks was an unusually thin fellow who worked with the football team as one of the student managers. One day, while coming onto the practice field loaded down with equipment, the thin one was spotted by Coach Walker, who yelled across the field, "Damn freshman, what holds you together? You look like a mist!!"

Ex-manager Bob Brooks was another who frequently took verbal shellackings from Walker. On one occasion the Deacons were playing Furman at Greenville, S. C., and Brooks was asking to leave the players' rain coats at the hotel inasmuch as the weather was clear and no signs of rain seemed apparent. Walker roared at him, "Hell, Brooks, you're a manager not a weather prophet! Get those coats out here."

Many people wonder where Walker acquired the name "Peahead." It all started in Walker's hometown of Ensley, Alabama which had a town character, a moron according to Walker, who was the object of many pranks. The moron weighed about a hundred pounds but had a head as big as a coconut. He was fondly called "Peahead" by the townspeople. On one occasion Walker scored an outstanding touchdown against his team's arch rival and the crowd began yelling the monicker "Peahead" at him. The name stuck and to this day Wake Forest's head football coach is known by it.

Walker is always unimpressed by new players who



tell him what great stars they were in high school and much prefers to form an opinion after seeing them in action on the playing field. For the men who can take hard scrimmaging in good spirit Walker has a profound admiration. He likes players who work hard, carry out assignments well, and complain little. On the field and off he exerts a conscious effort to avoid showing favoritism to any player or players which, he is convinced, is detrimental to team spirit and cooperation.

Coach Walker is sometimes thought of as being brutally frank, and probably rightfully so. At any rate, he does believe in "laying his cards on the table" as he says thus avoiding "Beating around the bush." He is often frank about matters merely to be rid of them for he dislikes anything which is long and drawn out.

Friends of Walker's have observed that he is somewhat reticent about expressing his inner feelings vocally, but will sometimes relate in letters things which he'd never tell people in conversation. This came to light during the war when Walker corresponded with many of his friends, mostly former players, who were in the service.

Walker's late son, Hill, was probably closer to him than anyone else has ever been. Hill was killed during the war when the B-17 of which he was a crew member crashed during a training flight over Texas. Coach Walker took his son's death very stoically, but close friends speak of the heart breaking letters which Walker

wrote following his great loss. Few people realize the great impact that this tragedy has had on Walker's life. His comment recently concerning his son's death seems characteristic of the heartache that so many parents felt during the war. He said, "I'm sure that I'll never get over Hill's leaving me."

Herman Hickman, line coach at the U. S. Military Academy, is probably Walker's best friend among the coaching profession. They correspond regularly and exchange visits at least once a year. Their correspondence contains many pertinent football tips and facts which are of great value to their respective teams. When together they constantly cajole each other with Walker referring to the 300 lb. Hickman's tremendous appetite while Hickman makes light of Walker's bandy legs, his penchant for maroon or purple shirts, or his like for loud-colored ties.

Much of the credit for the better quality football material at Wake Forest since 1937 must be given to Peahead Walker. He has been largely responsible for getting good players to come to Wake Forest by contacting potential players personally or by "visiting" with high school coaches.

During the war years with the entire coaching staff, with the exception of Coach Murray Greason, in the service, Walker performed the duties of coach, athletic director, and public relations man. It was discovered

(Continued on page twenty)

## The Cracked Bell

By CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

Charles Baudelaire was born in Paris in 1821 of bourgeois parents who left him a moderate estate, which he promptly squandered. A voyage to Mauritius and the Indies left some influence on his writing, but failed to alleviate the poverty which haunted him the rest of his life. He dabbled in writing, first with critical essays and later with poetry. It is believed that he wrote all his poems (collected under the title *Fleurs du Mal*) before 1844, but none of these were published until several years later. Baudelaire died in Paris in 1867, worn out by a life of dissipation and struggle.

Beneath the rather drab exterior of his life there existed one of the most sensitive and unusual of French poets. His genius was of a type at once incredibly sensual and mystic—this was his heritage left for the poets who followed him (Verlaine, Rimbaud). Yet his overwhelming quality is his morbidity, his preoccupation with physical decay; it was because of this that he found in Edgar Allen Poe, all of whose works he translated, a kindred spirit. Like Poe, Baudelaire retains a deep feeling for beauty and a sharp power of image, as evidenced in this sonnet.

(Baudelaire took some liberties with the rhyme scheme of the classical French sonnet; these are carried over into this translation.)

On winter nights 'tis pain and joy to list  
Beside the smoking flame and trembling glow  
To memories which rise from long ago  
In the sound of chimes a-singing in the mist.  
Ah, happy is the vigorous-throated bell  
Which, strong despite its age, and diligent,  
Just like a veteran guard beneath his tent,  
Still faithfully its pious cry can tell!

For me, my heart is cracked: when, in its care,  
It tries with songs to fill the cold night air,  
It often happens that its voice, weak,

Is like a wounded man's thick mortal shriek,  
Who by a lake of blood forgotten lies,  
And 'neath a pile of dead men, struggling, dies!

—CHARLES BAUDELAIRE,  
translated from the French  
by Lannan Newton.

# For Whom They Are Named

**Have You Wondered Who Messrs. Wait, Heck, Lea, Johnson, Bostwick, Williams, Groves, Hunter, Gore and Simmons Were?**

**By BETTIE HORSLEY**

NEARLY thirty years ago, a Wake Forest freshman, Carol Weathers,\* made a bet with a young man named William Amos Johnson. Weathers had been trying to persuade Johnson to come to Wake Forest, instead of going to the University of Pennsylvania as he had planned to do. The bet was Weathers' means of persuasion: Johnson agreed to come here to college if Wake Forest beat State in that season's football game.

In that day a Wake Forest victory over State was the exception, rather than the rule, but the Deacons won on that occasion. And as a result, Johnson came to Wake Forest, where he was a star football player and an outstanding student. After graduation, he went to medical school and later came back to Wake Forest as an instructor in the med school.

He served as team physician and, while still a young man, was killed in an automobile accident on his return from a football game with the squad.

As a memorial, his family contributed the funds with which the Johnson Pre-Medical Sciences Building was constructed. This building provides room for modern laboratories and lecture rooms for all Biology courses, as well as a room for the housing of the Simmons Art Collection.

Such detailed information about the older buildings on the campus is not readily available, since most of the men whose names they bear lived in the preceding century.

The center of any campus is its administration building. This building on the Wake Forest campus is named Wait Hall—for the first President of the College, as every student knows.

The oldest building on campus, usually just called "The library," is officially the Heck-Williams Library. This building, erected in 1879, was named for two members of the College Board of Trustees. John G. Williams was elected to the Board in 1865 and Colonel

Heck in 1869. At the close of the Civil War, Wake Forest, like almost all Southern colleges, was at the point of closing down. The student body was depleted and there was so small an endowment that it seemed almost impossible to continue the school. A complete reorganization was necessary. Colonel Heck helped the College in its struggle by a contribution. Interested in the appearance of the campus, he had the position of the road, which ran parallel to the railroad tracks, changed, so that it

formed a natural curving boundary for the campus. With a Major Englehardt, Colonel Heck also had the beautiful walks laid out all over the campus, which became one of its distinguishing features. In trying to explain their beauty, he said that they were mathematically correct.

Next to the library stands a beautiful, old, vine-covered building, the outside appearance of which contrasts strongly with the fluorescent light which floods from its windows until late into the night. It is the Lea Laboratory, one of the old labs in the South. In 1884, the Trustees appointed a committee to secure funds for the erection of a chemistry building. Mr.



*Bell Tower, Wait Hall.*

\*Mr. Carol Weathers, once editor of *Old Gold and Black*, is today a prominent Raleigh attorney and a member of the college Board of Trustees.

*(Continued on page eighteen)*

## Home by the Sea

Last night I dreamt I was at home,  
At home beside the sea,  
But morning assured I was not there—  
Yet it's there I long to be:

To see the gulls upon the wind;  
To see the windblown oaks;  
To feel the salt upon my skin;  
To be home just with my folks—

To hear again the heron call  
His mate, when day is done,  
And to see her fly to him  
At the setting of the sun—

To feel the south wind spring to life  
With the fresh-blue rising tide,  
And to feel it slip toward sea again,  
With my dog just by my side—

To build once more upon the sand  
Some roads, and a city fair,  
And watch again the ruthless waves,  
And feel again despair—

To wake again at midnight  
And hear the tempest roar,  
And watch the ghostly seas by moonlight  
As they thrash upon the shore—

To take my boat and sail,  
The mast bent like a willow;  
To catch a nap upon the sea,  
The hard stern seat my pillow.

Tonight in sleep I'll dream again,  
I'll dream about the sea;  
My heart will lose the cares of day;  
My heart will then be free.

*Oh, God, in Your vast heaven,  
Do You have an ocean there,  
With wind and waves and seaweed  
Upon its surface fair?*

*Do You let the fishes swim  
And the seagulls claim the air?  
It's for a place like this the sailor  
Breathes his earnest prayer.*

Oh brothers, when I leave this earth  
And seek that fairer clime,  
Bury my body where you will,  
On mountain, or in desert lime,

But remember, my soul is home in port,  
And no matter where my body be,  
The air will reek of the salt wind,  
And the sand the shore of the sea.

—JOHN DIXON DAVIS.



## To What?

Here, gentlemen, is a toast—to what?  
A million valiant men marching,  
A million aching hearts praying—  
For what? A heroic deed? Not that!  
For safety? Yes, *that!*

Here, gentlemen, is a toast—to what?  
Free men battling for the oppressed  
And the oppressed battling for freedom?  
For the North and the South, West and East? Not that!  
For a Nation? Yes, *that!*

Here, gentlemen, is a toast—to what?  
To fields of green and trees  
That are laden with the fruit—  
Of what? Man's labor? Not that!  
God's mercy? Yes, *that!*

Here, gentlemen, is a toast—to what?  
Hopes held high on banners of white  
And prayers from kneeling souls—  
For what? Prosperity? Not that!  
*Eternal peace? Yes, that!*

—MORGAN BISSETTE.



# THE

James Rememtha  
Blessed To Gnan

By JO DA

JAMES pulled his hat down tighter and readjusted his muffler. The snow was coming down harder now and the wind howled through the streets. Christmas shoppers were moving down the sidewalks laden with bundles. Those moving into the wind were hunched over with heads down and others with the wind from behind shuffled along straight up, almost leaning over backwards. It was Christmas Eve, his first at home since the war started, but this one was like those he had known before. The same last minute shopping and the same snow and cold weather.

James snapped the button on his right hand glove and stepped out in the stream of moving people. He didn't have any bundles with him. Everything had been done: Santa Claus was prepared, the tree decorated, the ice box full, and presents for everyone delivered. That is, presents for everyone except Bill. He hadn't forgotten him. They had gone through four years of war together. Bill had been the best man at his wedding and was his best friend. He hadn't put Bill's gift off for the last minute purposely. It was because he had been unable to find the gift he wanted to get for him.

James wanted to get Bill a fine pipe. Bill loved his pipes, and was hardly ever seen when he wasn't smoking one. But he liked his special pipes for smoking in the study when sitting in front of the fireplace reading or listening to records. James wanted to get Bill a fine Moroccan briar with a meerschauum lined bowl. James had never owned one himself, but he knew they were the best. In fact, if he could find two he'd get Bill one and one for himself.

James stopped when the people around him stopped and he looked up and saw the red traffic light. The light changed to green and as he crossed the street he saw the pipe shop that had been recommended by a fellow at the office. The word pipes on the sign flashed on and off and underneath the words "foreign and domestic briars" shone with a steady light.

"Yep, this must be the place," James thought. He quickened his step, brushed past a man and turned into the doorway under the sign.

He closed the door. "Surely this is where I'll find the pipe I want," he said, and loosening his collar and taking off his gloves, he went over to the counter. It was covered with pipes of all shapes and sizes. They even had a Chinese water cooled model. He turned up

the price tag and smiled. It was one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

There were several customers ahead of him so he kept on looking. He picked up a heavy Dutch "Oohm Paul" and imagined himself smoking one like that when he was an old man. He was admiring a sporty Bull Dog shape when the clerk came toward him.

"May I wait on you, sir?" he asked pleasantly.

"Yes, thank you," James answered, "I'm looking for a Moroccan briar with a meerschauum lined bowl."

"My friend, you're lucky. I have just what you're looking for. If you'll step this way?"

James followed him around the front counter to a cabinet that was set against the wall. The clerk took out a key, opened the cabinet, and removed an

## Early Chris

Light'ood fire's dancin' him  
Dis ole heart's a-danc' li

Not a cloud up yande in  
Sun'll be a-shinin' m' ad

Sol' my bale uv cotton w  
Needn' work no longer ton

Yestiddy went tradin' s-r  
Bought a heap uv Ch'nt

Diamon' ring for Sall' ol  
Toys for all de chillu' loe

Caught a big fat poss' Ch  
Look! de sun's a-ris' tas

May our sweet Lord J  
Whet He won't do fo' e



# PIPE

em! That It Is More  
Gim To Receive.

JO DAVIS



and elaborately carved box. He opened it and James stared at two identical Moroccan briars with meerschaum lined bowls.

"Yes sir, there isn't another pipe in the shop that will give you as good a smoke as that one will," the clerk said.

"They certainly are gorgeous," James added.

"Yes sir, they sure are. The reason we don't display a pipe like this is because we don't want just anybody to buy it. Only a pipe collector would know about this pipe and I'm afraid there won't be any more like them. The man who made them died several months ago. One of these was the last he made. They'll be worth quite a bit someday."

James nodded his approval and kept looking at

the pipes. This was perfect. The last two pipes made by a master craftsman and he could get one for himself and give the other to Bill.

"I'll take them both," James said, as he reached for his wallet.

"Oh, I'm sorry, sir," The clerk said, "but only one of them is for sale. The other one was sold this afternoon."

"I see," James said half aloud.

"Now I can give you almost the same model in a domestic briar. Only a collector could tell the difference. May I show you one?"

"No, You see, I wanted one for myself and the other for a gift."

"I'm very sorry, sir. If you'd come this afternoon you could have gotten them both."

"Well, I'll take the one," James said.

"Shall I wrap it as a gift, sir?" the clerk asked.

James looked at him angrily for having asked that question. "No, not as a gift."

The clerk took the pipe and went to the wrapping counter. James looked at the other pipe and his thoughts flashed back to North Africa. He could see Bill admiring the model the first time either of them had seen it. He remembered how they had bargained with the old man who owned it. Bill had even offered his watch, but the old man wouldn't part with his pipe. He recalled the many times that Bill had gone out of his way to help him, and of the hundreds of hardships they had shared.

"Here you are sir," the clerk said, "That'll be—"

"Would you mind wrapping it as a gift?" James asked.

"Not at all, sir," the clerk said smiling. "I should be most happy to."

"Wrap it in the best paper you have."

James stopped by Bill's house on his way home. He was out; so James gave the box to Bill's wife to put under the tree.

The next morning after Santa Claus had been dealt with, the family gathered around to open their gifts. James had opened several before he came to Bill's. He took off the first wrapping and there was the eard. It read: "Merry Christmas and good smoking." He hastily tore off the second wrapping and opened the box. There lay before him the other Moroccan briar with the meerschaum lined bowl.

Chris Morning

dancin' imbley-flue;  
a-dand lively, too!

yand in de sky;  
nin' m'-an'-by!

cotto wheat an' corn,  
long money gone!

radin' roads sto',  
uv Ch'nta Claus for sho:

or Sally dollar twenty—  
chillur too a plenty.

t poss Christmas fea'—  
a-ris in de eas'!

Lord an' keep you still—  
e His name, I will!  
—EDITH EARNSHAW.

# Two Tickets to a Concert

By BILL ROBBINS

FOR the first time in his scholarly existence Assistant Professor Adams was shaken by the thought that his education might not have been so complete as he had believed. This troublesome reflection irritated him greatly because he was wont to look upon his cloistered, book bound life, the very essence of quiet scholarship, as an approach to the highest ideal that any man could have. And, by his own light, he was one of the few men who ever, in this life, lived in the near neighborhood of their ideals. This feeling of inexplicable dissatisfaction was very new to him.

With restless agitation his slender fingers worried the pages of his worn old copy of Chaucer. His notes of many previous readings, neatly scribbled in the margins, failed to call to his mind any concerted thought toward the preparation of a lecture for his new crop of Juniors. Absently he removed his rimless glasses from the thin patrician nose that adorned his ascetic face. He strode across the floor to the long mirror that hung between two of his bookcases where a tall studious figure peered absently back at him from its surface. For the first time in his memory he inspected his image for other aspects than its neatness. It surprised him to find that he was fully as handsome as many men whose masculine features he had half-consciously admired.

Typically analytic, his mind traced his discomfiture back to a night a week hence that he had spent in the company of old Dr. Henderson and to a certain sophisticated individual he had met there.

He had been sitting in the Doctor's library having a quiet scholarly chat and a pipe when their peace was shattered by the entrance of a radiant young woman whom the Doctor introduced as his niece. Her very presence seemed to transform the learned air to a breathing atmosphere, pulsing with life. Even the single minded young professor lost his customary complacency. From an almost forgotten male instinct, he took off his glasses before he took this piquant lady's hand and his eyes never left her face as he followed the light and lively conversation that ensued. Through the rest of the evening he gazed raptly at Miss Julie Henderson and if a learned, scholarly man can be said to gape this professor very solemnly and sedulously gaped. With a rude jolt the world of flesh and senses broke upon the sequestered calm of his life.

This very afternoon he had met Miss Henderson on the campus and out of courtesy had stopped to talk. With lively interest she had followed his irrelevant observations on the state of the weather and had led him to unconsciously expand on an explanation of his work, his accomplishments, and his ambitions. Seem-

ingly avid, she had followed his topics and when he gallantly offered to render her stay less boring by taking her out for an evening she had answered, "I'd be delighted." Now he stood in consternation, gazing into his mirror and wondering how on earth he could entertain that little effervescent bubble.

The professor could hardly have been called at ease when he called at eight in his best tweeds to be met by Dr. Henderson.

"Julie will be down in a minute," the Doctor said.

And she was. In a stylish combination of sheer satin, girlish femininity, and womanly charm, she floated gracefully into the room and greeted the professor with a captivating display of white teeth and ruby-red lips. Her brown hair, curled tightly to her head, was topped by a little felt cup. The whole effect was enough to throw his studied composure into confusion.

"Why, hello, Professor," she greeted him, as if he were the last person she would have expected to find waiting and altogether the most pleasing.

The professor's reply was almost unintelligible. He followed her to the door and opened it like a puppet with an amateur artist pulling the strings. On the walk he regained some of his lost composure and managed a pretense of conversation as they strolled across the campus toward the theatre.

Inside, he suppressed a sigh of relief that he would have to make no effort for the next two hours. All through the show he stole glances at her profile, a lovely one, and steeped himself in the pleasurable new sense of feminine companionship. When it was over he began to feel more at ease and his participation in the conversation became more effortless. Quite casually and almost in a practiced manner he suggested a visit to the Soda Shop.

The pair presented a striking contrast to the other couples in the shop. Young and collegiate in attire and manners, the others turned as one and frankly stared. Murmurs drifted from them, first of surprise and amusement, then there were low whistles of admiration for his companion. The soda acted like a tonic upon him and before long he had assumed air of suave gaiety, even surprising himself by his sudden grasp of the youthful manner. He was surprised, too, by the easy way in which the students accepted him. The professor was pleased and he felt that Miss Henderson, whom he had begun to call Julie, must be duly impressed.

At this point another person joined the little group. Coach Allan James, the young assistant director of athletics was a man who gave every appearance of competence in his field. His broad shoulders nearly

filled the door as he passed through and his face wore an habitual smile as of self-satisfaction. His very presence impressed one with his masculinity and physical well-being. The young people greeted the newcomer with a show of deference compounded with admiration and friendship. Evidently, he was a sort of demi-god in their worshipful eyes.

However, his joining the party in no way detracted from the professor's popularity although he was conscious of a touch of envy at the easy manner with which Mr. James spoke to Julie—as if he had known her for some time. His presence seemed to add new life to the party in contrast to the reserved attitude Professor Adams suddenly assumed.

Then something happened which the professor had been dreading—the coach suggested going to the Co-Ed Club. Julie and the students heartily approved and they had all risen to leave when Professor Adams protested that he had some unfinished lectures to prepare and was afraid that he couldn't go with them. He read the disappointment in Julie's expression as she started to sit down.

Somehow he felt that his protest had been awkward but he couldn't force himself to go and spectate and let it be known that he couldn't dance. He was determined to have Julie consider him a man of the world, but if he should go with them he would inevitably end up a wallflower. Still determined to maintain his play of friendship, he insisted that she go with the others.

It was an utterly dejected but not beaten professor that strolled home alone that night. By the time he reached his front door he was a determined man with a definite plan of action, perfect down to the last detail. At last he would round out his education and erase his sole deficiency. It was a master plan and he felt confident of its success.

The very next morning he set out to put it into effect. His first lecture was in Elizabethan Verse. He led the class through the Shakespearean sonnets with his usual alacrity but at the end of the period he set about executing his plan.

"Miss Raymond," he addressed a pretty little blond, not particularly adept in her studies but well known for her dancing ability, "May I see you a moment after class?"

"Yes, sir," she answered.

"Miss Raymond," he began after all of the other students had left, "you will probably think my proposal irregular, but—"

"Why, Professor?" she exclaimed.

"You misunderstand me," he hastened to explain. "After I have finished I am prepared to make any explanation you think necessary. I want to ask you to do something for me. It will take up quite a bit of your time and if you refuse I won't hold it against

you, but before I ask, you must promise never to tell a soul, whether or not you agree."

"Okay, I promise," Margy Raymond assented.

"All right, this is it. I want you to come over to my house tonight. Don't let anyone know where you are going. I have never had time to learn to dance and now I find that I would like very much to be able to and I would appreciate it very much if you would teach me. I'll pay you well for your time. Only I must warn you, it won't affect your grades."

At his first words her brow began to wrinkle but it cleared as soon as she learned the full import of his request and she smiled when she replied.

"Why, I'll be glad to, Professor, and I wouldn't

*Shop With Confidence*  
at  
**BELK-STEVENSON CO.**

*Headquarters for*  
*Student Wear*

Winston-Salem, N. C.

*Compliments*  
*of*  
**ZINZENDORF**  
**LAUNDRY**  
**WINSTON-SALEM**

**HINE-BAGBY CO., INC.**  
*"Your Store"*

**CLOTHIERS and FURNISHERS**

Phone 2-3145

412 Trade Street

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

OYSTERS -- BARBECUE

DICK FRYE

MEALS -- SHORT ORDERS

FOR  
BETTER FOUNTAIN  
SERVICE

COLLEGE  
SODA  
SHOP

Meet Your Friends  
at  
P. D.'s

SMITH'S SHOE SHOP

One Black North of Underpass

SHOES REPAIRED THE  
NEW CEMENT WAY

*We Call For and Deliver*

Phone 3756  
WAKE FOREST

For . . .

PAINT  
R.C.A. and SPARTAN RADIOS  
GENERAL ELECTRIC APPLIANCES  
AND ALL HARDWARE AND  
BUILDING SUPPLIES

*Visit*

JONES HARDWARE CO.

PHONE 2631

think of taking money for it. I'll enjoy it and of course I don't expect any favor on my grades." The last words came out with a sigh of wistfulness.

So, they decided that at eight o'clock that night he would start learning to dance and every night after that he was to take lessons until he reached some degree of proficiency. The rest of the day Professor Adams' students found him a cheerful and lenient guide to their studies. Not once did he so much as frown at the most stupid answer.

When Miss Raymond arrived, she found the professor waiting with everything in readiness. The rugs in the library were rolled up, the desk pushed aside, the blinds drawn, and the radio playing the new records he had bought. This was certainly a new role for her. Heretofore, she had been a mediocre student respectfully listening three times weekly to the professor's expositions on poetry while now she found herself the instructor and the benevolent professor her pupil. She hardly knew how to take this new relationship but she found the professor properly respectful and attentive. He was fully as good a student as he would have expected her to be.

But the fundamentals of dancing came very hard for him. He wasn't at all clumsy. He could execute the box step and other figures quite capably when she made him do it alone, but as soon as he tried to dance as her partner his legs went buttery and everything he had learned deserted him. Martha soon learned the reason and decided that he should first become accustomed to her presence, to contact with a feminine body if he were ever to learn to dance presentably. The rest of the evening she made him keep his arm about her as they walked slowly back and forth across the floor while he tried stiffly to keep time with the music. After some time he found the soft pressure of her body less disturbing and he began to concentrate on the steps. When the time came for her to leave he was two-stepping confidently. He looked forward to the next lesson which was to come the following night.

When he passed Margy in the hall next morning he was careful to give her the same friendly greeting he gave all his students and her reply was fully as nonchalant as he could have wished. But still, barely noticeable, there was a certain intimacy about the way they avoided each other's eyes. Her full participation in the deception added perceptibly to his respect for her. He began to think that possibly her low grades were more due to a lively interest in living and a lack of it in the course than to any deficiency.

Later, on his way home he met Julie crossing the campus. He was pleased at her friendly manner and hastened to assure her when she apologized that he wasn't at all offended at her not leaving the Soda Shop with him.

"I only wish I could have gone with you."

"Well, why don't we go tonight? Or does your duty bind you at home again?"



This turn of the conversation caught him off guard. For a brief moment he floundered in embarrassment but he caught himself and made an awkward excuse that he had to grade papers.

She studied him with a questioning look but returned smartly, "Well, some other time," and turned to go.

Anxious lest she should think he disliked her company, he fell in beside her as far as her house, trying to appear as friendly as possible. She met his attempts with a knowing smile and bade him goodbye with a detached air when they reached her gate.

The professor was disturbed, but he told himself that as soon as he learned to dance he could resume his efforts with more chance of success. Till then she could think what she wished. He forgot his troubles as he settled down to work in his library.

By the time for his second lesson he had made all his preparations for the next day's lectures and had the library ready. He was not to wait long. Promptly at eight his tutor breezed in through the side door, dressed in a thoroughly collegiate outfit consisting of a short skirt, a sweater, and a sport coat.

She removed the coat and the scarf she wore knotted under her chin and placed them on a chair. The salient points of her anatomy were accentuated rather than concealed by the tight fitting sweater and skirt and added to the whole effect of attractive, feminine youth. The professor was impressed and some trace of his earlier stiffness lingered during the first few minutes of the lesson.

However, her friendly manner soon put him at ease and he concentrated upon the more intricate steps she had set out to teach him. He was taking a definite interest in his course. His teacher's smiles, her pert laughter and her quick friendly remonstrances were irresistible. There was nothing he could do but accept her as an equal and a friend—in some respects superior. With extraordinary quickness he learned the lessons she taught him.

Within a week he was waltzing, foxtrotting, and even doing a bit of Rhumba. Margy assured him that his success was phenomenal. However, she insisted, he still had a lot to learn. He needed a lot of polish on what he already knew and she was determined to teach him to jitterbug before she stopped, although, she warned him, she never wanted to see him doing it in public.

It was another two weeks before Martha decided that her pupil was accomplished enough for graduation. In truth, he had begun to dance in as smooth a manner as if he had been doing it all his life. She felt justly proud of him.

Professor Adams, although he had looked forward to finishing, felt a sense of emptiness as he anticipated long evenings alone with his books. But the knowledge that he would never again have to withdraw because he didn't know how to dance cheered him immensely.



## SHOP TAYLOR'S NOW FOR

- COSMETICS
- BAGS
- GLOVES
- LINGERIE
- SLIPPERS
- HOSE
- JEWELRY
- LUGGAGE
- FUR COATS
- CHINA and CRYSTAL
- SILVER
- STATIONERY
- FINE LINEN
- HANDKERCHIEFS

GIFT WRAPPING AND MAILING SERVICE

*Taylor's*

The Showplace of the Carolinas

You'll Find Our Uptown Office  
Convenient

**WAKE FOREST  
LAUNDRY & CLEANERS**

TELEPHONE 2441



WE  
WISH YOU  
A

MERRY CHRISTMAS  
AND A  
HAPPY NEW YEAR

**B & S**

Department Store

*"Buy With Confidence*

*Wear With Pride"*

Wake Forest

IN RALEIGH IT'S

**FOGG'S**  
RESTAURANT

Specializing  
STEAKS SEA FOOD

High Quality  
Personalized Stationery

WITH YOUR FRATERNITY  
OR COLLEGE SEAL  
From

**Edwards & Broughton Co.**

Campus Representative:  
Paul Bell - Box 298

For the past three weeks he had purposely avoided Julie, but now he looked forward to their next meeting with confidence.

When it came she met him rather coldly. She seemed surprised but did not hesitate when he asked her to go out that evening. Tactfully, she refrained from mentioning his avoiding her, but her next question conveyed her bewilderment.

"Has the professor at last found time to tear himself away from his work?" she asked.

"Yes," he laughed, "I have my work so arranged now that I can take a little more time for relaxation. I am really beginning to feel the need of it."

"Interesting," Julie commented.

That evening when he called she was ready and waiting for him. He felt suavely assured and his confidence contributed immensely to his easy manner as he escorted her to the theatre. He planned a repetition of the previous evening, only this time he would go with the party.

Julie was puzzled at the change in his manner. She was not sure whether she was altogether pleased at his new behavior. His reticence had aroused most of her interest in him.

As before, he took her to the Soda Shop after the show where they again met a group of students and the evening began much like the first with the exception that Mr. James didn't appear, which didn't disturb the professor.

The inevitable suggestion to go to the Co-Ed club came from one of the students and, to Julie's surprise, he welcomed the proposal.

The students at the Club were surprised and amused at the appearance of the serious young professor. Their amusement vanished when they saw his companion and the substituted respect was heightened when they saw him dancing with her later. All of his manners were strictly from Post and when he danced he did justice to the efforts of his teacher. He could almost feel the whispered admiration that passed between the students at the surrounding tables and a pleasant glow of satisfaction suffused his face. He felt the same warming pleasure that success always gave him.

Later, when he left to take Julie home the students followed him with respectful eyes. At her door she assured him that she had "had a wonderful time."

He walked on air all the way home. It was a great satisfaction to be a social human being and he felt that all of his time and work had been well spent.

Next day when he called for another date, she told him that she already had one, but she softened his disappointment by promising the next evening to him. The news dulled the rosy hue of his day but he rebounded quickly.

His students seemed to reciprocate his activity by taking a greater interest in his course. News of his escapade had spread quickly through the student body and overnight he had become the most popular pro-

fessor on the campus. His discourses no longer seemed dry and interminable to them. On the contrary it became the vogue to quote many of his statements and very often students were heard repeating lines from the Sonnets in ordinary conversation.

The following morning when classes were over he went down to call Julie. He had planned to surprise her with a trip to Redley for a concert she had said she wanted to hear.

"Hello," her cheerful voice came over the wire. "Oh, it's you, professor. I have the most exciting news to tell you. You could never imagine."

"Well, let's have it," he coaxed her good naturedly. "Then, I have some for you."

"I am going to be married," was her happy reply.

In astonishment and disbelief the professor stared at the phone. He was too surprised to fully understand what she had said.

"I told you last night I had a date," she gushed on. "Well, Allan—you know—Mr. Walker—took me to dinner and afterwards his proposal just swept me off my feet. I am so happy! Aren't you going to wish me luck?"

But her voice was coming through an unheeded receiver. Dazed and the very picture of dejection, he dropped it from a lifeless hand and sank weakly into the nearest chair. Only now when he had been disappointed did he realize how much this new interest had meant to him. He had practically taken it for granted that after a short, seemly courtship she would automatically accept his own proposal. The knowledge that she had not had the same idea was as much a shock to him as his disappointment. His head sank into his hands as he fell into a reverie of despair.

Hours later, he pulled himself together and began to think connectedly. "There is no use crying over it, now," he thought. "It's over and at least no one else will know what happened."

This knowledge was more of a comfort to him than he could have imagined. He came to the conclusion that his despair was more over the time he had wasted on the fruitless campaign than over the loss of its object. Following that train of thought, the memory of Margy spending all of that time teaching him to dance came to him and an appreciative smile broke through and brightened his troubled countenance.

Then an idea struck him and the more he thought of it the brighter grew his smile.

He dialed the girls' dorm and asked for Miss Margy Raymond.

"Hello," an habitually gay, familiar voice came to him.

"Margy?" he asked.

"Oh, is that you, Professor?" she asked brightly.

"Yes," he answered. "I have two tickets to the concert in Redley and I was wondering if you would care to go with me."

"Oh, Professor," she gasped. "Uh—yes, sir!"

## MERRY CHRISTMAS

*C. C. Burnes*

*Photographers*

Chicago, Illinois

PORTRAITS  
COMMERCIAL GROUP

Official  
**HOWLER**  
Photographers

*We Have Complete Line of*  
FINE WATCHES - DIAMONDS  
JEWELRY

**JOHNSON'S JEWELERS**

14 East Hargett Street  
RALEIGH, N. C.

FOR RECORDS, SHEET MUSIC  
Largest and Newest Stock  
Both Popular and Classic

ALSO SCHOOL SUPPLIES, FOUNTAIN PENS  
LEATHER GOODS, AND GREETING CARDS

**JAMES E. THIEM**

PHONE 2-2913

RALEIGH, N. C.



## MILLER MOTOR CO.

WAKE FOREST

A COMPLETE LINE OF  
GROCERIES and MEATS

— AT —

## MORRIS GROCERY

**HOT DOUGHNUTS  
DAILY!**

236-1 : Phones : 306-1

## LAND'S

*The Home of All Nationally Known  
Watches and Diamonds*

**Raleigh's Leading Credit Jewelers**

137 Fayetteville Street  
DIAL 2-3751

## FOR WHOM THEY ARE NAMED

*(Continued from page eight)*

Sidney S. Lea, who had contributed \$5,000 in 1875 to President Taylor's expansion campaign, was contacted again, and he gave an additional sum of \$8,000. In 1887 the Trustees declared that the building should be called the "Lea Laboratory," and it has borne that name since it was finished in 1888.

Back in 1916, the *Old Gold and Black* contained such editorials as "The Futility of Legging," "Reading Room Etiquette," and "The Etiquette of the Leisure Class." They were usually written by the first editor, Carey J. Hunter, Jr., for whom Hunter Dormitory is named.

The largest amount of money given to a North Carolina college up until 1882 was \$50,000, given to Wake Forest by Jabez A. Bostwick, one of New York's richest Baptists. His contribution came in response to President Taylor's solicitation in 1882. His first gift was \$10,000, the largest of the entire campaign. In 1886 he gave \$50,000 more, which was established as the Bostwick Loan Fund, to be used in helping needy students through school. There is only one other instance, at that time, when such a gift was made to any college in North Carolina. His money made the future of the College secure and we owe to Bostwick the major part of our endowment. The girls' dormitory bears his name.

From Montgomery County in 1849, came William G. Simmons, as a student. However, he stayed to become Chairman of the Department of Natural Science, and remained on the faculty for 35 years. Both of his sons graduated here and both became college presidents. His daughter was the first co-ed to receive a degree from Wake Forest. Thus the Simmons family was a Wake Forest College family, and Simmons Dormitory is built on the site of the home of a family which has been connected with the College for nearly a century.

It was 1921 before the College was able to provide facilities for all athletic events, baseball, football, track, and golf. The construction of an athletic field was made possible by a gift of approximately \$14,000 by Mr.

## Visit THE SUPER MARKET

*Christmas Nuts and*

*Fruits Are In*

**SHOP EARLY!**

DIAL 2661

DIAL 2691



Claude Gore, an alumnus of the class of 1899. When the field was finished in 1922, it was by far the best in the state, and its completion began a new era in intercollegiate activities. The field was called "The Gore Athletic Field," until in 1938 the name of Gore was transferred to the new gymnasium.

Mr. Henry H. Groves, of Gastonia, an alumnus of 1913, provided the money which was needed for further development and enlargement of the field. In 1930, additional property was purchased and the size of the field was doubled. Mr. Groves contributed nearly \$20,000 for this operation and the field was renamed the Groves Athletic Field. When the need for a football stadium grew acute, Mr. Groves contributed \$25,000 more toward the total cost of \$105,000. The stadium also bears his name.

The building now under construction has not yet been given a name, and the problem of naming all of the new buildings which will be built at Winston-Salem is still before us. They will undoubtedly be named so as to serve as memorials to many more friends of the College.



#### THE HEAD

(Continued from page seven)

that Peahead, the coach, also had executive abilities that no one suspected he possessed. As a public relations man he was equally well suited for his geniality has long made him a sought after speaker at football dinners and banquets. The fact that he invariably told the sports writers that he didn't have much in the way of a football team but always turned out a well coached squad, which ranked with the south's best teams, didn't matter.

All this should not detract from the fact that Walker has rare coaching ability for Peahead is recognized nationally as an outstanding member of the coaching fraternity. Evidence of this fact is to be found in the magazine section of the *New York Times* a few Sundays back when Walker was mentioned as typifying a certain

MAY YOUR  
CHRISTMAS  
BE A  
HAPPY ONE



THE  
COLLEGE  
BOOK STORE

FRESH UP!

You're at Your Best  
With a New Haircut

CITY BARBER SHOP

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

"HURRY BACK"

A. W. GHOLSON, JEWELER  
WATCH INSPECTOR

For Seaboard, Southern and Norfolk Southern  
Railways

137 South Salisbury Street  
RALEIGH, N. C.

Dial 8804

SHORTY'S

A Famous Name at a Famous School for:

SANDWICHES  
DRINKS

CONFECTIONS  
BILLIARDS

MAGAZINES

FOR QUALITY MERCHANDISE



MURRAY CLEANERS

Dyeing  
A Specialty

We Deliver

Phone 307-1

**SPECIAL OFFER**

**To Wake Forest Students**

CLIP THIS COUPON

ONE Genuine 8"x10" Silvertone Portrait—Reg. \$5 Value  
This Coupon Effective through

For Only \$2.00

**JAN. 15**

Choice of 4 Glamour Poses  
Special Hollywood Lighting

All Work Guaranteed

**REMBRANDT STUDIO**

RALEIGH, N. C.

Only One Offer to Customer Open 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

W. H. EVANS, Manager

Under New Management and Ownership

111 West Martin Street

Phone 2-2574

**EDWARDS PHARMACY**

(FORMERLY HARDWICKS)

**Welcomes Students**

**FOR DRUGS and SUNDRIES**

Wake Forest

type of college football coach. Like all coaches, Walker has certain persons who don't approve of his brand of football but unlike many coaches he has few adversaries who deny that he possesses a very thorough knowledge of all the fundamentals of the game.



**SHOP HERE**

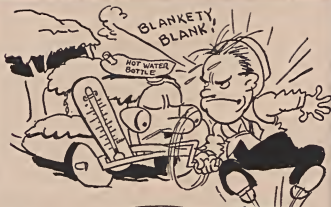
**FOR YOUR COMPLETE  
FOOD REQUIREMENTS**

*"We Strive to Please"*

**HOLLOWELL'S  
FOOD STORE**

PHONES 2521 - 2531

**NO NEED OF GETTING MAD  
--IF YOUR CAR WONT START**



*for*  
**WINTER DRIVING**  
*Enjoiment.*

Let Our Expert  
Mechanics Check  
Over Your Car or  
Truck Now.

Avoid trouble this winter! An expert Motor Tune-up, New Spark Plugs, New Battery will save you a lot of grief and make starting so much easier on Cold, snappy days. When the thermometer goes down, your car troubles go up.

**CHANGE NOW TO WINTER LUBRICANTS**



Service Chevrolet Co.

Phone 262-1

Wake Forest, N. C.

## Directory of Advertisers

A. W. GHOLSON JEWELER.....	19
B. & S. DEPARTMENT STORE.....	16
BELK STEVENS CO. ....	13
BURNES PHOTOGRAPHER .....	17
CAMEL CIGARETTES .....	Cover 2
CHESTERFIELD CIGARETTES .....	Cover 4
CITY BARBER SHOP.....	19
COLLEGE BOOK STORE.....	19
COLLEGE SODA SHOP.....	14
DICK FRYE .....	14
EDWARDS PHARMACY .....	20
FOGGS .....	16
HINE-BAGBY CO. ....	13
HOLLOWELL'S GROCERY .....	20
JOHNSON JEWELERS .....	17
JONES HARDWARE .....	14
LANDS JEWELERS .....	18
MILLER MOTOR CO. ....	18
MORRIS GROCERY .....	18
MOTHER AND DAUGHTER STORE.....	20
MURRAY CLEANERS .....	20
PERSONALIZED STATIONERY .....	16
REMBRANDT STUDIOS .....	20
SERVICE CHEVROLET .....	20
SHORTY'S .....	19
SMITH'S SHOE SHOP .....	14
SUPER MARKET .....	18
TAYLOR'S .....	15
THIEMS .....	17
VOGUE .....	Cover 3
WAKE FOREST LAUNDRY.....	15
ZINZENDORF LAUNDRY .....	13

# Vogue

ALWAYS  
SOMETHING  
NEW



CLOTHIERS  
HABERDASHERS  
HATTERS

# Vogue

213 Fayetteville Street  
RALEIGH, N.C.



**A**lways  
**B**uy  
**C**HESTERFIELD

*Top off your  
gift bundles with these  
cheery cartons of  
Christmas Chesterfields  
... They Satisfy.*

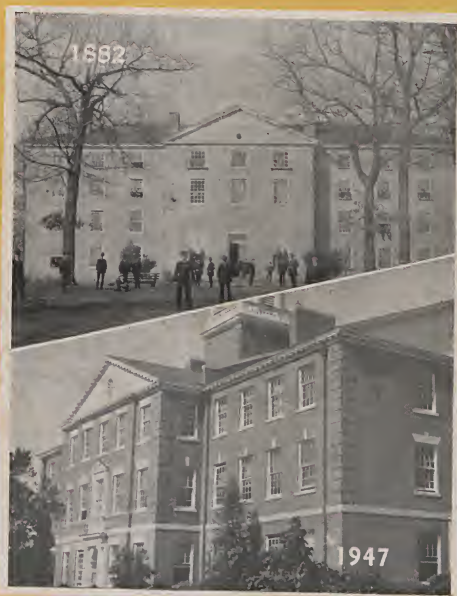
*RIGHT COMBINATION - WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS - Properly Aged*



# ***THE STUDENT***

***THE WAKE FOREST COLLEGE MAGAZINE***

*65th  
Anniversary  
Issue*



---

**VOL. LX. NO. 4**

---

**FEBRUARY 1947**

---

*EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!*

**NEWS ITEM, 1944**

Cigarette shortage spreads  
...Counters jammed...  
Millions try different brands  
—any brand they can get.



## EXPERIENCE TAUGHT MILLIONS

the Differences in  
Cigarette Quality

...and now the demand for Camels  
—always great  
—is greater than ever in history.

**D**URING the war shortage of cigarettes... that's when your "T-Zone" was really working overtime.

That's when millions of people found that their "T-Zone" gave a happy okay to the rich, full flavor and the cool mildness of Camel's superb blend of choice tobaccos.

And today more people are asking for Camels than ever before in history. But, no matter how great the demand:

*We do not tamper with Camel quality. We use only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way!*

*According to a recent  
Nationwide survey:*

**MORE DOCTORS  
SMOKE **CAMELS****  
*than any other cigarette*



Doctors too smoke for pleasure. And when three independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?—the brand named most was Camel!



Your 'T-ZONE'  
will tell you...  
**T FOR TASTE...**  
**T FOR THROAT...**

That's your proving ground  
for any cigarette. See  
if Camels don't  
suit your 'T-ZONE'  
to a 'T'



R. J. Barnold Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

# THE STUDENT

THE WAKE FOREST COLLEGE MAGAZINE

## *In Retrospect*

OFTEN people spend at least a part of their birthday anniversaries in reflecting over the years, recalling to mind the outstanding events that have taken place. Sometimes special emphasis is placed on a particular year in which a number of outstanding occurrences transpired.

This issue marks an anniversary of *THE STUDENT*, its sixty-fifth to be exact. To celebrate the date the magazine is utilizing its pages this month to reminisce about a particular year—1882, the year in which it first appeared. And as long as reminiscing is the order of the day, the magazine will undertake to recall as many salient features of the World, the United States, and the Wake Forest of 1882 as it possibly can.

And after reviewing the surroundings into which it was born, *THE STUDENT* presents a section beginning on page eighteen, featuring some of the best representative writing which its pages have carried through the years from January 1882 to the present. Included here will be samples of the work of Thomas Dixon, Dr. William Louis Poteat, Gerald W. Johnson, Robert Lee Humber, Dr. George W. Paschal, John Charles McNeill, Frank Smethurst, J. Melville Broughton, Josiah W. Bailey, E. B. Earnshaw, Joseph Quincy Adams, Dr. Benjamin Skedd, Phil Highfill, and Bobby Helm.

The magazine's founding fathers expressed this purpose for their periodical: "to advance the educational interests of the state, to encourage and develop the taste for literary effort in the students and alumni of the college, and to be a means of instruction and pleasure to all who read it."

For most of the sixty-five years of its history, *THE STUDENT* has accomplished its purpose, a fact of which the publication is justly proud. Its only hope today is that the same high standards can be attained for the next sixty-five years.



# IN 1882 THE WORLD MET NO GREAT CRISIS

By Jesse Glasgow

THE world in 1882 neither experienced great awakenings nor suffered global wars. Radar, penicillin, and atomic energy were unknown. For that matter, such commonplace utilities as electric lights and radio weren't known either. All in all, 1882 was just an ordinary year in which a number of little things happened but no world-shaking events took place.

There were the usual little disturbances which imperiled the peace. Austria had to send troops to the Balkans in January of that year to put down uprisings. The Second Afghan War ended in India, allowing the British to turn their attention to Egypt; there it was necessary to bombard Alexandria to crush the resistance of Egyptian rebels. The French were opposed in Madagascar by the native Hovas. In other instances controversies were settled by arbitration, as in the case of Sino-Japanese quarrels, settled through the efforts of Chinese diplomats.

There were murders and plots of political intrigue in 1882 just as there had been in preceding years—and were to be in succeeding years. Alexander II of Russia was slain in his palace in St. Petersburg. The Phoenix Park murders of Lord Cavendish and Under Secretary Burke, supposedly by Irish renegades, aroused the ire of every Londoner.

The year 1882 was not necessarily marked as one of violence, however. Social reforms were instituted in many parts of the world and progress was noticed in other fields. The St. Gothard Railway across the Alps Mountains was completed and a German scientist discovered the tuberculosis germ.

Suffrage was extended to all classes of people in Italy in that year. The United States signed a ten

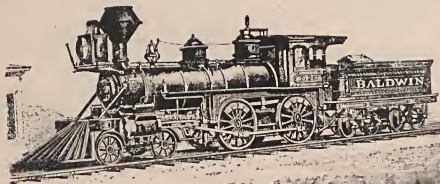
year agreement with China suspending the immigration of Chinese laborers. The British reported to the world her progress among her subjects in India and the 10,000,000 increase in population there during the preceding decade. The University of Prague instituted liberal changes in its curriculum.

In Japan the Mikado, Mutsuhito, by 1882 had succeeded in abolishing feudalism and was leading his people in assimilating western civilization. Criminal law, government post, and education for women were well established. The Shinto faith was the national religion and a new military system was in power.

By 1882 Australia was no longer a British penal colony. A Federal Council had been established and the new commonwealth was growing fast. Other peoples as well were gaining their freedom. In Brazil all slaves over sixty-five years of age and all children of slaves were freed in that year. And Paraguay was beginning its second year of freedom from Spain.

In 1882 the prominent writers of Europe included Henrik Ibsen whose play *Ghosts* was shocking the world; Victor Hugo who was 80; Emile Zola who was affecting Victorian nostrils with his naturalism; Guy de Maupassant who was writing *Une Vie*; Leo Tolstoy who was engaged for the time on religious works; Friedrich Nietzsche who was soon to issue *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*; and Anatole France who has just published *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard*. Feodor Dostoevski and Auguste Flaubert had recently died.

In England the year saw the publication of Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, and Swinburne's *Tristram of Lyonesse*. Tennyson, aged 73, was working like a younger man on plays and poems. Browning, aged 70, was writing *Jocoseria* which was to contain the lyrics "Ixion" and "Never the Time and the Place." Hardy was reaching the crest of his power as a novelist. *The Return of the Native* having been published four years before. John Ruskin was writing *Fors Clavigera*, his letters of British workmen. Charles Darwin, Anthony Trollope, and Dante Gabriels Rossette died that year. Jane Joyce, John Drinkwater, and A. A.





Milne were born. A young man of 26, named George Bernard Shaw, was spouting socialism in London.

The year 1882 was just an ordinary year in the history of music for few compositions written in that year have stood the test of popularity over sixty-five years. Brahms, Debussy, Dvorak, Mozart, Franck, Verdi, Tchaikowsky, Humperdinck, and Wagner were living. The latter two were at Bayreuth, where Wagner was completing his production of *Parsifal*. Humperdinck had come at Wagner's invitation and served as his critic and companion. Wagner was to die a few months after the production was finished.

Victor Herbert was an unknown cellist in a London orchestra in 1882 and hardly suspected that his wife was to be offered a place with the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York the next year, and that he would follow her to America and there become famous in his own right. Sir Arthur Sullivan, basking in the popularity brought him by his operettas *H. M. S. Pinafore* and *The Pirates of Penzance*, wrote, with his librettist William Gilbert, *Iolanthe* in that year.

A huge sum was appropriated for the installation of arc lights for London streets in 1882. The taxpayers complained about the increased taxes, while the poorer men having read from their newspapers that a rich, new gold deposit had been discovered in De Kaap fields, hurried off to South Africa to make a fortune so that they too could pay high taxes.

One of the most controversial subjects in the London of 1882 was the sale of Jumbo, an elephant belonging to the London Zoo, to Phineas T. Barnum, the colorful American showman. Even though the animal had brought the handsome price of two thousand pounds sterling, some Londoners looked with disdain at the transaction. The newspapers carried lengthy accounts of how the elephant had been Anglicized and regretted his leaving. A large crowd came down to the pier to see Jumbo off to America, and Lady Burdett-Coutts went aboard ship to give him his last London buns.



# THE STUDENT

THE WAKE FOREST COLLEGE MAGAZINE

VOL. LX

FEBRUARY 1947

No. 4

## THE STAFF

JESSE GLASGOW, Editor

PAUL B. BELL, Business Manager

## CONTRIBUTING

Don Lee Paschal, Art Work; Stan Vetter, Photography; Eddie Folk, Leldon Kirk, Sanford Martin, Bynum Shaw, Ellen Vaughn, Mr. Edwin G. Wilson and Bob Wilson, Editorial Matter; Gerald Wallace, Technical Assistance.

Prof. D. A. Brown, Faculty Adviser

## BUSINESS ASSOCIATES

Grady Patterson, Jr., Assistant Business Manager; Emile Fisher, Circulation Manager; Bill Hobbs, Campbell McMillan, and Jack Caldwell, Advertising Salesmen.

Criticism and contributions should be addressed to The Editor, Box 181.

Requests for advertising rates should be addressed to the Business Manager, Box 298.

Application pending for re-entry as second-class matter at the post-office at Wake Forest, N. C., under act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Published during the months of October, November, December, February, March, and April by the students of Wake Forest College.

Subscription rate: \$1.50 per year.

## SONNET

Taken from *The Wake Forest Student*

VOL. XXXVI, No. 2, Nov., 1916

The mountains with their mantles of moonlight,  
The dusky trees arrayed against the sky,  
The constellations that bejewel night,  
Look down upon the world with kindly eye.  
Now aching hearts and wearied minds are still,  
While grief and labor pause the while to reap  
Repose: in shadowed pass, on palaced hill,  
The pauper, peasant, prince, all dream asleep.  
Dream on, O men, and dream of liberty,  
Reward of worth and triumph of the right,  
When pain and evil shall forever flee,  
And love undimmed shall shed her perfect light.  
Dream on, dream on! and, though your hopes be few,  
Increase your faith; the dream shall yet prove true.

—J. N. DAVIS,

# IN 1882 THE UNITED STATES WERE BEING REFORMED

By Jesse Glasgow

THE United States in 1882 was overrun with various reform movements. People had become tired of graft and corruption on the part of professional politicians, and the year brought demands for many reforms, punishment of corrupt office holders, civil service, pensions, tariff, abolition of polygamy, State prohibition of the sale of whiskey, and a host of others.

The population of the country in that year was 50,000,000 and a half million immigrants helped swell the figure still more. The number of industrial employees grew with the expansion of big business in manufacturing, railroads, oil, sugar, and steel. Corporations in many towns dominated labor and paid starvation wages. It was these conditions which gave rise to the formation of labor unions such as the American Federation of Labor which had been formed in Pittsburgh the year before under an energetic young man named Samuel Gompers.

President James A. Garfield had been shot by a disappointed office seeker and had died the year before. He was succeeded by Chester A. Arthur of Vermont who showed that he had a lot of political "savvy" and used it to get a new naval program started. The first Chinese exclusion act, the anti-polygamy bill, and a new protective tariff were to be passed under his administration, and a Labor Bureau established.

The year 1882 was a great one for coaching, with enthusiasts patronizing the coach routes of many of our mountain and lake regions. Parties were unusually popular and guests danced quadrilles and jigs to the music of accordions and fiddles. "The Old Folks at

Home" and "Carry me back to Old Virginny" were the favorite songs of that year.

Hoop skirts had gone out of style and women wore fancy embroidered, full bustled skirts so long that their hems collected dust. They wore corsets which were drawn so tight that

sometimes women would rush home, release themselves, and lie panting with relief. Men who had no hairy facial decoration were considered curiosities. The fashionable men wore Prince Albert coats and high silk hats.

Interest in athletics continued to thrive during 1882. John L. Sullivan, the Boston Strong Boy, was the biggest name in boxing. Walter Camp had laid the foundations of American football two years before and the

game was gaining popularity. The National Lawn Tennis Association was a year old but the game tennis already had a large following. Soon national croquet and horse shoe tournaments were to be started also. Cycling was popular but hadn't reached the proportions which later prompted a Californian named Thomas Stevens in 1886 to make a trip around the world on a bicycle.

College educations were afforded only a few; in 1882 only 100,000 men and women were enrolled in American College and universities. Educators were poorly paid in 1882. The aver

(Continued on page twenty-eight)



# IN 1882 WAKE FOREST WAS STILL A SMALL COLLEGE

By Dr. G. W. Paschal<sup>1</sup>

DURING the year 1882 two events excited the students more than any others. The first was the establishment of *The Wake Forest Student*, which first appeared in January of that year. The second was the discovery among the students of a secret (sub rosa) fraternity, which led the president and faculty to seek the authority of the Trustees to guard against and to deal firmly with them.<sup>2</sup>

Dr. Thomas Henderson Pritchard was president of the college in that year. The student body numbered only 169 students and the faculty consisted of but eight professors. Three academic buildings composed the physical plant. The present library building was then in use as was the Old Administration Building, which stood on the site of Wait Hall. The third building was Wingate Memorial Hall, which stood where the Music-Religion Building does today.

Between their work in the classroom and in the Society halls the students of 1882 were kept busy. Their only vacation usually was two days at Christmas

and one day, Easter Monday, in the spring term. The students knew that it was an honored custom in all Christian lands to have holiday from December 25 to January 1, and in December, 1881, they formally made petition to the faculty for so much. The faculty with warm and sympathetic hearts had already allowed them two days.

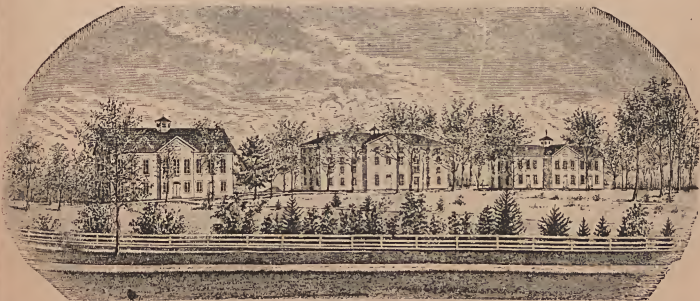
Encouraged by such generosity the students put in their petition. To their surprise it was returned marked "Granted." "But oh! that next clause—'From the 23 to the 26.'—Just think of it! Four days for Christmas this year—Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday! To our faculty thanks should be voted in style and a monument voted."

But the students who remained at Wake Forest had the pleasure of seeing the Wake Forest Amateur Troupe at their first appearance in public, when various members acquitted themselves creditably before an appreciative and delighted audience, as they appeared in such roles as "Widow Bedott," "Biddy," "Bones," and "Pat."

In the spring of the year 1882 there was a series of baseball games between the college team and that of the town, which was won by the town team, two games to one, after most furious contests.

The students of that year noted that Wake Forest was becoming a favorite visiting place for the young

(Continued on page nineteen)



The Wake Forest Campus in 1882.



# IN 1882 WAKE FOREST HAD A NINE MAN FACULTY

By Bynum Shaw

THE thin but optimistic catalogue of the college for the year 1882 contained this line: "The proximity of the College to the Capital of the State affords many of the advantages without the moral dangers of city life." It was an explanation designed to assure parents that their sons would not be subjected to any evil influences during matriculation at Wake Forest.

Of course, the circular did not exactly solicit students. The faculty had no desire "to hasten young men to enter college." But it urged two types of students, those who were "well prepared to enter one or two Schools of the College" and the group who were "Some-what advanced in years" and wished "to avail themselves of the incidental advantages" of higher education, to waste no time in applying for admission.

The curriculum included "three sub-collegiate classes" which were inaugurated to provide instruction in Latin, Greek, and mathematics for those students who had had no acquaintance with those courses prior to college admission. The catalogue hastened to warn younger applicants, however, that "discipline of the College is intended not for boys, but for young men who have sufficient maturity to have acquired self control."

As steps toward developing in students "principles of true manliness and sentiments of self respect" every undergraduate was expected to be "faithful in work, regular in attendance," and, in his relations with his instructors and fellow-students, "to cultivate those amenities which are universally recognized among gentlemen." The definition of "amenities" was carried no further.

The courses of study offered in 1882 had been "modified and enlarged in order to secure the best results in extent and thoroughness of scholarship." A system of independent "Schools" had proved to be advantageous in many respects, and six different courses lead to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. A careful inspection of those courses would show that, while candidates were allowed some range of choice, "they are in no case allowed to omit the more disciplinary studies." Throughout the whole course "solid attainment and true scholarship, rather than showy and superficial accomplishments" were the aims of the faculty.

The faculty whose aims these were was headed by Dr. Thomas Henderson Pritchard, who in June, 1879,

had succeeded Dr. W. M. Wingate as president of the college. Of Pritchard the catalogue for the year 1892 has this to say: "His eloquent appeals in behalf of higher education were heard in every part of North Carolina, and during his administration there was a noticeable increase in the number of students." He it was, too, who was instrumental in raising the college endowment in 1882 to about \$50,000.

Dr. Pritchard was Professor of Moral Philosophy and Literature. Serving with him on the faculty were William Gaston Simmons, Professor of Chemistry and Natural History; Luther Rice Mills, Professor of Mathematics; William Bailey Royall, Professor of Greek and French; William Royall, Professor of Modern Languages; William Louis Poteat, Assistant Professor of Natural History; Charles Elisha Taylor, Professor of Latin; Charles Henry Martin, Tutor in Mathematics and Languages; and Eli E. Hilliard, whom the pamphlet lists as merely "Tutor."

An announcement in the bulletin said that in regard to all the courses offered "all new departures in educational methods and the systems in vogue elsewhere" would be scrutinized and, where feasible, utilized. But no pattern of study would be "slavishly followed."

Under the guidance of the faculty that year seven students emerged with the degree of Bachelor of Arts; one man was awarded the degree of Bachelor of Letters; and one diploma was inscribed, "Bachelor of Science."

When the degrees were handed out in 1882 the Board of Trustees had for its officers Thomas Edward Skinner, president; William Hartwell Pace, secretary; William Gaston Simmons, treasurer; Alexander Russia Vann, auditor; and Luther Rice Mills, Bursar.

Even in view of what we might consider a very meagre crop of graduates, the following statement was issued some time later: "The Trustees and Faculty of the College, as they review the constant elevation of the standard both of entrance and graduation, the enlargement of the corps of instructors, the improvement in equipment, the increase of the Endowment, and the successful careers of large numbers of the sons of the College, cannot but regard with some degree of satisfaction the position which Wake Forest has won among her sister institutions. And in what has been already achieved they find encouragement and stimulus to press steadily on toward larger and wider and better work."



# IN 1882 UTMOST EXCITEMENT PREVAILED ON ANNIVERSARY DAY

By Ellen Vaughn

ANNIVERSARY Day on February 17 was a brilliant occasion, one of the two biggest events of the school year in 1882. Classes were dismissed and the celebration actually lasted three days. The debates were held in the afternoon and the orations were given that evening. Following the orations came the receptions in the Society Halls. These were brilliant, and were greatly enjoyed by the young people. The receptions didn't end until midnight, by which time the repeated blowing of the locomotive whistle at the railroad station was insisting that it was time for the Raleigh young ladies and a few others to board their special train.

The Societies had chosen the orators and debaters and the president and secretary of debate the previous May. Try-outs were strenuous contests, for each able speaker and debater eagerly sought one of the places. Two debaters were selected from each society—one from the graduating class of the next year, known as the first debater, and one from the junior class of the next year, known as the second debater. In order to avoid any great display of rivalry, the first debater from one society was paired with the second debater from the other society.

So it was that on Friday, February 17, at 2:30 o'clock, to the music of the Raleigh String Band, the representatives of the two societies marched down the aisle of the new chapel building and took their places on the platform. The auditorium was already crowded. The debate query was "Is the system of uni-

versal suffrage in the United States conducive to the best interests of the republic?"

The affirmative was upheld by W. J. Ferrell, Eu, and E. G. Beckwith, Phi; the negative by E. E. Hilliard, Phi, and Thomas Dixon, Eu. During their speeches "the utmost excitement and enthusiasm prevailed" as the audience followed each thrust and parry of argument. Mr. Dixon was particularly impressive in his last negative. By vote of the audience, the negative was declared winner by a majority of 70.

At 7:30 the audience again assembled in the chapel to hear the orations. Again the band and the fanfare entrance. The orators were Henry G. Holding, of Wake Forest, and D. W. Herring of Pender County. The reporter for *The Wake Forest Student* called both

(Continued on page twenty-nine)

## THE CLASS OF 1882



(Reading left to right), first row: O. L. Stringfield, E. E. Hilliard, D. W. Herring, C. A. Smith, and Thomas B. Wilder; second row: E. G. Beckwith, H. G. Holding, W. T. Llewellyn, J. W. Fleetwood, and W. J. Ferrell.

# GOING TO SEE PRUNELLA

An Account, With Authentic Details, of  
How Boy Met Girl Back When This Magazine Was Young

By Eddie Folk

CHARLIE finally managed to get an engagement<sup>1</sup> with Prunella. Charlie, who was one of the 169 students at Wake Forest in the spring of 1882, thought of himself as quite a ladies' man.<sup>2</sup> Prunella was one of the numerous young ladies who came to Wake Forest that year for visits.<sup>3</sup>

Charlie had seen her that very morning as he was walking by one of the houses near the college. She was reclining in a hammock in a yard reading a book, and Charlie thought she was about the most stylish and beautiful thing he had ever seen. He wanted to call on her. He wanted to talk to her and hear her talk.

But 1882 wasn't like 1947. He couldn't just step into the yard and say, "I'm Charlie. How's about a date tonight, huh?" Things weren't done like that. He had to follow a Victorian gentleman's procedure in getting an introduction, just as you have to follow today's customs in going on a date.

As soon as he had returned to his room, he had consulted a book of etiquette, the latest edition, just published.<sup>4</sup> He read: "It is proper for the gentleman desiring an introduction to a lady to ascertain whether such an acquaintance is agreeable" to her, for "society always accords the lady the right to say with whom she will form an acquaintance." Furthermore, since she was visiting in town, he would have to obtain the permission of her host and hostess.

His hopes for an introduction to the charming visitor had dimmed. Then he had thought of Sam Staid, a senior<sup>5</sup> in the room across the hall who knew the townspeople. The very thing. . .

Now it was 7:30 and Charlie was dressing for his engagement at 8 o'clock. He carefully trimmed his incipient mustache, which was the fad for Wake Forest students, and laid out his clothes. Etiquette prescribed that a well-dressed gentleman will

wear a white shirt, black necktie, gray pants, black broadcloth coat, vest, a watch chain, studs and cuff links, and one ring. Charlie would be well-dressed.

At precisely 8 o'clock he and Sam were walking up the path to the house. Sam twisted the door bell gently. For the first time Charlie's tie seemed a little tight, his hair suddenly slipped over one eye, and his nose itched. He had just pushed the hair back when he heard footsteps in the hall. The door opened and there stood Prunella's hostess.

"Come in," he heard her say.

When they were in the spacious hall, Sam introduced Charlie.

"Mrs. Dudley, permit me to present my friend, Mr. Cuttup."

Charlie and Mrs. Dudley bowed. Then she said, "I hear her coming," and the vision of loveliness came into the hall. Charlie blinked.

Again introductions. This time Charlie could almost see the page in his etiquette book which said that they must bow to each other and repeat the other's name. The man must say, "I am glad to meet you," and then he must start the conversation. Charlie remembered to bow—he couldn't forget that, for the etiquette book said "the bow is the one mark of good breeding and it must never be omitted." He also remembered to say, "I am glad to meet you." But he couldn't think of anything to say after that.



"Quite a ladies' man."

<sup>1</sup>This was 1882 language for "wangle a date."

<sup>2</sup>Printed in chalk on the door of a fourth floor dormitory room was the motto, "Amor omnia vincit."—*The Wake Forest Student* of February, 1882.

<sup>3</sup>The students note with great pleasure the fact that Wake Forest is becoming a favorite visiting place for the young ladies of the State.—Paschal, *History of Wake Forest College*, II, p. 205.

<sup>4</sup>A. E. Davis and Others, *American Etiquette and Rules of Politeness*. Washington: Rand, McNally & Co., 1882.

<sup>5</sup>A senior on the fourth floor of the dormitory had painted in chalk on his door: "Ladies omnia vincit."—*The Wake Forest Student* of February, 1882. Perhaps this was Sam Staid and the other Charlie's.

Finally, Sam asked her how she liked Wake Forest. She replied that she didn't know yet, but that she was sure she would like it quite well, thank you, and wouldn't they come into the parlor. As they followed her, Charlie observed that she was even more lovely tonight, wearing a white silk dress, with a knot of red ribbon at her throat and another in her brown hair, than she had looked that morning.

She walked gracefully into the room, which had a small fire radiating more cheer than warmth. She seated herself on a yellow-plush sofa near the hearth, and the two young men on a red-covered settee opposite, Charlie remembering his etiquette that a gentleman will not seat himself upon a sofa beside a lady, nor upon a seat close by her, unless invited to do so.

"A fire is nice these cool nights," Charlie said, merely by way of starting conversation.

"Yes, it is," Prunella agreed. "I like to sit in front of a fire. Just look at it and see all kinds of pictures."

"You must be a day dreamer," Sam suggested.

"I suppose I am. Sort of, anyway," Prunella said with a smile.

Charlie began to search his mind for subjects of conversation prescribed by his etiquette book. ("The taste of ladies should always form the criterion of discourse; hence, the lighter and more varied the subjects of discussion are, the more accessible they will generally be found.") And beyond that all he could think of was a long list of "don'ts."

"Don't you think so?" Prunella turned to him and asked.

Suddenly he realized with a start that he was exhibiting the height of bad manners by not even listening to the talk.

"I . . . I . . .," he stuttered, then paused and pulled himself together. "I really hate to express my opinion quite so positively."

Prunella couldn't help laughing, and Sam looked as if he were going to fall out of his seat.

"Do you always say things like that?" Prunella asked. "I only asked if you don't think the Wake Forest climate is nice."

Charlie blushed deeply. "I like it," he said simply.

"I do, too, if this week is a fair sample," Prunella agreed, looking up at him, then quickly back to the fire.

Charlie, too, turned and looked at the fire. He raced hurriedly through the list of conversation "don'ts"



"About the most stylish and beautiful thing he had ever seen."

again. "Never speak of your birth, your travels, or any personal matter unless induced to speak of them. . . . Gossip and tale-bearing are always a personal confession of malice or imbecility. . . . Indulge with moderation in repartees, as they soon degenerate into the vulgarity of alteration. . . . In speaking of absent persons, who are not intimate friends or relatives, do not use their Christian names or surnames, but always use Mr. —, or Mrs. —, or Miss —. . . . Your opinions should be expressed with modesty. . . ."

Once more he was jerked back to the present as he heard Sam saying, "Well, I've got a lot of studying to do. I'd best be leaving." He stood up. "Don't anybody get up. I am so glad to have met you, Miss Simpkin."

"I am happy that you called. Do call again." She walked to the door. "Good night."

"Good night."

Prunella returned to her seat. "Does Mr. Staid study very much?"

"Oh, yes, he's an excellent student. But he's a good baseball player, too."

"Do you play any sport?"

"A little baseball, and sometimes a game of lawn tennis."

"Do you?" she asked enthusiastically. "I like lawn tennis. Is there a court here?"

Charlie quickly thought of his etiquette book's statement: "There are many points in favor of tennis to commend it to popular favor. It is a game for both ladies and gentlemen, with equal chances in favor of the ladies carrying off the palm. The exercise is not of an exhausting character, and affords ladies a training in easy and graceful movements." It would also

(Continued on page thirty-one)



# During These Sixty-five Years

A Brief History of This Magazine as Based on  
Paschal's *History of Wake Forest College*.

By LELDON KIRK

THE *Wake Forest Student*, the first issue of which was published sixty-five years ago, in January 1882, was Wake Forest College's first printed student periodical. It had been preceded by college manuscript newspapers as far back as 1849, but this magazine was the first printed—and official—medium of campus literary production.

The Euzelian Literary Society founded it as a monthly, and was its sponsor for the first three issues; the Philomathesian Society joined forces in May 1882, and from that time until 1930 each society elected one of the two editors for every year.

The first issue was octavo size, with a double column page in 10-point type. W. H. Osborne, Charles A. Smith and Thomas Dixon were the first editors, with Dr. W. L. Poteat acting as alumni editor. The initial article was the text of an address by Dr. Poteat, "Ideal Forces in Human History," delivered at the previous commencement of Chowan (Female) Institute. (A portion of this article is quoted elsewhere in this issue.—Ed.) The magazine, in addition to featured articles in each issue, had several editorial departments, the "Editor's Portfolio"; brief discussions of current events of all descriptions in the "Exchanges," several of which are reprinted in this issue; "Alumni Notes," "Educational" and "In and About the College"—with slight variations from year to year.

Volume XI, while retaining the octavo size, changed the pages from double column to single, with the lines extending across the page. The magazine retained this form with only slight changes until 1930.

Dr. George Washington Paschal, editor from the Phi. Society for Volume X, has given a very complete and detailed account of the history of *The Wake Forest Student* in Volume II of his *History of Wake Forest College*.

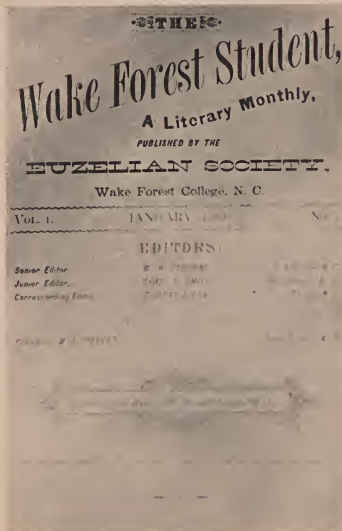
The editors, particularly during the period of the early issues, gave evidence of a great deal of freedom in the realm of editorial opinion. The editorial pages, in fact, were often the most vital part of an issue.

Dr. Paschal repeatedly points out the historical value of the collected issues, which are now bound and reside in solitary and almost unapproachable splendor in the back recesses of the College Library. The first forty-seven volumes record a picture "in its true colors and aspects of the life and thought of the College for the years 1882 to 1930; they are the best monument

of the work of the Literary Societies in those days, before they lost their power" (Paschal).

Often the contributions were almost equally divided between students and faculty members—some of the most engaging pieces in the whole collection were written by faculty men. Dr. William Louis Poteat for a number of years contributed what he called "Science Notes"; they still make interesting reading. "Nowhere else," says Dr. Paschal, "has Dr. Poteat written better and more interestingly." There are, though barely perceptible at times, rumblings of tempests in various small teapots—Paschal says, "Articles, such as 'The Groundless Quarrel' show that in October, 1884, Poteat was already aware of some dissatisfaction with his views on evolution and was ready to defend

(Continued on page thirty)





# Outstanding Men Have Been Its Editors

## A List of the Magazine's Editors During Its Sixty-five Year History.

THE list of the editors of THE STUDENT reads like a roll of Wake Forest's distinguished graduates. For sixty-five years, holding the position of editor of the magazine has almost been tantamount to having success insured upon graduation. Its former editors have become outstanding in the fields of business, education, journalism, law, medicine, religion, and science.

Listed below are the editors, by years, of the magazine during its entire sixty-five year history and at least one activity of each. The men whose names are printed in capitals are now dead.

1882—W. H. OSBORNE, a Baptist pastor in Tennessee, who lived but a short time after leaving Wake Forest; THOMAS DIXON, prominent pastor in New York for many years and the author of several well-known works about the Reconstruction period in the South, including *The Clansman* and *The Leopard's Spots*; E. E. HILLIARD, editor of the *Scotland Neck Commonwealth*; and CHARLES A. SMITH, governor of South Carolina for one day.

1882-83—W. F. MARSHALL, editor of *The Progressive Farmer*; E. S. ALDERMAN, a Kentucky minister; T. J. SIMMONS, president of Brenau College, and the guiding spirit and contributor of the art collection at Wake Forest which bears his name; H. B. FOLK, staff member of the *New Orleans Item*, who died shortly after graduation.

1883-84—W. S. ROYAL, a Virginia pastor; Charles Lee Smith, former president of Mercer University, and now president of Edwards & Broughton Co., Raleigh.

1884-85—A. T. ROBERTSON, professor of Greek at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, Kentucky, author of many books; EVERETT WARD, Baptist minister in Texas.

1885-86—O. F. THOMPSON, teacher in Buncombe County; E. H. McCULLIS, prominent physician of Johnston County.

1886-87—WALTER P. STRADLEY, John Hopkins graduate and Oxford, N. C. lawyer; J. J. Lane, a South Carolina farmer.

1887-88—JAMES W. LYNCH, professor of religion at Wake Forest, pastor of the Wake Forest Baptist Church; G. C. THOMPSON, professor in California, later moving to New Orleans.

1888-89—H. A. FOUSHEE, North Carolina Superior Court judge; C. G. WELLS, South Carolina minister.

1889-90—J. B. SPILMAN, bursar and treasurer of

East Carolina Teachers College; J. A. HOLLOMAN, editorial writer for the *Atlanta Journal*.

1890-91—J. L. Kesler, professor of biology at Vanderbilt University; E. W. SIKES, professor of social sciences at Wake Forest, president of Coker College and Clemson College; R. L. PASCHAL, superintendent of schools, Fort Worth, Texas; R. B. WHITE, professor of law at Wake Forest.

1891-92—W. W. VASS, banker of Raleigh; G. W. PASCHAL, professor emeritus of Greek at Wake Forest and distinguished historian; W. B. DANIEL, professor of Latin, later dean, Baylor University.

1892-93—J. W. BAILEY, editor of the *Biblical Recorder*, senator from North Carolina for over a decade; C. W. WILSON, professor of Education, East Carolina Teachers College; RUFUS W. WEAVER, president of Mercer University.

1893-94—W. L. FOUSHEE, Johns Hopkins graduate and lawyer in Durham; R. W. HAYWOOD, managing editor of the *Raleigh News and Observer*; R. F. BEASLEY, former editor of the *Greensboro Daily Telegram*, former state legislator, editor of the *Monroe Journal*.

1894-95—S. R. BUXTON, lawyer of Newport News, Va.

1895-96—Thomas H. Briggs, professor emeritus of education at Columbia University, author of many volumes on education.

1896-97—W. H. HECK, professor of education at the University of Virginia, son of one donor of the Wake Forest library.

1897-98—R. C. LAWRENCE, eastern North Carolina lawyer and writer for *The State* magazine; JOHN CHARLES McNEILL, poet laureate of North Carolina and author of several volumes of poetry.

1898-99—T. D. SAVAGE, Norfolk, Virginia businessman; W. P. ETCHINSON, member of the editorial of the *Columbia (S. C.) State*.

1899-00—G. A. FOOTE, Portsmouth, Virginia businessman; Harry Trantham, Wake Forest's first Rhodes Scholar, professor of Greek at Baylor University.

1900-01—JOSEPH Q. ADAMS, professor of English at Cornell University, curator of the Folger Shakespearean Library, Washington, D. C.; E. W. TIMBERLAKE, professor of law, Wake Forest.

1901-02—John A. McMillan, editor of *Charity and Children*; T. E. Brown, director of Teacher Education at North Carolina State College.

(Continued on page thirty-five)

# CHARLES LEE SMITH, EDITOR AND STUDENT

An Interview With the Editor of *The Wake*  
*Forest Student* of 1883-84.

By EDWIN G. WILSON

IT was in JANUARY, 1882, the month in which the first edition of *THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT* appeared, that a sixteen-year-old boy from Durham enrolled as a student at Wake Forest. The boy's name was Charles Lee Smith.

Young Smith had studied at the Buchanan School in Durham, and he was well prepared to enter the sophomore class. Almost immediately he became recognized as a talented and versatile student, and by the time he received a Bachelor of Science degree in 1884, he had distinguished himself, among other things, as one of the campus' most skillful writers. The members of his literary society, the Philomathesian, had noticed his ability and had elected him, in his last year, to represent them on *THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT* as their Senior Editor.

\* \* \* \* \*

During the closing days of January of this year, 1947—sixty-five years from that month when the college read *THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT* for the first time and met Charles Smith for the first time—I called by telephone Dr. Charles Lee Smith, now president of Edwards and Broughton Company in Raleigh, and asked if I could see him for an interview for *THE STUDENT*. I explained that *THE STUDENT* was preparing an anniversary issue and that we were anxious that he, as the oldest living editor of the magazine,<sup>1</sup> tell us about the early days of the publication's existence.

Dr. Smith agreed to my request, and two days later I visited him at his home on Raleigh's North Wilmington Street. He himself met me at the door.

I had no sooner entered Dr. Smith's presence than I was struck by the impact of his personality. His looks, his manners, his conversation told me at once that here was a man who had led a rich and full life and who had come to understand human nature through intimate contacts with many different people.

I had heard beforehand, and I had read, about Dr. Smith's collection of books, acknowledged to be one of the finest private libraries in the country. A look around the first room I entered convinced me that what

I had been told had, if anything, been understatement. For I found myself surrounded by books on all sides—not just books in the ordinary sense, but rare, beautiful, unusual editions. I conjectured to myself that this room must be "the library," and it was not until two hours later, when Dr. Smith showed me other rooms, that I discovered the truth. Not just one living-room, but the entire house, is his library, and there were signs of volumes recently arrived which showed convincingly that Dr. Smith's collection continues to receive new additions almost every day.

Dr. Smith and I began to talk, and I was astonished at the wide range of his interests. We talked for several hours, but never once was there a break in the conversation. Whether the setting for the subject was Wake Forest in 1882 or Germany in 1888 or Missouri in 1904 or Raleigh in 1947, Dr. Smith had a grasp of facts and a general understanding of persons and places which made me marvel that a man could be so much a part of the past and yet live so energetically in the present. And when I looked at the shelves and the tables crowded with books, and the original paintings on the wall, and then again at Dr. Smith, I felt that there was in the room, and in the literature and the art, and in the man who sat before me, a disregard for time—as if perhaps the man I talked with had become a part of the books he loved, and had received from his books some timeless gift which made him as much at home in a living past as he was in the "present." Had he not, I thought, acquired an understanding of life which few men attain—a kinship based on extensive knowledge, and on a deep appreciation of what we sometimes call culture?

I wish it were possible, within the scope of this article, to give a detailed account of Dr. Charles Lee Smith's life, of the years before he came to Wake Forest and the years after he was graduated. It is of intense interest, and one does not have to study far before he understands why it was that so eminent an historian as the late Stephen B. Weeks said that "in studying the rise of the new education in North Carolina and the South it will be found that few men have been of more real, vital service than Charles Lee Smith."

I would like to tell of the time when Charles Smith, then about fourteen or fifteen years old, was the favorite contender for a speech cup being given at the Buchanan School, but coached a weaker student so well that his

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Smith shares this honor with William S. Royall, '84, who was Senior Editor from the Ezuzellian Literary Society. Mr. Royall retired not long ago after 63 years of work in the ministry and is now living in Lynchburg, Virginia.

pupil took first prize away from him. Or of the time when he was asked to join the Durham Lyceum and he, only fifteen, attended meetings and discussed matters with a group of men, all of them two decades or more his senior.

Then there were his days at the Johns Hopkins University, where he became probably the first native North Carolinian to take the degree of Ph.D. at a real American university, and certainly the first to take such a degree at Johns Hopkins. And his years of teaching history and political science at Johns Hopkins and William Jewell; his appointment in 1905 to the presidency of Mercer University; and finally, the beginning of his association with Edwards and Broughton Printing Company, a bond which led to his becoming president in 1915 and maintaining that position to this date.

And of course no sketch of Dr. Smith would be complete without recounting one anecdote after another about his search for rare and interesting books, a quest which has taken him abroad countless times—to Europe, to Asia, to Africa, and even once to a zone of the frozen North only four hundred miles from the North Pole.

Dr. Smith pointed out to me as I talked with him, though, that no period of his life has meant more to him than the two and a half years he spent at Wake Forest. Here it was that he first learned that he could write, and here it was that, as editor of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, he formed his first contact with Edwards and Broughton.

The first signed article which Charles Lee Smith contributed to THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT appeared in the May, 1883, issue. The subject was "The Influence of Literature." It is significant that his theme was the value of books and that among the ideas he expressed was the challenge: "Then let books be multiplied. Let us fill our bookcases with the words of the scientist, the historian, the biographer, and the novelist."

When Dr. Smith became one of the two senior editors of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, the staff faced a financial problem in getting the magazine published. Except for a forty-dollar advertisement which the college bought, there was no contribution from the administration. Neither was it required that any of the students subscribe, although the two literary societies, to which all students belonged, were the official sponsors of the magazine.

It became necessary, therefore, to rely heavily on advertisements from merchants in the vicinity, and Dr. Smith recalls many trips he made, usually by train, to Raleigh, to persuade the businessmen of the city to buy advertising space in the magazine. The 1883-84 staff did well, though, for the year ended with the publication out of debt and several dollars to the good.

The editorial work of the magazine caused fewer complications, Dr. Smith remembers. He and the co-editor, William S. Royall, and the two associate editors divided most of the writing among them, and enough

contributions came in from other students to fill easily the forty-odd pages which normally constituted the magazine. Encouraging students to write was no problem, and very seldom was it necessary to remind writers about deadlines that had to be met.

Professor William Louis Potat, at that time assistant professor of natural science, was THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT's alumni editor, a position corresponding to that of today's faculty adviser. Professor Potat read all copy before publication and saw to it that the ideals of the magazine were kept consistently high.

There were no publications offices during the early years of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT. Most of the writing was done by the students in their own rooms. Dr. Smith's room was on the third floor of the Administration building. He remembers that many issues were discussed and ideas for magazine articles born from conversations taking place in these quarters.

As editor, Dr. Smith felt that it was important that the staff keep in touch with what other college publications in the country were thinking and saying. A Durham friend, General Julian S. Carr, president of W. T. Blackwell and Company, solved this problem for THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT by arranging for exchange issues of almost all university and college publications in America to be sent to the STUDENT staff at Wake





Forest for their use. Dr. Smith says that even in its third year THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT ranked high among the nation's college literary magazines, and that when the exchange program caused Wake Forest's name to be placed on various mailing lists, new national attention was drawn to the college and its activities.

Ten issues of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT a year was the goal set by early editors. I asked Dr. Smith how it was that the staff found time to prepare ten issues between September and June and still have a normal quota of holidays. He replied that during the year in which he was editor only two days were given for the Christmas vacation and that for the rest of the year there was no let-up in school work.

Charles Lee Smith did not devote his entire time to his work as STUDENT co-editor, however. From February 16, 1882, he was an active member of the Phi Society, and many of his most worthwhile college experiences were in connection with society activities. It was in the societies, for example, that he formed close associations with students like William Kitchin, who later became governor of North Carolina, and W. H. Kornegay, who in later years wrote the first constitution for the state of Oklahoma.

One especially memorable occasion was the societies' Anniversary Day on February 15, 1884. For that day, Dr. Smith relates, it was desirable from the students' viewpoint that girls come from Raleigh to add to the pleasures of the holiday. He arranged with a Captain Smith of the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad to charter a two-coach train for only fifty dollars and transport groups of girls to the Wake Forest campus. THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT reported that the young lady visitors were "especially pretty and attractive" and that no student "had any excuse for making a wall-flower of himself."

Upon graduation from Wake Forest Charles Lee Smith received a medal for the best essay written by a Philomathesian. It was not many days after he received this last honor as a Wake Forest student that he began his life's work—a career which was to embrace many fields, but which was to be centered always about books. For whether as a teacher, a writer, or a printer, Charles Lee Smith was always to find in his love for books the main interest of his varied life.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dr. Smith and I had talked for almost two hours, and as usual our conversation had come back to books. I was curious to know exactly how many volumes his library contains, but when I asked, he replied that he had never made a satisfactory count. He supposed, he said, that he had about six thousand books.

This mention of his collection led us into a new discussion of some of the valuable editions which he owns. And as I prepared to leave about an hour later, we were still on the subject of books.

The last thing Dr. Smith and I talked about was the future of his library. He has willed that it is to go to Wake Forest College as soon as adequate facilities are provided by the college for its care. It is his most fervent desire that future Wake Forest students will have the opportunity to read from his library and that they will learn to appreciate the true value of his books and to take care of them and love them as he has.



## COLLEGE ETHICS

Taken from *The Wake Forest Student*

Vol. III, No. 8, April, 1884

By DR. CHARLES LEE SMITH

RIGHT is right the world over, and wrong, wrong. Distinctions here are essential and eternal, and independent of condition or circumstance. A wrong action cannot become good by being transported into a different atmosphere. In the light of this widely-accepted principle, the existence of a special code of morals for the college student is not a little surprising.

But it may be objected to this explanation of the abnormal and wicked sentiment, that is survives the overthrow of the system which produced it; that it ought to disappear now that colleges are conducted on the principle that the students are gentlemen. For this very reason we have called it abnormal; it is altogether out of keeping with the relation existing at this day between professor and student. The conscientious and faithful professor is the student's friend and is always glad to give him help in any misfortune or worthy labor. Its survival under these altered circumstances is but an illustration of the persistence of habit and the astonishing vitality of college traditions.

One thing quite certainly has retarded its disappearance, namely, the light and ludicrous manner in which parents and others narrate in the hearing of boys their own old "college scrapes." Sometimes public speakers tell of these "scrapes," just to make students laugh. Now, to be plain, these "college scrapes" are ordinarily nothing more nor less than petty thefts punishable under the law with the confinement, striped jacket, and disgrace of the penitentiary. They ought rather to bring the blush to the cheek of the reformed man than be made the subject of merriment before susceptible youth, and thereby encourage the loose ideas of *meum* and *tuum* which sap the very foundations of character.

A large majority of the students in our colleges have no sympathy with the college ethics of which we have written, and therein lies the ground for hoping for the extermination of so pernicious notions. If this majority, instead of conniving at these sins against self-respect and against the reputation of the students as a whole, would make known in an emphatic and practical way its judgment of them, it would soon grow unpleasant for offenders, and they would either quit or go.



# Pen Pan Alley

By SANTFORD W. MARTIN

## THE QUESTIONS OF A COED

January 1884

HAVE you ever leaned back in an old straw bottom chair and rested your chin lazily on the top of your chest and dozed off in the warmth of the morning sun? Have you ever done this and then had yourself suddenly, almost ruthlessly, awakened by the dangerous fact that your chair was slipping out from under you and if you didn't soon do something about it you would be the recipient of a sore, if not straw, bottom yourself? Have you? Well, I have, on many occasions.

However, one of my most recent dozing spells—dozing spells, that is—was interrupted by a situation far more potent and pertinent and charming and perhaps dangerous than a slipping chair. I don't know whether or not she'll appreciate my calling her a "situation"; however, she caused just that when she walked into Dr. Taylor's history class last week. I refer, of course, to Wake Forest's first female student, Miss Evabelle Simmons.

Three kinds of expressions covered the faces of the men students as she took her seat on the first row beside her brother, Henry. There were smiles and there were scowls and there were some blank stares—neither "fer" nor "agin," just blank stares of thoughtful wonderment. My glance must have been of the blank, thoughtful wonderment caliber; for I couldn't help but wonder about the significance of a woman student at Wake Forest.

The eloquence of Dr. Taylor and his lecture on political economy were unaffected by the phenomenal attraction on his front row. He lectured on and on and on about the incidentals and the pertinencies of political economy. And I thought on and on and on about the woman on the front row and what she stood for and why she was there.

It wasn't Dr. Taylor's fault; but I failed to get a thing out of his lecture that day. There were too many disturbing inklings running through my mind—inklings of coming coeducation, of woman supremacy, of skirts everywhere, in the classroom, in the office, behind the pulpit, over the operating table, before the judge, yes, even at the batter's plate. In fact I ate no lunch that day, no supper that night; and my sleep

was filled with fitful scratchings on the pillow and restless tossing under covers that were kicked into little bundles of discontent and disillusionment and indecision.

As these thoughts scalded my mind, my breathing became irregular, and short sobs stabbed at the corners of my pillow. Coeds, I thought. Oh, my Lord, what's the world coming to? If this keeps up we'll have to build a dormitory for them in fifty or sixty years—a whole dormitory, mind you, with sixty or more rooms. Help us. Help us, I pleaded. What's the world coming to? Empty kitchens. Cradles without mothers to rock them gently in the middle of the night. Dusty tea tables, frayed curtains in the window, unmade beds in the late morning, unswep floors, unwashed dishes, burnt eggs that smell of masculine feebleness. What's it all about, I wondered. And then a mirale took place—a mirale in this modern day and time. A deep purple mist of consolation and sudden contentment enveloped me, a soothing cloud of revelation and explanation floated in upon me. And there was a light across the foot of my bed and under it a stage and a girl, with a dress that hardly covered her knees, standing on that stage. She said, "Santford, I'm Miss 1947. I'm the coed you're worried about. Look me over and see if there's really anything wrong with me, anything to be upset about."

Brethren, I looked her over from head to foot and found nothing wrong with her. She was a good girl, a little lightly dressed perhaps, no bustles or modest lace around her throat, but she had a lot of good points about her. And she threw them at me fast and furiously. She asked me if it's wrong for her to develop her mind as I'm endeavoring to develop mine. She laughed quite heartily and through guy white teeth at my fear of coeducation. She said, "You're not afraid I'll gain more knowledge than you, are you?" And I grinned feebly and replied, "I don't know. I don't know."

She sat down on a sofa that suddenly came out of nowhere and crossed her legs and rocked her right leg in rhythm with her conversation. She asked me if there was really any need in keeping a woman's education restricted to a female seminary—a seminary that teaches her just so much and no more about religion and home economics and music and the fine graces in general, so to speak. And I didn't answer. Her ankles

(Continued on page twenty-eight)

# Ideal Forces In Human Nature

Vol. I, No. 1, January 1882

By DR. WM. LOUIS POTEAT

*(The following is an excerpt from an address delivered by Dr. Poteat at the commencement exercises at Chowan Institute in June, 1881. Dr. Poteat was president of Wake Forest from 1905-1927 and before that served for thirteen years as Alumni Editor of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.)*

ONE of the characteristics of our time is *irreverence*. We must have a laugh, no matter what it costs. It was once believed of the mediaeval Jews that they parodied Calvary by crucifying dogs. And so imperious and unscrupulous has this depraved appetite grown in our time, that in the city of New York not many months ago the effort was made to set that same holy mount, with its awful associations, on the stage for the amusement of souls it was meant to ransom. Illustrations of the truth of my declaration are seen all about us. "The old man has just stepped out—I'm boss now!" you have heard a boy say; and you are familiar enough with it to know he is talking about his father. "Well, I'll go, and I'll risk the old lady's

finding it out," says the same boy; and, when polluted lips cannot frame to pronounce "mother," you may be sure that heedless feet will trample on her heart and run eagerly in the path of shame. To my present audience I must apologize for alluding to a certain style of young lady which one cannot but fear is becoming more and more fashionable. The greatest woman in English literature shall furnish the description, and I would hang the words in every home in the land. She "cheeks our tender admiration with rouge and henna and all the blazonry of extravagant expenditure, with slang and bold *brusquerie*, intended to signify her emancipated view of things, and with cynical mockery which she mistakes for penetration."

## How We Eat

Vol. I, No. 5, May 1882

By THOMAS DIXON, JR.

*(Dixon, who died last April, was the author of "The Clansmen" and "The Leopards' Spots," two popular novels about the Reconstruction period in the South and was the pastor of a large Baptist Church in New York city for many years.)*

THE way the average student destroys victuals is simply astounding. The most noticeable and interesting part about it is, the rapidity with which he lays in his supplies. Another curious fact is, the astonishing quantity that is found necessary to keep him in running order.

Now, eating is a duty which few of us can afford to omit, at least for any protracted season—it must have our daily attention. Well, there is a right and a wrong way to do all things. Eating is a very common operation, yet few of us have any conception of the proper way to perform it.

When a boy first comes to Wake Forest, as a general thing, he does not get enough to eat for the first few weeks. Why? Is there not enough on the table? Certainly, there is plenty, but he doesn't have time to do it justice. The old students know how to manage the thing; they are generally half done before the new-comer can turn up his plate and survey his surroundings; and by the time he makes a remark or two, and

butters his biscuit, his companions are leaving the table, and the poor fellow wakes to realize the fact that he must go as he came—hungry, or be left alone.

Experience is a hard teacher, but a good one. When one learns his lesson he does not soon forget it; and in less than three weeks after his arrival he can eat as much in as short space of time, and in the meanwhile hide as many crackers, as any senior on the Hill.

Now, this is a ridiculous picture, but it is just as true and fearful in its ultimate results as it is ridiculous. The average time occupied by students in consuming their meals is about as follows: breakfast, 7 a.m., ten minutes; dinner, 2 p.m., 15 minutes; supper, 5:30 p.m., five minutes. This is simply barbarous, and no people so far advanced in civilization as we profess to be, should continue to tolerate it. The evils arising from this mode of eating are too numerous to be all mentioned here. A man could write a volume on them and then might not tell us the whole truth.

Let us have reform in this matter.

# Six Characters In Search of An Author

Vol. LIV, No. 5, April 1938

By GERALD W. JOHNSON

*(One of the most famous single articles ever published in THE STUDENT is the following by a famous biographer and former editor of The Baltimore Sun—an article occasioned by the retirement, in 1938, of several veteran and beloved professors.)*

Dear Mr. Crater:

When I sat down to write a calculated estimate of the six professors I found I simply couldn't do it.

But I had promised you something, so I have written, not an estimate, but a little eulogy. It may not be at all what you want, and if that is so please do not hesitate to throw it out, for I am much too fond of all these men to wish to do anything in the slightest degree inappropriate.

I therefore leave it entirely to your judgement.

With regrets that I couldn't do better, I am

Sincerely yours.

Gerald W. Johnson.

April, 1938

"I HAVE seen the Spring come in Kentucky"—the old Chapel at Wake Forest, strangest of churches, up a long flight of stairs and adorned with portraits of stiff and formidable worthies of the long ago, was filled with the light of a Spring Sunday morning in the year 1909, and it picked out with extraordinary clarity the rugged face of the man behind the lectern that was made to serve for a pulpit in those days. He was a tall man, with a Lincolnian touch about him: handsomer than Old Abe, but like him loose-knit, yet giving an impression of power that was inescapable. He was James William Lynch and he was beginning one of his last sermons before surrendering the college pastorate for another field.

"I have seen the Spring come in Kentucky"—the musical cadence of that opening sentence went through the congregation like an electric shock and riveted the attention even of the somewhat mangy Newish just turning into an even mangier Sophomore that was I. Never have I heard Dr. Lynch soar to higher flights than he reached that day, and when he soared, oh, boy, how he soared! A great deal of his sermon was far over my head, but not even I could escape "the surge and thunder" of its poetry. Sometimes I am half persuaded that he was a bad preacher for the reason that he completely spoiled a lot of us for ordinary preaching. After hearing Lynch who could listen patiently to some poor fumbler none too certain of his English grammar, and totally ignorant of the grace and dignity of the English language when it is handled

by a scholar with the soul of a poet? All the same, for nearly thirty years one Wake Forest student has carried the memory of that sermon in his mind as one of the rare occasions when one lifted up a banner upon the high mountain, that we might go into the gates of the nobles.

And now the editor of THE STUDENT writes me that this year Dr. Lynch is to retire, and with him Dr. Sledd, Dr. Gulley, and Dr. Cullom, with Dr. Gorrell to follow them probably within a year or two. And the editor would have me write about them, and about Dr. Potent, for whom already all the trumpets have sounded on the other side. Well, I was once editor of THE STUDENT, and I, too, called on people to do impossible things; so, if only as a courtesy to a fellow-craftsman I must endeavor to accede to his request. But I cannot write an article, I can only enter a caveat; for I do not know by whom the thing can be done.

The reason is simple, but sufficient. He who would write of these six men must be a biographer of the spirit, must have a subtlety that enables him to portray, as well as perceive, the intangible; must, in short, speak with the tongue of all philosophy. The man of action can be described, for he operates in the physical world—so many elections, or battles, won; so many kingdoms, or cathedrals, erected; so many poor devils hanged upon gibbets or strewn upon fields of battle; so much hell loosed upon earth. So is the tale of the man of action told, and anyone with information and a little imagination can do it.

Far more difficult is it to set forth in terms that the world can understand the greatness of men whose material is the human spirit. The architects who never touch stone, the conquerors whose hands are stained with no man's blood, the explorers within the four walls of a library, are frequently among the greatest of their kind, but the man who would reveal them must share much of their own greatness; so for the most part, their deeds go unrecorded for lack of an author great enough. Thus it must be, I fear, with the six gentlemen of Wake Forest; to borrow—perhaps to embezzle—Pirandello's phrase, they are six characters in search of an author and here, alas, they have not found him.

It is not the technical, the professional work of these

(Continued on page twenty-seven)

# Editorials by Robert Lee Humber

From the Pen of One of Wake Forest's  
Rhodes Scholars.

*(During the year in which these were written Humber edited both Old Gold and Black and THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT and captained the Deacon football team. For many years a resident of France, he has in recent years become famous as the author of World Federation, a plan for peace.)*

## THE B.A. DEGREE—THEN WHAT?

Vol. XXXVII, No. 3, December, 1917

THE four years training that a student receives in college should form merely the basis of further study and research work that he should enter upon immediately after completing his collegiate course. In taking the B.A. degree one merely lays the foundation upon which the development and the gradual unfolding of his after years are to be laid. The supreme importance of making the foundation thorough and of taking advantage of every opportunity offered to this end cannot be too much emphasized. And yet so frequently do we fail to take cognizance of the fact that there is a structure to be reared upon this foundation, and that further study and training in a more specialized field are absolutely essential to the proper rearing of this structure. It is the fundamental law of some professions that special training in advanced courses must be undergone before a person is allowed to enter upon the work of his profession. We believe that this principle should be more extensively recognized and applied by students in the academic school.

In looking over the various classes that have graduated from Wake Forest in recent years, we do not believe that as large a percentage of their members continued their studies in universities as there should have been. Far too many have drifted into teaching or some other vocation, by mere accident or chance, without any special training at all to fit them for the particular field which they entered. In recent years Wake Forest has sent comparatively few men to universities for advanced study. Two reasons are probably responsible for this situation. In the first place, the courses of study offered at Wake Forest have not been given with the idea of interesting one in taking higher training in any particular field, but have been considered more as an end within themselves. The importance of receiving special training in some chosen field has not been very largely emphasized by the faculty. This condition makes it difficult for the Wake Forest graduate to cope on equal terms with the graduates

*(Continued on page thirty-two)*

## ON BEHALF OF PHI BETA KAPPA

Vol. XXXVII, No. 5, February, 1918

THE STUDENT has watched with a great deal of interest the progress of the movement it launched this fall to secure a chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Scholarship Society at Wake Forest. So far as THE STUDENT has been able to detect, the main objections advanced against the Phi Beta Kappa have sprung from a previously formed prejudicial attitude against all things and organizations that bear the name fraternity. It indeed is unfortunate that some people have acquired a mistaken idea of the purpose and mission of Phi Beta Kappa, but far more unfortunate is it that these uninformed persons will not allow their false impressions to be corrected and their prejudices to be changed to enlightened convictions, even when the truth in the light of actual facts and thorough investigations has been presented to their minds.

Two main objections have been offered against inviting this admirable organization to found a chapter at Wake Forest. The first one is that the existence of a chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Scholarship Society at Wake Forest would lower the bars of the institution to fraternities. How such an intimate and direct relationship between fraternities and a scholarship society—two radical extremes—can possibly exist is very difficult to realize. Greek letter fraternities are social beings; Phi Beta Kappa is intellectual. Greek letter fraternities hold secret meetings and encourage the segregation of students into distinct groups; the proceedings of Phi Beta Kappa are public and the good fellowship it fosters between its members and all students of the college is universally recognized and highly commended. Greek letter fraternities are conducted by students and are attended only by members of the organizations; Phi Beta Kappa is governed by the faculty and is attended quite frequently by the public. Appointments to one are made only by members of the fraternity; the appointments to the other are made solely by the faculty. Popularity and congeniality are the chief requisites for membership in

*(Continued on page thirty-four)*



## By an Evening Fire

Vol. XX, No. 5, February, 1901

By DR. GEORGE W. PASCHAL

(Professor Emeritus of Greek, Dr. Paschal has gained distinction as a historian with his "History of Wake Forest College," "History of Printing in North Carolina," and numerous articles written for historical journals. He edited THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT in 1892 and served as its Alumni Editor for six years.)

The fire has ceased its roaring,  
The shadows deepen around;  
Through the paling, dying embers,  
I see a long-made mound.

And this is the grave of Mary,  
Whose youth was bright to me  
As fire on winter evenings,  
Or suns of Arcadie.

For first in the light of her beauty,  
My being learned to glow;  
O the strange, new joy of living!  
What better could heaven bestow?

We thought to live together  
Through golden youth and prime,  
Nor recked of age nor sorrow  
To mar that blissful time.

But soon had death relentless  
Her spirit snatched away,  
And I was left in darkness,  
When scarce I had felt 'twas day.

Another fire may be kindled  
As bright as this has shone,  
But no other eye can sparkle  
For me, like Mary's own.

## The Tramp

Vol. XVII, No. 6, March 1898

By JOHN CHARLES McNEILL

(Once North Carolina's Poet Laureate, McNeill edited THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT in 1898 and later returned to Wake Forest to win a master's degree. Included among his best known works are "Songs Merry and Sad" and "Lyrics From Cottonland.")

Dreamer of dreams am I—

A dreamer of idle dreams,

Midst the sultry hum of the droning fly  
That basks in the summer beams.

Why should I not dream dreams,

Feel music, and dwell in light

More sweet than the murmur of gurgling streams  
Or the twinkle of stars by night?

Work? Ah, no! No work,

For work brings money to me,

And money leads on all the demons that lurk  
In the train of misery.

To come and go at will

Toward evening or morning star,

To mix with men, or on twilight hill

Watch the dust of the city afar,—

That is the life I love:

But men say I live in vain,—

Poor brutes who can only crowd and shove  
And groan with a fevered brain!

Yet oft from my heart arise

Vague longings for sympathy;

For what is the dream-light of earth and skies

If no one can share it with me?

## WAKE FOREST WAS STILL A SMALL COLLEGE

(Continued from page five)

ladies of the state. Rev. Elias Dodson came and advised the young lady about her dress and time for marrying, and the importance of saving her money and using it for travel.

The campus was visited by teachers of penmanship, elocution, and singing, who offered prizes for the one who made the most progress. The seniors of that year considered adopting as their class hat a white plug. One of the chief industries of the students was the careful cultivation of the incipient mustache. One sorrowful swain wanted it known that he thought young

ladies ought at least to acknowledge the receipt of tickets. The members of the faculty were reminded that the senior class would enjoy being entertained at a dinner, as was done at some colleges.

A traveling photographer was in town for several weeks and the autograph mania was at its height. Natural Science became the favorite subject of Wake Forest men of that year. Weekly musicales were very popular and drew large crowds. A matrimonial insurance agent worked among the student body that spring and did a good business. And the governor of North Carolina said at Commencement that there was not a member of the Board of Trustees who felt a greater interest in Wake Forest College than he did.

## Editorials

### ON HAZING

(From Vol. XXXII, No. 2, November, 1912)

Reports were circulated very generally to the effect that there was more hazing at Wake Forest this year than ever before. In fact, one student was in the hospital recovering from very serious injuries received at the hands of the irresponsible Sophomores.

This was good news from the journalistic standpoint. Newspaper men kept the wires hot and their imaginations busy. Dr. Poterat received innumerable letters from anxious parents demanding the protection of their "unlicked cubs." The subject of this notoriety, a modest, unsophisticated Freshman, was at various times dying, dead, and buried, but he submitted (it was said) calmly and without protest to what must have been a most severe sample of the fine art of legitimate hazing, and gave out statements to the effect that while he had not been hazed, he was still living in hopes.

—FRANK A. SMETHURST.

(Following his graduation from Wake Forest Mr. Smethurst was for a number of years managing editor of the Raleigh "News and Observer" until his death in 1941.)

### WE GLOAT

(From Vol. XXX, No. 2, November, 1910)

Sam Jones once remarked that his idea of what happened in Charlotte, May 20, 1776, was a gathering of "a dozen Mecklenburg squirrel hunters who tanked up on hard cider and declared themselves free and independent of the civilized world." Wake Forest can sympathize with the "squirrel-hunters," for though we haven't noticed any superfluity of hard cider in this vicinity, our literary societies have drunk the far more intoxicating draught of victory until they are beginning to see the landscape revolve like a merry-go-round. In debate Wake Forest today stands supreme; everybody denies this statement, but, strangely enough, nobody but Davidson has the nerve to try to disprove it, and Davidson ought not to count, for a Presbyterians, to quote Wake Forest's eminent Chief Bobbitt, "Would cross Hades on a rotten rail if any one told him he couldn't."

—GERALD W. JOHNSON.

### SAVE THE TREES

(From Vol. XXX, No. 2, November, 1910)

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year, of wailing winds and naked woods . . ." and with them the fools who set fire to the campus. By dropping a lighted match into a pile of dead leaves and letting the fire run around some of our fine old trees, one jack-

ass can undo in ten minutes Nature's work of half a century. Most of these fires are started through thoughtlessness, but some are the result of sheer cussedness. Every student who feels any pride in our beautiful campus should look out for cases of this kind, and unhesitatingly report the offender to the President. It will do the man good, and may be the means of preventing irreparable damage, for the trees are the glory of the campus. It is a poor policy indeed to jeopardize the most beautiful campus in the State merely to shelter a thoughtless student from a reprimand which he richly deserves.

—GERALD W. JOHNSON.

### INEXCUSABLE IGNORANCE AT WAKE FOREST

(From Vol. XII, No. 2, November, 1892)

Some of our readers will no doubt be surprised to see the word "ignorance" connected with Wake Forest College, the seat of learning of the great Baptist denomination in North Carolina, where young men come, and have been coming for more than fifty years, to learn that they may teach the ignorant of other communities. Yet there is ignorance here, and it is ignorance, too, in the true sense of the word, and denser than in many communities of far less reputation and far fewer facilities. We do not speak of ignorance of text-books, neither of the Holy law, nor of the Statute law; but ignorance of current history—facts of today which will be the making of valuable history in another generation.

—J. W. BAILEY.

(After winning his bachelor's degree, the late Josiah Bailey came back to Wake Forest as a law student. Once editor of the "Biblical Recorder," he served as United States Senator for more than a decade until his death December 16, 1946.)

### COLLEGE MEN AND COLLEGE PROBLEMS

(From Vol. XXIX, No. 2, November, 1909)

In short we gather that the well-rounded man, not the "grind" is to be regarded as the best example of college man. By this phrase "well-rounded" is meant not merely a strong athletic spirit together with a lively interest in all student affairs, but also a genuine enthusiasm for studies. Of course it is not expected that the student should "throw up his hat and shout himself hoarse over a theorem of algebra or over the scholarly achievements of the faculty," but certainly there might be freer expression of genuine scholarly enthusiasm. When we shall have realized a combining of athletic

(Continued on page thirty-three)

# from The Wake Forest Student

## Incidental Comment

### NOTES AND CLIPPINGS:

Ye editor had the honor of receiving two contributions to the magazine, accompanied by the following epistolary master-piece. The signature is omitted for the sake of delicacy.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—The poetic muse has at last struck Wake Forest. Wake up ye little stars and be glad! I am enclosing for your consideration what I consider to be two of the greatest productions that have ever come from any American pen. Of course, you may be a bonehead and not look at it that way, but I rather expect that you will experience great difficulty in deciding which of these two productions shall grace the next issue of our college magazine. If you find it hard to decide, then use neither for fear of hurting the feelings of the other.

May God bless you in your tremendous undertaking of looking over such stuff as I am tonight sending you.

### MAL DE MER

She was standing by the rail  
and looking deathly pale:  
Did she see a whale?

Not at all—

She was papa's only daughter,  
Throwing bread upon the water  
In a way she hadn't oughter—  
That was all.

—Vol. XXXVI, No. 5, Feb. 1917.

### OLD YELLS

Trinity yelled loud and well, still in this respect we  
was completely outclassed by Wake Forest. The old  
familiar yells:

Chick-a-go-runk! Go-runk! Go-ree!  
Chick-a-go-runk! Go-runk! Go-ree!  
Hi! Ho! Hi! Ho! W. F. C.! W. F. C.!

and,

Rah! Rah! Rah! Whoop-la Vee!  
'or et Noir' and W. F. C.!

made the walls of the old hall echo and re-echo.

J. Q. ADAMS, Vol. XX, No. 4, January, 1901.

(Apparently a typical Joe College as a student, the late Dr. Joseph Quincy Adams was later professor of English at Cornell University and curator of the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, D. C.)

### RIISING COST OF LIVING

The following were the College charges for the year 1839:

Tuition per year	\$ 45.00
Room Rent	2.00
Bed and Bedding	4.00
Wood	2.00
Servant's Hire	2.00
Deposit for Repairs	2.00

\$ 57.00

Plus Board and Washing per Month 8.00

L. R. MILLS, Vol. III, No. 6, Feb. 1884.

### WAKE FOREST ALUMNI NOTES:

'85 Dr. A. T. Robertson, professor of New Testament Greek in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky., lectured at Northfield, Mass., this past summer at what is considered to be the largest assembly in the world. It was founded by D. L. Moody, and has continued to increase in size and importance. Dr. Robertson's lectures will probably appear in book form and will be a notable addition to the other works that have come from his pen.

'15 Mr. K. T. Raynor is superintendent of the high school at Windsor, N. C.

### NOTES AND CLIPPINGS:

When the editor asked Dr. Hubert Potcat for a little help on Latin syntax one Sunday the doctor said, "It's all right to pull an ox out of the ditch on the Sabbath, but not an ass!"

The editor wants vengeance for the aforesaid slander, and hereby offers a valuable reward for the capture, dead or alive, of a good joke on Dr. Hubert Potcat.

Vol. XXXVI, No. 4, January, 1917.

### THE ONION

Scorn not the onion, lady, it has the power  
To draw down tears from tender eyes like thine;  
For it the erring Jews did yearn and pine  
In Sinai's desert 'mid withering leaf and flower,  
And to this day its fumes of incense shower  
From every Jewish household's inmost shrine;  
To Gentile 'tis not therefore less divine,  
Though stealthier he to feed in secret hour.

Off hath thy mother with this bulbous fruit  
Lent savor to the tasteless morning hash,  
Or set a sweet-perfumed Hamburger steak  
To wake the drowsy appetite afresh.  
Oh, dearest, be not wroth nor spurn my suit!  
Should eating onions plighted troth e'er break?

—by De Gustibus non est disputandum,

Vol. XXI, No. 1, Oct., 1901.

(Continued on page thirty-two)

# From Geneva To Genoa

A Letter From the Late Head of the Wake  
Forest English Department to His Students  
While on a Tour of Europe.

By DR. BENJAMIN F. SLEDD

*(Dr. Sledd, head of the Wake Forest English department from 1892 to 1938, was awarded The Kahn Traveling Fellowship, which permitted him to visit Europe. The sonnet included below is an example of his fine verse.)*

FOR three days it has been raining steadily here in Geneva; my trip to Chamounix has been given up, and there is nothing left but to take up my journey southward. "Beyond the Alps lies Italy." I never knew just what the saying meant till now; but today I have the longing of the primitive barbarian, amid the rigor of the Northern winter, for that land of perpetual sunshine and summer far to the south of these snow-clad barriers. So Saturday morning, December 11, I bade farewell to Geneva, and with the rain swishing against the car windows, the train steamed slowly around the northern shore of Lake Lemman. Lovely Lausanne even is left behind, unvisited, for it is a sorry business, this

long a visit. There are no tourists now, and rules may be broken if one will only pay a franc to atone for the breaking. So my franc of atonement is paid and Bonnivard's prison is my own for an hour.

This is the basement of the castle and is practically on a level with the lake, but never, so far as I could see, below the level of the lake, as Byron says in his "Prisoner of Chillon." I wander back through the dimly-lighted, cavernous rooms, with their massive pillars, narrow iron-barred windows, and rough-hewn sides; find once more the names of Byron and Shelley scrawled on one of the pillars, and pass where still remains the ancient gallows-tree—a great iron bar extending from the wall to the neighboring pillar. Over this the rope was thrown, the victim was pulled by main force off his feet and left to die of strangulation. The only door opening on the lake from this part of the building is close at hand and the victim's lifeless body is cut down, and with a stone tied to the rope-end is east into the lake. The blue waters are rippling softly against the stone sill this afternoon but somehow they have lost all their loveliness. Beyond is the room of

*(Continued on page twenty-five)*



Dr. Benjamin F. Sledd

sightseeing in a pouring rain. But at Montreaux the clouds have lifted, the sun is out, and stop I must and see the old castle of Chillon. Now a Swiss railway ticket allows you to stop at any station; so here I am at 1 o'clock buzzing along the shore of the lake to visit the castle which Byron has made famous everywhere. But, alas, it has been made a show place, with a guard of Swiss soldiers, a warden, a ticket office, and a uniformed guide. Well, I make the best of it and allow the guide to lead me, as a lamb to the slaughter, through the various rooms of the castle, and then when I have planked down my extra fee of a franc, I ask permission to return to Bonnivard's prison alone. To be sure; I may have a whole hour if I care for so

## TO ENGLAND: AFTERTHOUGHT

Vol. XXXVII, No. 3, December, 1917

How could we dream her work should come to naught.

Whose hands have made the desert places bloom  
And quickened into light the jungle's gloom,  
And Law and Order to Confusion taught?

It may be she at times has blindly wrought,

Not fearing in her wrath to earn the doom  
That warns us in some despot nation's tomb,  
Or seemed at point to fail from all she sought.

But now, England, remembering all thou art  
And all thou still must be, thou canst not fail.

Only have done with thought of peace and gain  
And babbling of the dreamers, fond as vain;

And thy stern hour of trial does but avail  
To rouse as never yet thy mighty heart.

—BENJAMIN SLEDD.



# The Sultan Suspects

or

## Harem Scarem By Those Two Well Known Eunuchs Highfill and Helm

Vol. LIV, No. 3, December, 1937

By PHIL HIGHFILL and BOBBY HELM

(*Mr. Highfill is currently doing graduate work at the University of North Carolina. Mr. Helm will soon complete work for his doctor's degree in philosophy at Duke.*)

"So what?" growled the Sultan?

"But Master," protested Ibn Ben Muggin, salaaming in the best Asia Minor tradition and kissing the bejeweled and highly aromatic big toe of His Supreme Sapience, "the women——"

"Well, brother to a camel flea, thrice-damned son of a profligate swine, what of women—Allah lengthen their days," quoth the Sultan, piously keeping his fingers crossed.

"Oh, illustrious potentate, oh jeweled diadem of the morning star, shining like the tail-lamp of a ten-ton truck——"

"Silence!" cried the Sultan. "Pry thy punch-drunk puss——er, countenance——from the dust so that I may more readily distinguish between thy dim-witted babbling and the gurgling of my hookah [water pipe]. Say thy say and go get thyself deloused."

"The women, oh lord, do squabble again. The woman Fatima has procured for herself one first edition of that infidel scribblings, *Anthony Perverse* (Dabbleday-Doomat, 3.98) and is defending the monstrosity of the unbeliever with all the fire of her admirable spirit against the onslaught of Fatuity, who has passed her sixteenth month, these nine days, on *Gone With The Gin*. What shall I do, oh favored of the Prophet? Thy faithful eunuch awaits thy pleasure."

"Go to and soak thy head, thou son of a misbegotten ass!" howled the favored of Allah. "Trouble me not with such trivial matters!"

"But lord," moaned the eunuch.

"Cease thy profanity and hear me, son of an anaemic louse," bawled the Sultan. "Art thou in truth so dopey that thou canst not see that while my little prickly pear blossoms are tearing one another's hair over a book, you have no cause to worry?"

"Glup," the eunuch ejaculated staunchly.

"It is only when they gaze soulfully at movie magazines," continued the Lord of the Moon, "only when they fail to take their Sal Hepatica before breakfast,

only when they murmur 'Ah' and follow that up by murmuring 'Oh' that you have need of worry. Then you may know, nephew of the dim-witted hyena, that there is a serious problem—a man. Now get thee hence and can thy prattle."

"But, Son of the Sun, I have not told thee all. Alas, thou mayest have mine ears if I speak not with veracity—there is a man, a dragoman from faraway Tunis—a most excellent appearing man, but a glib-tongued one."

"May thy hashish turn to snuff, porcine one! By the Liver of the Prophet, I will have these same ears spitted and roasted for thee to eat—how came you by this foul intelligence?"

"I had but been to the corner drug store to partake of my daily Pause that Refreshes, oh giver of alms to the destitute, when I espied this omen of evil in human shape gaping through the windows of the harem. He carried a sheaf of parchments beneath his arm—if I may be allowed, I humbly suggest that it was the writing of Omar Khayyam, poetry to discontent the heart of beauty."

"Didst thou not accost the shameless rogue and question him, oh sloth-witted swine?"

"Aye, noble master, I did my poor best, but he hastened away affrighted, when I made as if to detain him, and he vowed to put the slug on me if I didst dare to follow."

"Dared the foul infidel to thus address a servant of my supreme eminence?" growled the potentate, splitting his infinitive nicely. "In very truth I shall have his head for this. But what said he to the women?"

"I know not, favored of Allah and Franklin Roosevelt," responded Muggin, "but Hassan Ben Wurkin claims to have seen the monster prowling around the harem and—I hesitate to say it—winking at the woman Fatima."

The ruler sprang from his silken cushion, getting his beard tangled with the tube of his hookah [water pipe] in his extreme agitation. "Winking at Fatima?"

he bellowed. "Why, the \*æ??()\*X&-æ\$\$6)-(!!) (F3-&)-cæ& )\$7& )\$!"

Which is certainly no way for a Sultan to talk.

The eunuch trembled, after the accepted fashion of all good eunuchs when they face their master's anger. "O bountiful bestower of baksheesh," he mumbled, "perhaps the woman Fatima likes not this man's attentions."

"Art thou an ass as well as the son and the grandson and the great-grandson of a long line of asses?" thundered the Sultan. "Dost thou know so little of the ways of women that thou dost not realize that any woman becomes goofy when a mangy dragoman or a long-haired poet or a beetlepuessed chauffeur breathes sweet nothings and halitosis into her pearly little ear?"

"There is a way to put to the test the fidelity of the woman Fatima," suggested Muggin timidly.

"How, oh eater of lizards?" inquired the irate ruler.

"In this manner, oh shining one. Hassan Ben Wurkin will inform me when next the thrice-accursed Tunisian haunts the harem. We will allow the infidel to gain access to Fatima, and it will then be easy for your magnificence to surprise them while they are—er—conversing."

"Then attend me while I go to Damascus to consult my attorney, oh slave."

"It is well, master. Shall this humble being arrange for travel in the usual manner? Shall I fill the tank of the roadster?"



**MILLER MOTOR CO.**

**WAKE FOREST**

"Nay, I think that I shall hitch-hike."

"May I be so bold as to make inquiry as to why thou choosest, one in thy exalted position, to travel in so humble a style?"

"Thou mayest."

"Then why dost thou?"

"Ah, brainless one—canst thou never tie the flapping end of thy loose tongue to what serves thee for a brain? I'll wave my exalted thumb on the caravan road and get a lift with a camel—thou knowest that camels never get on my nerves."

And so the Sultan set forth on his journey to Damascus to obtain the wise council of his lawyer and to wrangle with his broker over the plunge of Amalgamated Sheet-Iron. Twice the muezzin at evening blew his conch over the minarets of Istanbul, and twice the faithful of Allah spread their prayer rugs toward the East.

Then the Sultan got a wire. Collect.

O CHOSEN OF THE UNIVERSE STOP FORTUNATE IS THE SON OF MAN WHO HAS FEW VEILS IN HIS HOUSEHOLD STOP THAT'S FROM SHAKESPEARE STOP WHILE THE FELINE IS AWAY THE CRINGING RODENT WILL PLAY HELL STOP THAT'S FROM THE SCREEN PLAY OF THE SAME NAME STOP AND WHAT A RAT IS PRESENT IN THY ERST-WHILE PEACEFUL DOMICILE EXCLAMATION MARK THE RAT NIBBLES AT THY FAVORITE FATIMA STOP GIRD THY THRICE HONORED LOINS AND HASTEN WITH THE SPEED OF THE DESERT WIND TO THY ABODE HURRY DON'T STOP.

THY MISERABLE AND OBEDIENT SLAVE  
HASSEN BEN WURKIN

"Stop!" yelled the Sultan. "By all my concubines, who will pay for this epistle? The royal treasury is flat as an automat sandwich and Consolidated Out-houses Preferred has fallen twenty-three points since lunch!"

"This lowly person advises your quick return, O Supreme and Colossal Everything," murmured an innocent bystander. "A day-dreaming woman is as uninteresting as yesterday's beer. It would be expedient for thee to obliterate this ant in thy supreme pants at once, before it hath done thee much harm."

"Thou dost presume, O goat-pussed one, in advising me. Nevertheless, thou art pardoned if thou dost arrange sleeper-plane accommodations for me at once, my fran."

"It is done."

And so it was done.

Thus the Great One betook himself back to Istanbul.

To find an helluva mess.

Hassan Ben Wurkin met him at the airport in a state of great agitation and vexation. The dragoman had come and gone several times during the Sultan's absence and even then was in the harem. With great haste

and stealth the Prince went back to the palace and crept unnoticed into the wing where his expensive pleasures lived.

With the majesty of the sandstorm and all the stealth and grace of an elephant in a hot-house, he knelt before the keyhole of Fatima's door and listened.

"By the wrath of Allah," he muttered in his beard to Ibn Ben Muggin, "my knife shall taste of blood this day. I shall have the imposter flayed and stuffed and hung in the market place by the heels, as an example to those who might dare my potency to be blessed with the favor of my women."

"It is good; so be it," whispered Ibn the Yes Man.

"It is not good, O worthless deceiver. It is too mild. Rather will I have him hung in the square by his toenails so that kites may pick at his eyes. Or perhaps tied under a dripping stream (which reminds me, dog, why hast thou not seen to it that the plumber has been called to mend the faucets?), so that he may go crazy with the constant tapping, or the soles of his blasphemous feet tickled until he die in agony. But listen, the vulture speaks even now."

The deep resonant voice came through the ivory door, clear as the bell of the flock-leader, insistent as the downbeat in "Slap the Bass," as smooth as a '38 Cord: "Come, my beloved. He loves you not. Desert this slavery and fly away with me to Chicago, where we can be happy—just us two. . . ."

"The ill-graced dimwit isn't even grammatical," said the Sultan in disgust. "Just us two—poo! And yet another poo! How do such cross-grained imbeciles ever win women away from men of my golden attributes? And am I not as handsome as he, slave?"

"Yea, master."

"And as convincing?"

"Yea, master."

"And have I not more personality, more grace, more charm?"

"You said it, kid."

"Then how does he do it? Ah, I'll have his secret or he'll be dragged by wild horses!"

"Would that I knew for certain, O master. But I suspect—"

"What dost thou suspect? Tell me, ere I pin thee to the wall like a tapestry."

"Only this, O Merciful One: I found a copy of Mister Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People* where the knave had dropped it."

"Listen, jackal, whilst the lion speaks. Knowest thou that a Charles Atlas course in the man is worth two in the book? So it is with the works of Mister Carnegie. A man of his low degree of learning can't have memorized the rules."

"Nevertheless, Master, I fear."

"Fear what, offal?"

"Fear, O Bountiful One and Wonderful, that the woman Fatima has fallen for his line. Ecoutes!"

The lovely, lilting voice of Fatima crept under the

door and affronted the ear of the Sultan: "I accept thy proposition, O persuasive one."

The Sultan's fingers crept around the handle of his knife. "Follow, O stable-dregs. Catch up a stout cudgel and follow thy master! We will pluck off this rascal's head and toss it in his incapacitated face!"

And muttering foul oaths, the Sultan cautiously opened the door and stuck his head inside, prospective mayhem lighting up his eyes.

But his caution was all to no avail. Fatima saw him and her face betrayed her surprise and chagrin. "Alas," she sighed, "I wanted you to know nothing until after I had completed the bargain with this vendor of rare merchandise. But is this not a wonderful gadget which I have just purchased? 'Tis called a radio and pours into one's ears beautiful love stories sponsored by the Krinkly Krunchy Kracker Kumpany."

"Well!" said the Sultan. . . .

#### FROM GENEVA TO GENOA

(Continued from page twenty-two)

torture. Here still stands the deeply-seared wooden pillar to which the victim was tied. And this in the day of His Christian Highness the Duke of Savoy! No wonder his memory is cursed in Switzerland even today. But I go on to Bonnard's room, the last of the castle basement. The pillar is not marked in any special way and could not of itself be distinguished from any other

#### VISIT

### SMITH FURNITURE COMPANY

for

**RADIO CONSOLES AND  
COMBINATIONS  
PORTABLE RADIOS AND  
COMPLETE FURNISHINGS  
FOR THE HOME**

of the many massive supports of the old castle. Certainly there is no ring worn by the prisoner's feet about the pillar. Nor is there a chasm at the end of the room plunging down to the hungry waters that wait below for their victim. Daudet makes old Tartarin of Tarascon also a prisoner in this room but Daudet only follows Byron. He had never visited the castle in person or else he could not have made, even in fiction, so many blunders. But twilight is coming on and I hurry back to the entrance stairway. One's flesh begins to tingle as one fancies the passing of a night in these haunted unhallowed quarters. The guide tells me that no one will venture down here after dark. Strange uncanny noises are heard and torches are blown out when there is not a breath of wind blowing elsewhere. But somehow I am a bit disappointed. The whole thing seems gotten up for a show. But outside the golden sunset is on the lake and I wander on to lovely Clarens which Rousseau and Byron have both consecrated—the one in fiction and the other in song.

Sunday morning I was up betimes and away to the hills above Glion, which Matthew Arnold so loved and which is linked with Senancour's Obermann. But the once romantic village is now only a succession of hotels and pensions. Its romance has departed forever. The view from the hills, however, is one of the most delightful to be had about the lake. Mont Blanc is not visible from here, but the jagged crest of the Dent du Midi

closes the vast amphitheater at the eastern end of the lake and seems almost within a stone's-throw.

But I hurry down to the station at 1 o'clock, send Susie Damm on to the frontier, and with a long look of regret say goodbye to clear placid Leman. The good fates send me back to its shores once more—and in summer!

And now begins my journey up the Rhone valley. On both hands it is an endless panorama of snow-clad heights, deep valleys, gorges down which foaming torrents are tumbling, lonely little villages stretching along a valley-side or clinging about the base of some giant height. At Visp I have a fitting, tantalizing glimpse of the titan spear-head of the Matterhorn thrust against the twilight sky, but that is all. The railroad is closed for the winter, and the great hills seem to whisper, "Come back! come back with spring and summer!" That I will! If heaven spares me.

When I left the train at Brigne the sky was already overcast, and in the morning I look out on the towering peaks already enveloped in the whirling snow. My train plunges into the Simplon tunnel and for half an hour the vast dark walls go flitting past my window. Midway the tunnel we stop and the Swiss guard of some fifty soldiers leave the train and form in ranks in a recess in the wall. Sturdy, determined-looking fellows they are, but so small! Are all the European races slowly but surely degenerating, both in mind and body?

The Italian custom-house . . . and we are hustled off our train down a long platform past the diminutive Italian officer who makes me think of cock-robin, with his fiercely turned-up hat and bristling mustache . . . the officer barely glances at me and my passport. I am an American! All Americans are welcomed with wide-open arms into Italy. But for the Holy Virgin's sake do keep a pocketful of stray centimes to drop into the hand you will now find always open and waiting. . . .

At Lugano, the town, I land (from Lake Lugano, the most beautiful of the lakes) and once more climb to the heights, this time to watch the sunset. And here I have one of those visions of perfect loveliness, of perfect peace, of flawless satisfaction, such as come

# WATCH FOR OUR WEEK-END SPECIALS IN

Old Gold and Black

# THE SUPER MARKET

L. Belangia - F. R. Keith

DIAL 2691

DIAL 2661

# VISIT OUR STUDIO WHEN IN RALEIGH

**WALLER & SMITH**  
*Photographers*

12 East Hargett Street  
PHONE 7708

# THE RECORD BAR

18 WEST HARGETT STREET  
RALEIGH, N. C.

We are now official distributors of General Electric, Stewart-Warner, Temple and Air King Radios—in all price ranges. Come in and ask for Ernie or Fenner and check with us before you buy.

Our Radio Repair Department is the best—all our work is guaranteed and no job is too big or too small.



to one only a few times a life. When I returned to the hotel at twilight, my friend met me with the exclamation, "Man, what is the matter with you? Your face shines!" "Well," I answered, "it has a right to shine. Haven't I been up on the Delectable Mountains and had a vision of the City of God?"

It was late of a bitter cold night when we reached Milano. Next day dawned cold and foggy, and I saw the great Cathedral under most trying circumstances. It was my first and sorest disappointment for the exterior was wrapped in a fog that London might have envied and the interior was unlighted save by a few flickering tapers; so I could only guess at the grandeur of this noble edifice. DaVinci's "The Last Supper" I could make nothing of, for the light was poor and the great painting has suffered sorely at the hands of time and decay. So I left Milano a little gloomy, but the sunlight came out before we reached Genoa, and my first sight of the Mediterranean was under a glorious afternoon sun. But stately, filthy old Genoa deserves a chapter to herself.



#### SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR

(Continued from page seventeen)

men that their old students ponder, now that they are about to withdraw from active service. Gulley, for example, has written much of the law of North Carolina, but his important writing is the way he has written "Justice" indelibly upon the minds of young men. Culom, the theologian, is to me not in his books and commentaries, but in the long life that silently preached one doctrine: "goodness is the only creed worth while." Lynch is no artificer, but I have stood in the Sainte-Chapelle, that jewel of architecture, where the incomparable glass makes the dulllest day blaze with the glory of God made visible, and have felt the same emotion that his eloquence could stir.

Gorrell and Sledd are language men, but who cares now what they have done with grammar and lexicon? The important thing is that they were explorers, Stanleys capable of driving undaunted through the tangled jungle of an undergraduate mind, forever hopeful of finding buried somewhere in the heart of darkness

a man who was good and great. This was a creative hope; I know that many a man, honored by their friendship, stirred by their confidence, actually made some effort, however futile, to be a Livingstone. Any such effort is an addition to civilization; but no cartographer can chart it on his maps.

Only a little while ago William Louis Potat

... gave

His body to this pleasant country's earth,

And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,

Under whose colours he had fought so long,

but no Wake Forest man can think of this group without including him, its chief for a generation. Yet what is there for the scribe to set down? He was a biologist, but when you have said that, you have said nothing. The world swarms with biologists, but I have not seen, nor do I expect to see, another Potat. I was one of many who came to Wake Forest somewhat antagonistic to Potat, determined never to submit to his intellectual dominance. But it was with me as it was with Gareth, when he made the mistake of charging Lancelot—

... at one touch

Of that skilled spear, the wonder of the world—

Went sliding down so easily, and fell,

That when he found the grass within his hands

He laugh'd.

Potat was the conqueror with bloodless hands.

"When I won the battle of Austerlitz," wrote Napoleon on the pompous arch in the courtyard of the Louvre,

## FRESH UP!

You're at Your Best  
With a New Haircut

**CITY BARBER SHOP**

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

"HURRY BACK"

Cleanliness, Service and Quality  
**WE FEATURE WESTERN STEAKS**  
AND  
**OUR SUNDAY DINNERS ARE**  
**PARTICULARLY APPETIZING**

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

**ANDREW JOHNSON**  
**DINING ROOM**

228 South Salisbury Street Raleigh, N. C.  
Christ Peters, Mgr.

**EDWARDS PHARMACY**

(FORMERLY HARDWICKS)

**Welcomes Students**  
**FOR DRUGS and SUNDRIES**

Wake Forest

Austria was beaten, the German confederation was broken, Prussia made terms, and so on; but he did not add, what was more certainly true, that many thousands of honest fellows died horribly, that countless women were widowed and children orphaned, that tears and agony through all Europe were part of the price. Potent, also, was a fighter all his life, and a conqueror, too; but when he won a battle a new citizen was gained by the Republic of Letters, the confederation of prejudice and superstition was broken, ignorance made terms, and minds that had gone darkling saw a gleam of light. No half-hearted man-at-arms, he struck mightily, but his blade laid no corpses on the earth; in his hands Excalibur strangely became the sword of honor, and the smitten man rose to a new stature, to a new dignity, knightlier and more honorable. His campaigns, too, changed the fortunes of women and children, for he left behind him courage and hope and joy.

Six great gentlemen I have had the honor to know, six powerful influences in making Wake Forest a place of gracious memories, six who garrisoned a citadel of light and healing, six against the darkness of the land. Here are six characters well deserving an author, but who can explain the mystery of personality? "Let us now praise famous men," commanded The Preacher; well, leave it to him:

The Lord hath wrought great glory by them  
Through his great power from the beginning.  
Men renowned for their power,

WE  
HAVE  
EVERYTHING  
A  
STUDENT  
THE NEEDS.  
THE COLLEGE  
BOOK STORE FRIENDLY  
MEETING  
PLACE  
IN  
THE  
CENTER  
OF  
THE  
CAMPUS

Giving counsel by their understanding,  
And declaring prophecies:  
Leaders of the people by their counsels,  
And by their knowledge of learning meet for the people,  
Wise and eloquent in their instructions:  
All these were honored in their generations,  
And were the glory of their times.

## THE UNITED STATES WAS BEING REFORMED

(Continued from page four)

age teacher in North Carolina received but \$22.14 a month that year.

Americans were laughing at the humorists Artemus Ward and Petroleum V. Nasby. Walt Whitman produced "Specimen Days" and Mark Twain published "The Prince and the Pauper." Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Ralph Waldo Emerson died that year; Sidney Lanier had died the year before in a little town in the North Carolina mountains. James Russell Lowell was the American ambassador to the Court of St. James at that time. Franklin Delano Roosevelt was born at the estate of his father at Hyde Park, N. Y. And in the same year the Irish-born wife of a German immigrant, August Mencken, gave birth to a son in Baltimore whom they named Henry Louis.

Among the reforms which were started in 1882 was one which sought to stamp out the use of the "filthy weed." The use of tobacco tore down one's morals and hastened death, it was maintained. Quick to join the campaign was *The Wake Forest Student*, a newly founded publication at a small college in North Carolina.

## PEN PAN ALLEY

(Continued from page fifteen)

were pink and pretty, and her smile was so contagious that I merely nodded agreements to all she said.

With feminine tact and poise she pointed her delightful slender finger into my eyes and asked me if a man and woman couldn't share an education *as well as* love and religion and a home and children and the responsibilities that go with those practices. She asked me if an enlightened wife wouldn't make a better companion than a haggard dish washer. She asked me if it was wrong for a woman to broaden her personality and to seek the real tolerance that education can bring; if it was wrong for a woman to take a refreshing swim in the pool of cultural resources.

She asked me if it wasn't a pretty narrow prejudice that kept women from preparing for a career, especially when the growing statistics show that more and more women are destined for spinsterhood. "We have to eat, too," she smiled. She asked me if separate colleges for men and women don't smell of monasticism and nunish seclusion—slightly unnatural for most young men and women who need mixed companionship and a certain amount of social intercourse.

And finally the prettiest smile I've ever seen lighted her face, and she took my hand and said, "Don't try to answer those questions now. Sleep on them and drink a cup of coffee over them tomorrow morning and then answer them." With those remarks she faded away and the light went out and the stage disappeared.

"What a woman," I sighed as I turned over on my pillow. And as sleep stole quietly upon me the last thoughts that tip-toed across my mind were these—Man has been man since the beginning of time, and woman has been woman since then, each has his place in the scheme of things, each has his need of the other, and all the education in the world will not change that place nor that need basically. But rather, it seems to me that female education will not only enhance that place and satisfy more fully that need and make more certain the creation of intellectual equality which will in itself cause more social harmony. And what's more important than social harmony in a complex society?

It was a good sleep that night. The first in days for me. Thoughts of social harmony bounced all over the room.



## THE UTMOST EXCITEMENT PREVAILED

(Continued from page seven)

orations Masterpieces which enthralled the audience.

The two literary societies were by far the most powerful and influential organizations on the campus in the year 1882. Every Wake Forest man belonged to one of them. The school's only dormitory was divided into two sections—the south wing for the Euzelians and the north wing for the Philomathesians.

Each Society had its own "esprit de corps" and members of one Society felt a little ill at ease when with members of the other. The Euzelians prided themselves on their polish and culture while the Philomathesians considered themselves the more democratic. Society spirit was high in each, but they were dignified, orderly bodies. At the fall of the president's gavel they came to order; at his word they stood and were led in prayer by their chaplain. Parliamentary law was abided by and parliamentary language was required. Smoking in the halls was inconceivable; chewing tobacco and gum, boisterousness, sleeping or slouching in one's seat had to be paid for.

The January 1882 minutes of the Euzelian Literary Society record that certain members were fined twenty-five cents for laughing, disturbing the society while at the door, talking, tripping up a gentleman; fifty cents for answering unprepared on debate and composition; one dollar for being absent from society meeting. The names of Mother Euzelia and Mother Philomathesin were held in respect and reverence.

From the "doodlings" of the society secretaries it is evident that their interest was not always centered on the program. On January 20, 1882, the secretary of the Euzelian Society wrote, in a flourishing hand

and neatly boxed in, "Annie is the sweetest little darling girl in Wake Forest, but Lizzie is as sweet as sugar, and no one can say that she is not." It was signed, "Sentiments of You Know Who." A week later the same secretary wrote, "Oh for a glance at that beautiful black hair, one sweet word from those cherry red lips, above all a look from those lovely brown eyes."

By 1882 the Societies were beginning to debate topics of current interest. Formerly the topics debated had been such as "Were the crusades favorable to Europe?" "Was the English government justified in sending and keeping Napoleon Bonaparte on the Island of St. Helena?" "Was Aaron Burr a traitor?" However, by 1882 improvements in facilities for the use of books in the new library, and the availability for the first time of newspapers and periodicals put materials on topics of current interest into the hands of the students. The Societies began to debate such topics as Prohibition, Annexation of Cuba, Immigration, Tariff, and Federal Aid to Public Schools.

The Literary Societies assumed the responsibility for the conduct of their members, which included all the students, and for keeping a check on their whereabouts. If a student was expelled from the Society of which he was a member he was expelled from College, the assumption being that if his fellow students could not tolerate him, that was sufficient evidence that he was not good college material.

The Society had a control over its members that

## TRY SHORTY'S SPECIAL

SANDWICH, Fried Egg, Ham, Cheese,  
Lettuce and Tomato on a Toasted Bun.

## SHORTY'S

"SNACKS AT ALL HOURS"

## HAPPY - SNAPPY SERVICE ALWAYS

Whether you are the owner of a dozen suits or just one you want it back in a hurry when it is being cleaned. Our new modern equipment is fast and efficient.

PHONE US. WE COLLECT AND DELIVER

## WILKINSON CLEANERS

PHONE 3751

Opposite Railroad Underpass



the faculty did not. The faculty never succeeded, by itself, in keeping the students from going to the train, walking on the grass, tearing down benches, keeping firearms, or throwing water from windows, but the Societies had little trouble enforcing such regulations. The faculty learned to work with the Societies, especially when they united on a policy or course of action. Knowing the keen rivalry between the Societies, the faculty maintained a strict neutrality toward them, but they respected their power.

The Euzelian Society, in January of 1882, performed a great service for the school and its students by beginning the publication of a student literary periodical of the highest type. The Eu's called their publication

*The Wake Forest Student* and announced as their purpose "to advance the educational interests of the State, to encourage and develop the taste for literary effort in the students and alumni of the college, and to be a means of instruction and pleasure to all who may read it." In May of the same year the Philomathesian Society joined in the effort and together the societies published one of the best student journals of its kind for many years.

Societies in 1882 were at their height—they were, as Dr. G. W. Paschal puts it, in their "Golden Age." Mother Euzelia and Mother Philomathesia were the strongest influences for culture and literary achievement Wake Forest College had known.

same man...  
same day...  
same shirt!



Van Huesen Sport Shirts

*Taylor's*

The Showplace of the Carolinas

## DURING THESE SIXTY-FIVE YEARS

(Continued from page ten)

them." Hastily, however, he continues, "During the year 1897-98 he (Potest) contributed his 'Open Air Meditations,' which are charming both for content and for style, and have been compared with the sketches found in Aniel's *Journal*."

J. H. Gorrell contributed a number of sketches, both scholarly and frivolous. Among his best are brief sketches from his European travel. Dr. B. F. Sledd, later also contributed sketches of an innocent abroad (Excerpts from one, "From Geneva to Genoa," are published elsewhere in this issue.—Ed.), sketches which reveal his almost naive delight in all things. He also wrote much poetry—good poetry—which he was reticent to have published, but when it did see the light of print, it was well worth the effort spent to get it there.

The list of the editors of *THE STUDENT* is both long and august. Dr. Paschal estimates that twenty-five or thirty of them went on after graduation into journalistic work. Several, he says, attained distinction as authors: "Thos. Dixon in fiction, J. C. McNeill in poetry; A. A. Robertson, R. H. Whitehead, J. Q. Adams, in scholarly and literary productions; S. J. Porter, in religious and Biblical expositions; R. C. Lawrence and W. M. Johnson and G. W. Johnson in biographical literature; W. H. Heck and T. H. Briggs in volumes on education; Gilbert T. Stephenson in constitutional and economic treatises; W. C. Allen and G. W. Paschal in historical writing; R. W. Weaver in psychological studies."

During the eighteen years after 1906, when Dr. J. H. Gorrell was alumni editor, many special numbers, averaging 100 pages each were produced. Among these were the R. E. Lee Memorial Number, January 1907; the John Charles McNeill Memorial Number, December 1907; the Charles Elisha Taylor Memorial Number, March 1916; the Law School Number, May 1920; the John Franklin Lanneau Memorial Number, November 1921; and others.

Back in the days when Wake Forest was a men's



college some of the humour and anecdotes published in the *WAKE FOREST STUDENT* were considerably more robust than they are today—ranging from a gentle little piece concerning two goats who discuss the comparative after-effects of eating the *Old Gold and Black* and the *WAKE FOREST STUDENT*, to such innocuous bits as the “Mal de Mer” printed elsewhere in this same issue.

After May 1930 comes a break of about eighteen months. Dr. Paschal's record summarily disposes of the matter in this fashion: “The *WAKE FOREST STUDENT* was discontinued after May 1930.

“With increased revenues from a larger enrollment in December 1931, the management made bold (sic) to put out another periodical, *THE STUDENT*, preserving the serial number of the *Wake Forest Student* as volume XLVIII, No. 1, and having part of the name, but quite different from the former *Wake Forest Student*. For several years it attempted to be a collegiate humor magazine, and as such found itself continually in trouble with the faculty. In more recent years it has come under the sponsorship of the English department and has become a modern, illustrated magazine publishing timely articles, essays, short stories, and poems, making a publication that is both representative and readable. It is published six times a year.”

*THE STUDENT* was published from December 1931 until May 1943, when a drastically reduced student body made its production impossible. Publication was resumed in the fall of 1946. These dates will explain why the present volume is numbered LX, though *THE STUDENT* is celebrating the sixty-fifth anniversary of its founding. Edwards and Broughton Co., of Raleigh, has published *THE STUDENT* every year except the six issues in the volume for 1937-38.

The editors and the contributing writers of *THE STUDENT* look back with justifiable pride on sixty-five years of its history. The magazine has reflected both the growing pains of the awkward years of the young College and the real accomplishments of those years.

## GOING TO SEE PRUNELLA

(Continued from page nine)

afford him a chance for seeing Prunella again, and for watching . . . ahem . . . graceful movements.

“Let me see whether I can arrange a game,” he said.

“Fine. And now tell me, what is Wake Forest College like? I have heard so much about it.”

Charles told her about the college, the professors, the courses, and the students.


“He sounds very interesting,” Prunella said of one professor. “Tell me more about him. And you say he surrendered with General Lee and then walked all the way home from Appomattox?”

Charlie had now completely forgotten about the

difficulties of conversation. With Prunella it was easy. Now he didn't think about it at all, except to wonder rather passively on the etiquette book's: “A gentleman should never lower the intellectual standard in conversing with ladies. He should consider them as equal in understanding with himself.”

Equal, indeed! The stupidity of etiquette writers! He wished he were the equal of Prunella. Why, this girl was smart as well as beautiful. She had travelled

(Continued on page thirty-three)



# GOOD News!

for

# HOT JAZZ

# FANS

### RARE RECORD OFFER

At last . . . pure, uninhibited jazz, played by the foremost interpreters of our time, is available on DISC records. Exclusively recorded by DISC, these hard-to-get albums may be ordered the new, convenient, mail order way. Order any or all DISC albums for immediate delivery!

**JAZZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC—VOL. 2.** Unheard-of, frenzied jam session recorded at a Norman Granz' Jazz at the Philharmonic concert. Such stars as Lester Young, Willie Smith, Howard McGhee, Al Killian, Arnold Ross, Lee Young, Charlie Parker and Billie Hadnott really gives out spontaneous music and on-the-spot solos. A "must" for jazz fans! Album 501. Two 12" records, \$3.53.

**BOOGIE-WOOGIE AT THE PHILHARMONIC—MEADE LUX LEWIS.** Another sensational Norman Granz concert with the king of boogie-woogie pianists playing his most original tunes. It's pure eight-to-the-bar sorcery as Meade Lux tickles the keyboard! Album 502. Two 10" records, \$2.89.

**JOE SULLIVAN JAZZ QUARTET.** Matchless musicians Sidney Bechet, George Wettling, Pops Foster and Joe Sullivan offer amazing solos and distinctive ensembles in Chicago and New Orleans styles. Shimmie Like My Sister Kate, Got It and Gone, Fidgety Feet, Panama and others. Album 701. Three 10" records, \$3.93.

**JOHN KIRBY AND ORIGINAL ORCHESTRA.** Kirby and his original group . . . Buster Bailey, Russell Procope, Billy Kyle, Bill Season and Clarence Breeton wax such jazz milestones as Desert Sands, Move Over, Close Shave and My Old Flame. Plenty of mood and color! Album 621. Three 10" records, \$3.15.

Mailed FREE with every order . . . "the most noticed new catalog in recorded music."

**UNITED RECORD SERVICE, Dept. 22B**  
762 10th Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

☐ Ship albums I have checked. I enclose \$.....  
(add 50c for packing and shipping east of Mississippi,  
\$1.00 west.)

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay charges.

[ ] 501                      [ ] 502  
[ ] 701                      [ ] 621

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

## THE B.A. DEGREE—THEN WHAT

(Continued from page eighteen)

of other institutions in northern universities. THE STUDENT feels that by the beginning of his junior year a candidate for the B.A. degree should be required to select some department in which to take his lead or major. Concentration of studies toward some particular end in the various departments should be required of students while they are taking their collegiate training. In this way they would become prepared for

and interested in the advanced training and research work offered in the universities of our country.

In the second place, the undergraduate should feel more keenly the personal need of higher training in the field that he has chosen. To overequip oneself for one's life work is not possible. The more thorough the preparation, the larger the field for advancement and usefulness open to him. The B.A. degree is the base not the apex of one's preparation for life.



## INCIDENTAL COMMENT

(Continued from page twenty-one)

### IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE:

If a young man of susceptible nature is led by the witchery of love to transport himself into the ideal realm, there to be borne up on wings into the empyrean fields of a lover's life, just ask him to find the value of the subtangent of the logarithmic curve, or to determine whether a plane curve has rectilinear asymptotes; and it will as effectually halt him in his flight and bring him back to the stubborn and plain-faced reality as clipping the eagle's wing when it begins to fly consigns that bird to the necessities of a pedestrian.

—Vol. I, No. 2, Feb., 1882.

### EDUCATIONAL:

No examinations are required of students at Amherst if nine-tenths of the recitations are attended.—*E. R.* We recommend such a law to the serious consideration of the Faculty of Wake Forest. You know the reputation of Amherst.

—Vol. I, No. 3, March, 1882.

### EDUCATIONAL:

It is said that at Harvard University, in the last fifty years, no student who smoked has graduated at the head of his class. The case is far different at our own University, for almost invariably our best men have been habitual users of "the weed." So you see the rule is far from general.—*University Monthly.* While your comments may be true in regard to students at Chapel Hill, we beg leave to suggest that, however brilliant may have been your smokers, they would have been more so, had the "filthy weed" never touched their lips.

—Vol. I, No. 3, March, 1882.

### EDUCATIONAL:

So Peace Institute in Raleigh is ahead of the world! We congratulate its community, friends and patrons. In one of the Northern papers it was written by a correspondent in Raleigh that Peace Institute in several specified departments surpassed anything he had ever seen; and in order to take it all in, it was further written: "Everything about the institution is perfect." Well, we are glad to know it.

—Vol. I, No. 8, August, 1882.

★ WALKS OFF

WITH STYLE

HONORS



Style-minded men prefer a style-winning shoe. Famous flexible *Burly-Flex* Shoes—exclusive with CURTIS—will add pride to your appearance, new poise, vitality and comfort to your steps.

Buy With Confidence Wear With Pride

**B. & S. DEPARTMENT STORE**  
WAKE FOREST

## GOING TO SEE PRUNELLA

(Continued from page thirty-one)

and she had read—more than he had. But he tried nimbly to keep up with her.

They talked of the autograph album craze and of some of the verses or sentiments each had collected.

That led them to talk of books and writers.

Of J. G. Holland, who was probably the most popular writer in the country, though Charlie had read only one of his novels.

Of the approaching seventy-fifth birthday of Longfellow and of the preparations to make the celebration appropriate.

Of the queer Englishman, Oscar Wilde, who was travelling in America and drawing the curious as well as the literary to watch him in his performances on the lecture platform.

Of the strange Walt Whitman, whom Charlie had not read, and whose name he recognized only because THE STUDENT recently had carried an account in which the terms "literary crank" and "rampant savage" had appeared.

Of Sidney Lanier, the Southern poet, who died in the North Carolina mountains the preceding fall.

They talked of travel. She had been to the recent Cotton Exposition in Atlanta, an event which Southerners thought fell but little if any short of the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876. Charlie had never been out of North Carolina, but he had visited both the coast and the mountains.

They talked of the approaching execution of Charles Guiteau, the man who had assassinated President Garfield the preceding September, and whose recently-ended trial had created great excitement throughout the country. Charlie told her some of the whispered stories of incidents on the Wake Forest campus in the days of the Ku Klux Klan.

They started to speak of the new marvel, the telephone, when. . .

Suddenly the grandfather clock in the hallway bonged out 10 o'clock. Charlie started. He didn't know it was that late. Time had slipped by too quickly.

"Is that 10 o'clock?" he asked incredulously. To have consulted his watch even now would have been a mark of bad breeding.

"I am afraid it is," she replied.

Charlie stood up. "I must leave now. It has been a delightful evening."

"I am so glad. It has been a pleasure to meet you."

She preceded him into the hallway. Here he turned and asked:

"If I can arrange for the game of lawn tennis, may I send you word by a note?"

"I shall be happy to play," she said. And as he quickly went out the door (for the etiquette book says that one must not tarry in leaving), she spoke softly, "Good night."

"Good night," he said, "and I hope I may see you again in a few days."

He went down the steps in a sort of daze. Moonlight sifted through the new green leaves of the trees and danced across his face. As he crossed the sand paths of the campus toward his room, he thought of the evening:

"Yes," he said to himself. "Yes, etiquettely perfect!"



## EDITORIALS

(Continued from page twenty)

spirit with an enthusiasm for study then will at least one of our college problems be nearing a solution.

—J. MELVILLE BROUGHTON.

(The 1909 editor of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, ex-Governor Broughton continues his association with Wake Forest as a member of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees.)

## THE REJECTION OF POE

(From Vol. XXV, No. 2, November 1905)

When two mediocre poets were given places in New York's Hall of Fame and Edgar Allen Poe was again rejected, probably the first thought that flashed into every Southerner's mind on receiving the announcement was that the action of the board of electors was malicious and due to sectional prejudice. It must be remembered, however, that these same electors likewise rejected Bryant, Motley, and Phillips Brooks, who

## ALWAYS

A

## DEACON BOOSTER

S. W. BREWER CO.

Dine . . .

in the pleasant surroundings of our completely remodeled Cafeteria. Excellent Meals, Quick Service, Reasonable Prices, with room for all.

## FRYE'S CAFE

Try Our Oysters and Barbecue

are regarded by a great number of Northern people as little gods.

Two other reasons suggest themselves for Poe's rejection. Either he was not a poet of first rank, or the electors of the Hall of Fame are not capable of judging true poetry. It is surprising that such a question should arise—one which seems to involve our national reputation rather than Poe's repute. These judges put us in a bad light before the rest of the world. And as for Poe, when it comes to the judgement of one hundred New Yorkers, with less than a national reputation, as against the judgment of the greatest literary men in England, Germany, France, Italy and America, that of the latter will be generally accepted. Poe has carved for himself a niche in the *world's hall of fame* and gained for himself a place in the heart of humanity which will last long after New York's Hall has crumbled into dust; also the very bones of the men who have refused to honor him.

The plain truth of it all, however, lies not in the fact that the electors were influenced by sectionalism, or that they are not men of more than ordinary ability, but in the fact that there is yet running through these men a strain of Puritanism which will not allow them to enjoy poetry for its own sake. Nothing is acceptable to them that does not have a moral tagged on at the end. They will like Poe better by and by as they drift

further from the hard doctrines of Michael Wigglesworth and as they learn to love art for art's own sake.

—E. B. EARNSHAW.

(Most present-day Wake Foresters think of Mr. Earnshaw as the kindly, white haired man who takes their money at the beginning of each semester. As a student he was quite active in campus affairs. The 1905 editor of this magazine, he teamed with dashing, young Hubert Potent to win the Southern Conference tennis championship.)



#### ON BEHALF OF PHI BETA KAPPA

(Continued from page eighteen)

Greek letter fraternities; advanced scholarship and high attainments in literary pursuits are the sole requisites for membership in Phi Beta Kappa. Each organization is so different from the other that the difference suggests the distinction between night and day. Yet the objection has been raised that to allow a scholarship society at Wake Forest would mean to sanction the entrance of fraternities here. Such a charge has not been and can never be substantiated by logic or reasoning. It does not follow that when Wake Forest honors her scholarship and recognizes the deserving efforts of her industrious and enterprising students, it is obligatory and imperative for her, on the other hand, to introduce Greek letter fraternities into the life of the College. To invite the Phi Beta Kappa society to Wake Forest would not mean that the Board of Trustees approves of Greek letter fraternities. Nor would it embarrass this body of men in the least in dealing with Greek letter fraternities in the future. Wake Forest can legislate at any time on any question or concerning any organization she sees fit, without being crippled in her freedom by such a prematurely formed hypothesis.

The second objection advanced against Phi Beta Kappa is the charge that it is undemocratic. The only authentic way of determining whether or not an organization is undemocratic is by a thorough investigation of every phase of its character. Phi Beta Kappa throws its doors open to all students and assures

### Our Representatives

Cover the Campus and Community . . .

COLLECTIONS DELIVERIES			
Grose	Monday		
Appenzeller	Tuesday	MADE ON	
Greene	Monday		THURSDAY
Mrs. Appenzeller	Tuesday		
(Bostwick and Hunter)			
Hall	Tuesday		

### MURRAY CLEANERS

DIAL 3071



### FOR RECORDS, SHEET MUSIC

Largest and Newest Stock  
Both Popular and  
Classic

ALSO SCHOOL SUPPLIES, FOUNTAIN PENS  
LEATHER GOODS, AND GREETING CARDS

### JAMES E. THIEM

PHONE 2-2913

RALEIGH, N. C.

### GREEN GRILL, INC.

324 SOUTH SALISBURY STREET



"The Place for Good Eats"

ALWAYS A GOOD STEAK

W. W. (RED) BALENTINE, Mgr.



every one who meets the high requirements in scholarship that he will receive the coveted distinction. It invites every man—regardless of his rank, standing, and title—and excludes none. The democracy of such an organization is preëminently apparent. Phi Beta Kappa can boast today of twenty thousand members, representing every phase of modern activity—a fact which serves to remind the public again of its cosmopolitan and democratic constituency. On no convincing grounds can it be proved that Phi Beta Kappa is undemocratic, for the preponderance of evidence is too overwhelmingly in favor of the assertion that the Phi Beta Kappa Scholarship Society is one of the most powerful democratic organizations existing in our educational institutions today.



## OUTSTANDING MEN HAVE BEEN ITS EDITORS

(Continued from page eleven)

1902-03—R. C. Dunn, lawyer of Enfield, N. C.; H. E. Craven, presently engaged in the wholesale drug business in Raleigh.

1903-04—G. S. Foote, Norfolk, Virginia businessman; C. P. Weaver, president of Chowan College, author of "Oh, Here's to Wake Forest."

1904-05—A. L. Fletcher, North Carolina Department of Labor; Wingate M. Johnson, professor of medicine at Bowman Gray Medical School.

1905-06—E. B. Earnshaw, bursar of Wake Forest College; G. J. Spence, Elizabeth City lawyer; C. A. Leonard, missionary to China.

1906-07—Charles B. Taylor, pastor in Duplin County; O. R. Mangum, Morganton minister.

1907-08—E. L. Coxn, editorial staff member of the *Baltimore Sun*; Herbert E. Peede, editor of the *Elizabeth City Daily Advance* and president of the North Carolina Press Association.

1908-09—C. D. Creasman, Tennessee minister; R. L. McMillan, Raleigh lawyer and past commander of the North Carolina Department of the American Legion; H. W. Baldwin, Jr., Lakewood, Colorado attorney.

1909-10—J. M. Broughton, Jr., Raleigh attorney and former governor of North Carolina; R. P. Mc-

Cutcheon, dean of the graduate school of Tulane University; A. D. Gore, Raeford lawyer.

1910-11—Gerald W. Johnson, former editor of the *Baltimore Sun*, widely-read biographer of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Adolph Ochs, and Woodrow Wilson; J. C. Smith, Greensboro attorney.

1911-12—Hiram T. Hunter, president of Western Carolina Teachers College, former professor of education at Wake Forest; C. H. Trueblood, pastor at Fayetteville.

1912-13—FRANK A. SMETHURST, former managing editor of the *Raleigh News and Observer*; Romulus Skaggs, principal of the Thomasville High School; L. L. Carpenter, editor of the *Biblical Recorder*.

1913-14—R. E. Williams, editorial writer for the *Raleigh News and Observer*; R. F. Pasehal, Siler City lawyer.

1914-15—I. T. Johnson, Jefferson attorney; C. A. Moseley, graduate of Columbia University, Coca Cola Company executive; H. C. Strickland, Angier lawyer.

1915-16—William Henley Deitrick, Raleigh architect; F. W. Carroll, Hookerton physician.

1916-17—Hubert E. Olive, Superior Court Judge of Lexington, N. C.; I. E. Carlyle, Winston-Salem lawyer, member of the Wake Forest Board of Trustees; Roswell Britton, professor of mathematics at New York University; Wood Privott, Edenton, N. C., Un-

## HOLLOWELL'S FOOD STORE

"GOOD THINGS TO EAT"

FRESH DOWNYFLAKE DONUTS

PHONES 2521 - 2531

## HINE-BAGBY CO., INC.

"Your Store"

CLOTHIERS and FURNISHERS  
TIMELY CLOTHES

Phone 2-3145

412 Trade Street

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

STUDENTS—  
OUR MOTTO IS  
SERVICE



UNDERPASS  
SERVICE STATION

Atlas Tires and Tubes  
WAKE FOREST, N. C.

employment Compensation Commission; Fred Hutchins, Winston-Salem attorney.

1917-18—P. L. Elliott, president of Gardner-Webb College.

1917-18—J. A. McKaughan, Jr., editor, J. B. Lipincott and Company, Philadelphia, Pa.; Robert Lee Humber, founder of the Humber Plan for World Federation; R. P. Burns, Roxboro lawyer; H. B. Eason, educational director of First Baptist Church, of Shelby.

1918-19—P. L. Elliott, president of Gardner-Webb College; A. P. Wood, Charlotte minister.

1919-20—C. L. Weathers, professor of biology at Long Island University; N. E. Gresham, Veterans Administrator at Cherry Point, N. C.; B. B. Poole, Winston-Salem physician.

1920-21—A. R. Whitehurst, secretary of Lance Packing Company, Charlotte, N. C.; R. A. Herring, past president of the Baptist State Convention, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Durham.

1921-22—C. S. Green, former president of Coker College, editor of the Durham *Herald*; A. N. Corpening, Baptist pastor of Bedford, Ind.; J. R. Nelson, pastor of Baptist church at Bethesda, Md.; A. L. Goodrich, editor of the *Record*, a Baptist journal for the state of Mississippi.

1922-23—J. R. Knott, manager of the Charlotte office of the Metropolitan Insurance Company; J. W. Beach, Veterans Administrator in Raleigh.

1923-24—S. N. Lamb, Whiteville pastor.

1925—Publication of the magazine was temporarily suspended during this year.

1926-27—Vester R. Brantley, principal of the John H. Small School, Washington, N. C.; Elbert A. McMillan, professor of psychiatry at Bowman Gray Medical School.

1927-28—HENRY J. OVERMAN, teacher in Alamance County; Robert E. Lee, dean of the School of Law, Wake Forest; Beauford T. Henderson, Winston-Salem attorney.

1928-29—R. Paul Caudill, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Memphis, Tennessee.

1929-30—T. D. Kitchin, Jr., lawyer, farmer of Wake Forest.

In May, 1930 the last issue of *THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT* was published. It was succeeded in December, 1931 by *THE STUDENT*.

1931-32—Graham A. Martin, Jr., now with the Federal Security Agency, Washington, D. C.; Darrell M. Price, editor and publisher of two newspapers in Trieste.

1932-33—J. E. Mathews, Louisburg, attorney.

1933-34—Thompson Greenwood, public relations counselor for the N. C. Department of Agriculture.

1934-35—Frank Norris, physician of the U. S. Naval Medical Corps.

1935-36—Ed Gambrell, now with Southern Bell Telephone Company, Atlanta.

1936-37—Red Johnson, Raleigh physician.

1937-38—Rufus Crater, formerly member of the editorial staff of the Winston-Salem *Journal-Sentinel*, now with UNRRA in Europe.

1938-39—Harry Williams, Roseboro dentist.

1939-40—Eugene F. Brissie, public relations counsel for Ford Motor Company.

1940-41—Wells Norris, editor, the *Armour Star*, Chicago, Ill.

1941-42—Neil B. Morgan, editorial staff of the *San Diego Daily Journal*.

1942-43—Herbert Thompson, graduate student at the School of Journalism, University of Missouri.

#### IN RALEIGH IT'S

**FOGG'S**  
RESTAURANT

*Specializing*

**STEAKS**

**SEA FOOD**

A COMPLETE LINE OF  
GROCERIES and MEATS

— AT —

**MORRIS GROCERY**

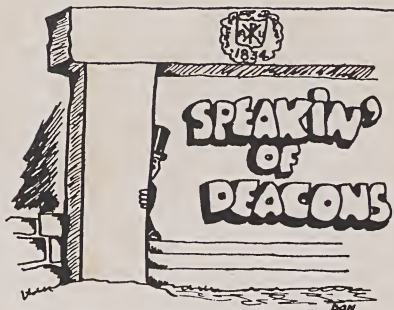
**HOT DOUGHNUTS  
DAILY!**

236-1 : Phones : 306-1

**You'll Find Our Uptown Office  
Convenient**

**WAKE FOREST  
LAUNDRY & CLEANERS**

TELEPHONE 2441



When the electricity failed Tuesday night last, sixteen of us, besides experiencing Moses' dilemma, were rather pleasantly trapped in the Alumni Building in Dr. Folk's short story class. Rising to the situation, the good doctor, after an effective moment of silence, fired his briar and proceeded to tell us that the room across the hall was utilized by the old Medical School as a dissecting room.

"Wouldn't be surprised if bits of flesh and bones were still imbedded in the cracks," he mused.

#### From a recent OG&B:

"Silas Poe Lee graduated from Law School this week. He is going into the clothing business. . . . Congrats, Poe; one can't be overly prepared for business these days. On second thought, this may well be an alarming trend—will a major in Greek be a necessary must for aspiring fruit vendors, one wonders?"

Patrons of the local laundry will be saddened to learn of the untimely departure of Mae O'Velly, the little man whose job it was to pulverize all buttons. Starting soon, he will work for the Infernal Machine Co. as chief consultant in their proposed experiment to split the electron. O'Velly was

feted at Hector Gronsch's home where Alice B. Churl, fellow-employee in charge of mis-matching and shrinking socks, made divers laudatory remarks. Unable to attend was Gregory Gall, inventor of the now-famous "accordion pleat" method of ironing collars, reported to be in bed with a small goiter.

Everett Snyder, in response to many requests, announces that he is laying in a new line of Nabs. Instead of only having a choice between the round and the square types, the student will be able to sate his ravening appetite with rhomb, oval, parallelogram and polygonal forms, as he engages in those between-class forays for meat and drink.

#### Incidentally:

. . . Angel Street's Doti Hawthorth, still unable to tear herself away from the call of the curtain, picking through the food at Miss Jo's in search of the fiendish Mr. Manningham's shirtstuds. . . . The wattage of the library lamps has been upped to 100 in most cases, almost enough to use safely. Students are requested not to bring any more flashlights or candles. . . .

# Vogue

ALWAYS  
SOMETHING  
NEW



CLOTHIERS  
HABERDASHERS  
HATTERS

# Vogue

213 Fayetteville Street  
RALEIGH, N.C.

*W*ITH THE TOP  
STARS OF HOLLYWOOD  
CHESTERFIELD IS  
BY FAR THE  
FAVORITE  
CIGARETTE

**A**  
ALWAYS Milder

**B**  
BETTER TASTING

**C**  
COOLER SMOKING

ALWAYS BUY **CHESTERFIELD**

ALL OVER AMERICA - CHESTERFIELD IS TOPS!

*Ann Sheridan*  
starring in Warner Bros. Production  
"NORA PRENTISS"



# THE STUDENT

THE WAKE FOREST COLLEGE MAGAZINE



VOL. LX. NO. 5

MARCH 1947

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!



E. J. Bray and Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



## EXPERIENCE TAUGHT MILLIONS THE DIFFERENCES IN CIGARETTE QUALITY!

Result: Many millions more people found that they liked Camels best.

IT'S ONLY a memory now, the war cigarette shortage. But it was during that shortage that people found themselves comparing brands whether they intended to or not. And millions more people found that the rich, full flavor of Camel's superb blend of choice tobaccos suited their Taste to a "T." And that their Throats welcomed the kind of cool mildness Camels deliver.

Thus the demand for Camels... always great... grew greater still... so great that today more people are smoking Camels than ever before.

But, no matter how great the demand, this you can be sure of:

*Camel quality is not to be tampered with. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.*

*According to a recent Nationwide survey:*

**MORE DOCTORS  
SMOKE CAMELS**  
*than any other cigarette*

When three independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?—the brand named most was Camel!



Your "T-Zone"  
will tell you...

T for Taste...

T for Throat...

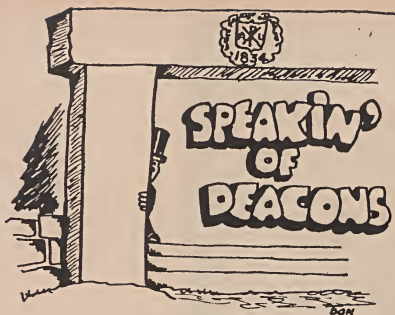
—that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a T.



THE waning popularity of that favorite collegiate embellishment, the "deer" sweater, will mystify and sadden the hearts of most Wake Foresters, especially the 97 per cent who own these tricky woolens. Unlike saddle shoes, which have become a necessary article in the wardrobe of the male student who concedes himself the most remote chance of graduating, this particular type of sweater will probably disappear from our college within two years, according to the kindest calculations. The clothing stores of Raleigh and Durham are glutted with this commodity, and in an emergency conference last week, representatives of these firms voted unanimously to explore the possibilities of shipping their surplus supplies to Lapland, a sort of Lend-Lease arrangement.

Informed campus sources report that this demise is due, in the main, to the dispelling of the rumor that the "deer" sweater would automatically guarantee its wearer a half-page picture in the *Howler*.

In the March 22nd issue of *The Nation*, that wild magazine which has the tenacity to view Communism from a practical point of view, is an article on the "bourbon ideology" of the South. Among



other things, it contains a discussion of certain resolutions adopted by our recently-met Baptist State Convention which favored better coöperation between the races on religious matters, the FECP, anti-lynch legislation, etc. The article charitably quotes a North Carolina textile magnate who, when asked to give his reasons as to what could have possessed the messengers to the convention, answered, "Too many red Baptists—the state is full of them."

Yes, it behooves every Baptist to keep a watchful eye for this threat. Even now, there are cases of some native-born North Carolinians who prefer *borscht* to pot-likker.

Squibs in re the sack:

Dick Harris is said to spend so much of his time in slumber that he has an extra bed. Gives the other one time to cool off between bear-naps.

His friends say that Gerald Wallace is so thin that his bed was made up recently without his valet's knowing that he was still sleeping in it. That's believable. However, the truth may be stretched when you hear that he was actually sent out with the laundry.

"Are you taking Marriage and the Family this semester?"

"Yes," replied comely Sarah Miles, "but I'm taking Business Law and don't intend to become a lawyer."

Nor is this attitude confined to a minority of coeds. Mark you, it will be this selfsame group of misguided zealots who, after marriage, will object to the wifely duties of Spring plowing, etc.

Dr. Black in a talk on the honor system the other nite, told this story of two amateur cribbers:

The exam papers of these boys were so very similar that the only question was, which had done the copying?

The first question was answered in exactly the same words, and duplicate formulas were given for the answer to the second.

Checking the third answer, the good doctor saw these words on the first paper: "I don't know."

On the other paper was this eagy sentence: "I don't know, either."

THE STUDENT, founded January, 1882, is published during the months of October, November, December, February, March, and April by students of Wake Forest College as directed by the college Publications Board. Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Wake Forest, N. C. under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rate: \$1.50 per year.

Represented for national advertising by W. B. Bradbury & Co., 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Editorial correspondence should be addressed to The Editor, Box 3, Wake Forest, N. C.

Advertising and subscription correspondence should be addressed to The Business Manager, Box 298, Wake Forest, N. C.



# Vogue

ALWAYS  
SOMETHING  
NEW



CLOTHIERS  
HABERDASHERS  
HATTERS

# Vogue

213 Fayetteville Street  
RALEIGH, N.C.

Ailing Ray Swain, would-be barrister, has been dosing himself regularly with Retonga for the past few weeks, and may possibly give a testimonial to the newspapers lauding the effect of this medicine on his general health. Entrance into Retonga's Hall of Fame, composed mostly of retired railroad personnel, is no mean achievement, and all Deacontown will be justly proud if Swain, whose pre-Retonga appearance admirably qualified him for a Bela Lugosi role, is selected for this signal honor.

Everyone is glad to see a two-party political system come to the campus. In theory this should improve the calibre of all candidates proposed for office and absence of the names of the best-qualified men from the ballot will disappoint all students. Conversely, it is the duty of every member of the student body to express his choice of these future leaders. Just criticism of all is to be encouraged, but a passive attitude is worth the time of no one.

## VOTE ON ELECTION DAY!

Omnipresent, inquisitive Stapleton Foster Brown, college night-watchman for a number of years, will soon publish his memoirs, a three volume work entitled *I Saw It All*, or *Under the Magnolias*, a whimsical account of amusing little human vignettes.

Even at this writing, the advance sale of Mr. Brown's work has exceeded his wildest expectations. So favorable have been the comments that a number of students and, indeed, some faculty members are avidly vying to purchase the entire edition, including

original manuscript, notes, and copyright privileges.

## Ode to Alex G. Bell

Words can try the soul, although Few are deadlier than these:  
"Love me, dear? Hello, Hello!  
Can you hear me?" "Number please."

From the Book Store Bulletin Board

## FOR SALE

1 disc harrow  
Litter of beagles  
2 doz. used peach baskets  
7 100 lb. bags fertilizer  
1 1929 Ford pickup truck

Reason for selling: too educated to farm.

Phil Harris.

## Blame it on Spring.

An erratic odd surgeon named Dockery  
Thinks the ideas of Lister sheer mockery.

With maddening precision  
He fills each incision  
With small bits of Alice-blue crockery.

From his own lips we had the story. Henry Randall, Charlotte ministerial student who, on weekends, performs odd preaching chores around his native village, was hailed into court during the holidays. Seems he was double-dating with a friend who tried to overtake a highway moonshiner. After several skirmishes with the law in which the friend invariably ran away from the policeman, Henry, car, and driver were nabbed. Henry says the judge wouldn't believe him when he swore the jalopy wouldn't do over thirty-five miles per hour.



# The New Status of Women

An Essay Suggesting Seven New Rules  
for the Conduct of Men

By BYNUM SHAW

THERE was a time when the female portion of the human race understood its calling in life a lot better than it does now. A wistful adage says, "The place of woman is in the home." I don't know whether that's true or not and don't contend that it is, but it is getting more and more apparent that should it be true a lot of folly is being committed by the weaker sex.

Once women were convinced that they were not fulfilling their divine purpose unless they cultivated the gentle arts of cooking, sewing, washing, keeping house, nursing, having babies, and making themselves generally useful.

In return for these bits of feminine utility men the world over for the most part were very devoted to them, loved them, cherished them, honored them, gave them many little considerations, and to a great extent pedestaled them. A regular code of chivalry grew up, and any man who wanted to be a gentleman had to follow it. It was understood, for instance, that a gentleman would always go to the aid of a damsel in distress, that he would bow to his lady's commands, and that all of womanhood should to him be sacred.

That was all in order. The woman who loved her man, bore him children, and took care of the shelter he had provided for them deserved all the devotion she got, not just from her husband but from all men, and the few pictures extant of such women, very few of whom survive, seem to indicate happiness and a full life. In those days the female was universally the unsung helper to the male. Since an unworthy woman was an exception, a rebuff or a slight to any of the fair tribe was an insult to the whole of damselhood and demanded reparation.

At the same time that all this was going on, men were living out their lives, in the many ways that we have. They were working, voting, cursing, smoking, drinking, gambling, wearing pants, fighting, and in general going about the tasks and amusements that set man apart from woman. They were content with their lot, and happy too, to render homage to the weaker sex for its denial of worldly vices and willingness to remain more or less above the sins of the generation.

But times have changed. The place of women is apparently no longer in the home. Their place is everywhere, one would think.

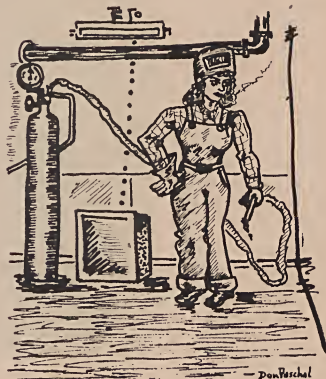
Some years ago women began to usurp the place of men, and at present it looks as if they have taken over

practically every function that made a man a man, at least every one that is biologically possible. First they began looking around and wondering what happened in the world outside during the eight hours that the head of the family was away at the office. Some of them went out themselves one day, and they came back with jobs. It was hardly noticeable at first, not enough to worry about, men said, but the number of them increased until today there are almost as many women at work as there are men.

When women got out into the world and noticed what was happening they began to want to help control things. Our realm was not being run right. They shouted for suffrage. After much coaxing, we let them have it. Now they are running for office. And winning.

They didn't stop there. Men had certain privileges that appealed to them, and one by one the ladies accustom themselves to them. The first evidence of the trend was a voluble "damn!" emitted by a fragile young printer's devil one day when a goatskin of ink spilled onto her new skirt. That opened the doors of profanity to womankind. Now, if anything, women have acquired more skill at damning things than men ever had. They

(Continued on page twenty)



—Don Pischel

# In War and Peace

**The S.S. Wake Forest Victory Honors Its  
Namesake Through Faithful Service**

**By CHARLES GILES**

TWO years ago this month the wars in Europe and the Pacific were still raging. Germany was about to collapse, but it looked as though Japan would hold out at least a year longer.

The invasion of the strongly defended Japanese home islands would be an extremely arduous undertaking. Thousands of ships would be required to transport men and material. Newer, faster ships were urgently needed to supplement and replace the old ten-knot Liberty "rust-pots." This need gave birth to the ship that bears the name of this college—the *S. S. Wake Forest Victory*.

Today—two years later—the *Wake Forest Victory* noses her way up and down the Pacific coast unmolested by Japanese submarines and kamikaze air pilots. No Okinawa, Ulithi, Saipan, or Kobe is now on her itinerary. Rather San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma, and Seattle are her ports of call. There on the bustling west coast, long-shoremen fill her holds with general coastwise cargo. No more guns, tanks, and ammunition. No more war-time hell-holes of the Far East for her crewmen, who now find haven and diversion in the California, Oregon and Washington coastal cities.

The *Wake Forest* now is like the local veteran who put away his khaki and his gun to resume the quiet ways of peace. She is a respectable citizen.

But what was her story during the intervening two years?

The *Wake Forest's* history began early in 1945 when the U. S. Maritime Commission decided to let contracts for a series of forty ships of the Victory class to be named in honor of forty of the oldest educational institutions in the

land. In addition to *Wake Forest*, only Duke and Davidson of North Carolina's colleges were to be so honored.

On March 4, 1945, at Henry Kaiser's Permanent Metals Corporation shipyards at Richmond, Calif., workmen laid the keel for the *Wake Forest*. Just twenty-seven days later she slid down the ways. This was a world's record job for ships of her size, and the Kaiser concern made much of the fact. The whole West Coast heard of the *Wake Forest Victory*, and it is conceivable that the Westerners took notice of the college whose name she bore, the "little" Baptist college in the Carolina redlands, some three thousand miles to the east.

*Wake Forest's* President Kitchin was invited to speak at the March 31st launching exercises, but his duties kept him at the college. To deliver the address on behalf of the college Dr. Kitchin delegated a 1941 graduate then stationed at Seattle, Naval Chaplain Harold L. McManus.

McManus set high standards for both the ship and the college to maintain. Though many miles from his alma mater, the memory of her must have inspired him. When today one reads the following highlights of the chaplain's address to several thousand assembled workmen, officials and spectators, he is proud to be a *Wake Forester*.

"I bring to you the greetings and good wishes of Dr. Kitchin, president of *Wake Forest*, of her faculty, her alumni, and her students. Through the 111 years of *Wake Forest's* history there have passed through her halls men aspiring to become ministers, doctors, lawyers, scientists and educators. She is one of the



The *S. S. Wake Forest Victory* sliding down the ways at Richmond, California on March 31, 1945.



The S. S. Wake Forest Victory, taken a few weeks ago, while tied up at a dock in Tacoma, Washington

leading colleges of the South and many of her sons are among the distinguished of the land.

"It is particularly fitting that in her purpose to contribute to humanity's welfare, she should have this new expression in the medium of a Victory ship bearing her name. In a unique and hitherto undreamed of Wake Forest, through this ship, she will be realizing another avenue of service to humanity in this dark hour of humanity's need.

"We of Wake Forest are proud that you should call this ship by the name of our alma mater. We shall strive to be worthy of the honor, and we make this covenant with you: that you on sea and we on land shall endeavor at all times and at whatever cost to keep a true and worthy course challenged by our common objective: 'Pro Humanity'—'For Humanity.'

"Good luck; Godspeed!"

Was it perhaps symbolic of Wake Forest's democratic way of life that not the wife of some important official but the spouse of a pipefitter was given the honor of christening the vessel?

The Wake Forest student body—only a few hundred strong at that time—was mighty proud of the ship. *Old Gold and Black* ran front page stories with large pictures. An editorial read:

"The Victory Ship *Wake Forest* slid down the ways as a tribute to one of the oldest educational institutions in both North Carolina and the entire South."

Students here asked for particular features of the vessel and the Kaiser enterprise wrote that the ship, like all other Victories, was 455 ft. by 62 ft. (or one and a half football fields by two-thirds of a basketball floor, speaking of their lengths). Her steam turbine carried the power of 6,000 horses. Her cruising speed of 16 knots made her one of the fastest cargo carriers afloat. Into her five cavernous holds 10,759 tons of wheat, shells, trucks could be stowed.

The S. S. *Wake Forest Victory* certainly was a queen

of the Victory fleet. Former Deacons serving in the Pacific would thrill to her sight, would swell their chests and tell their comrades, "She, too, is a Wake Forester!"

While the *Wake Forest* was being outfitted and tested the college's students set about to obtain a worthy gift for the vessel. Under the sponsorship of the Veterans' Club \$100 was raised to purchase a 40-book unit for the ship's library. Also, the faculty, students, and organizations donated books. A ministerial student, it is alleged, threw in two of his Greek textbooks with the remark, "Maybe there'll be a Peloponnesian aboard who can read them; I can't."

The Wake Forest student body received a letter of thanks from the American Merchant Marine Library Association. The AMMLA stated that the book-plates, in part, were to read thus:

THIS LIBRARY  
PRESENTED BY THE  
STUDENTS AND OFFICERS OF  
WAKE FOREST COLLEGE  
WAKE FOREST, NORTH CAROLINA  
COMMEMORATING THE LAUNCHING OF  
THE  
S. S. WAKE FOREST VICTORY  
MAY 1945

The ship was delivered to the Oliver J. Olson and Company for operation in the early part of May, 1945. Captain Henry J. Hummer of Port Orchard, Ore., a man of long sea-going experience, took charge of the vessel and signed on a crew. The Navy sent aboard an Armed Guard gun crew.

The ship was assigned to the Navy for her maiden voyage. At Oakland and Port Huene, Calif., she took on general cargo and medical equipment for the Navy, urgently needed at the time because casualties in the fight for the approaches to Japan were very high.

(Continued on page twenty-six)



# Sixty-three Years Have Brought No Change

## If Reading Maketh a Full Man, Wake Forest Students May Be Going Hungry

By JAMES CREECH

IT is said that human nature never changes. And far as can be determined neither do the reading tastes of Wake Forest students. The results of a study of the library records and an interview with Miss Laura Fleming, circulation librarian, when compared with the results of a similar study made in 1883 and published editorially in the October issue of *THE STUDENT* that year, show that though the titles are different, the books being read today are in the same general class with those which were most popular sixty-three years ago.

According to Miss Fleming, more than three-fourths of the circulation of the college library is required reading, including reserve and other parallel books. "The amount of required reading a student must do often prevents him from reading for pleasure," she said.

The rest of the circulation, about one-fourth of the total, may be considered pleasure reading, and novels lead in this category. Leisure-time readers fall naturally into three groups—those who read to be entertained, those who read to keep up with current best sellers, and those who read for self-improvement.

With the first and second groups Betty MacDonald's *The Egg* and *I* is now very popular. Strangely enough, the book is not a novel; actually it is classified under "Chicken Farming." Actually it is an autobiography.

Among the novels, those by Somerset Maugham and Pearl Buck are consistently among the most popular. *The Razor's Edge* is currently going the rounds. Others in demand are *This Side of Innocence*, *The King's General*, *Brideshead Revisited*, *Arch of Triumph*, *The Lost Week-end*, *The Snake Pit* and *The Hucksters*. A 14th Century novel is also included in this list; Boccaccio's *Decameron* continues to circulate steadily. Several of these books have a waiting list.

John Steinbeck and Ernest Hemingway are also appreciated by students. Among North Carolina authors, Inglis Fletcher and Thomas Wolfe are most read. Miss Fleming said that the library contains very few mystery novels and that these few had a "brisk circulation."

With students who read for self-improvement, *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, *On Being a Real Person* and *God Is Not Dead* are popular. Other books on religion, music and psychology are read by this group.

In attempting to learn what students read in their leisure time, magazines must also be considered. *Life*, *Time*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *Reader's Di-*

*gest*, *National Geographic*, *Popular Mechanics* and *Popular Science* are the most read and looked at periodicals in the library.

*Life*, *Time*, *Collier's*, *Liberty*, *Look*, *Esquire* and the *Saturday Evening Post* are found in most fraternity chapter rooms. A recently completed survey found one or more of these magazines in five chapter rooms. *Life*, *Look*, and *Esquire* were more numerous. In two chapter rooms no magazines were seen.

At Edward's Pharmacy these magazines are best sellers: *Life*, *Look*, *Pic*, *Coronet*, *True Confessions*, *Modern Romances* and *Time*. The *Sunday News*, featuring a large comic section, leads in the newspaper field.

M. E. (Shorty) Joyner said that he sold more comic books than any other type of magazine but added that these were purchased chiefly by the small fry of the town. Other magazines sold in quantity are *Life*, *Look*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Coronet* and sports and movie magazines. Here, too, the *Sunday News* outsells all other newspapers.

Several magazines which are frowned upon by moralists and scorned by men of letters are stocked in these stores, but few of any particular one are sold. This leads to the assumption that such literature is not purchased by name but by the relative states of disrepute of the highly exposed ladies who customarily adorn their covers.

Although these stores serve the townspeople and country folk as well as college students, a significant percentage of magazine and newspaper sales goes to students.

It would be difficult to be exact in determining what students read in their leisure time. A reporter would have to be omnipresent to find out how many students read the funnies on Sunday or leaf through *Sir* and *Salute* while eating a hotdog at Shorty's.

These tastes are not peculiar to our own time. In 1883 an associate editor of *THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT* made a similar study and wrote an admonishing editorial relating the facts he uncovered. At that time few of the current periodicals were on sale; in fact there wasn't even a "Shorty's." But, according to J. C. C. Dunford, the writer, the reading preference of the students was much the same as today.

In the college library the editorialist took a peep

(Continued on page twenty-three)



# Then and Now

## The Story of the Rise and Fall of the Popularity of the Wake Forest - N. C. State Easter Monday Baseball Rivalry

By TOMMY CREED

DURING the first quarter of the century, when Spring Holidays were unheard of, the annual Easter Monday baseball game between State and Wake Forest was the biggest sporting event of the year for the two schools and perhaps the outstanding collegiate athletic contest of the entire state.

Until the turn of the century Wake Forest's sports classic had been the annual meeting of the Deacons and the Trinity Blues. Football was still young and hadn't become too popular in the southland where baseball still reigned supreme. But as the twentieth century was ushered in, North Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical College became the arch rivals of the Deacons and their Easter Monday meeting became famous for its color and keen rivalry.

It is Easter Monday in the year 1900 and a capacity crowd is jammed into the stands of the West Raleigh school to witness the first meeting of the two Wake County rivals. Banners, bearing the names of the two schools, add a note of color to the stands. The crowd follows every move of the players intently. Cheers break out sporadically as favorite players step up to the plate.

For seven and a half innings neither team is able to score. Then with one out in the eighth inning Fenner of A. and M. walks, advances to third on a hit, and scores as Person, the A. and M. pitcher knocks a long fly to centerfield.

The Deacons, not to be outdone, began the ninth with a sharp single by Royster, the Wake Forest catcher. He was advanced to third on successive sacrifices, and possibilities looked good for the Deacons. Rogers, the next batter, hit a pop fly that fell near the foul line just as the fleet Royster scored. The State team made no play and finally the ball rolled foul, forcing Royster back to third. The batter, Rogers, met the next pitch solidly but it was caught for the third out.

Thus the first Easter Monday tilt was recorded as a victory for the Raleigh team, but Coach Crozier's Wake Forest nine evened the series the following year by scoring a convincing 8-6 win over their rivals.

With only two holdovers from the great team of 1902, Wake Forest lost the next two Easter Monday games to State, but the scores were, in both instances, close and certainly not a disgrace to the Deacons. In 1905 Wake Forest bounced back with what might have been considered an upset by beating the State team 8-3 on Easter Monday. The game was regarded by baseball addicts of the day as one of the "prettiest" ever played in Raleigh.

Although the majority of the spectators witnessing the game were students from the two schools, there were quite a number of other fans on hand for the contest. The annual event was gaining in popularity among other baseball enthusiasts.

Misfortune hovered over the Deacon camp for the remainder of Coach Crozier's administration as mentor of the Deacon baseball club as far as the annual classic with State College was concerned. In spite of the fact that Wake Forest seemed destined to lose every Easter Monday game during these years, the games never lost their color and sparkle, and above all their capacity to excite the spectators.

Coach Frank Thompson took over the managerial reins of Wake Forest baseball in 1912 and proceeded to stop the Easter Monday losing streak. Enthusiasm soared possibly to its highest peak among Wake followers in 1913 when Coach Thompson's team won the North Carolina state championship, winning twenty of twenty-two games. The twenty games won included the Easter Monday classic. After winning this game the season would have been considered successful had the Deacons lost all the others. At the end of the season, speeches were made by both students and faculty members congratulating Coach Thompson on his fine work in molding a championship team.

Wake Forest and State continued to meet in Raleigh each Monday following Easter and continued to play sensational baseball. Soon the occasion was to grow in importance to the point that college officials declared a holiday at this time each year so that all students might attend the big game.

As a result of the keen rivalry between the student

(Continued on page twenty-one)



# Democracy's Mos

Americans Must Guard  
themselves In

By DOUGLAS

THE smartly dressed, middle-aged woman sped along the highway in her sleek sedan obviously in a hurry, obviously pre-occupied. She approached a long, level stretch of highway and smiled at the possibility of gaining some time. Up ahead there became visible a white wisp of escaping steam and finally she heard the long wail of a freight train. Simultaneously she saw the jumping red signal, maneuvered to a slow stop and fortified her patience for a long wait as the train slowly crawled by. "There ought to be a law against it," she muttered indignantly.

The heavy-set, dark skinned man walked through the swinging doors of the hardware store, made his way to the aluminum ware counter and stood glancing over the array of shiny pots and pans spread before him. He indicated his choice to a clerk who wrapped the item and returned his change. He turned and walked to the door mumbling, "What a price, there ought to be a law against it."

An elderly, well-dressed gentleman stepped out of his cab, paid the driver and walked to the ticket window. Removing his gloves, he fished out another bill, purchased his ticket and walked into the theatre. It was dark inside and the house seemed full. A good seat would be hard to find. Shortly, however, an usher approached and led him midway down the aisle to a very choice location. He removed his coat, sat down, and looked toward the screen to enjoy the picture. All he

could see, however, were scattered parts of it and these through the complicated bits of a huge ridiculous hat perched on the top of the lady in front of him. "Curses," he muttered, "there ought to be a law against it."

The night was raw and bitter, chill winds whistled and cold slush lay on the streets as the thinly wrapped man waited at a corner in the hope of stopping a cab. Shortly he saw one coming a block away and as it pulled to the curb, he dashed back to a doorway to get his luggage. He turned around and to his dismay saw a large figure in a raccoon coat dash out from the corner and jump into the waiting taxi. It pulled away and the man was left standing there sputtering with rage. "There ought to be a law against such people," he shouted.

Everyday, as the above examples might indicate, thousands of Americans voice a phrase the utter implications of which might well cause it to be considered the most dangerous phrase a democratic citizen could employ, regardless of its seeming justification. This phrase is the familiar lament "there ought to be a law against it." These words might well be likened to a pet rattle liable at any moment to revert to form and strike with deadly poison at the handler. For, without realizing it, the casual user of this phrase is actually advocating an end to our democratic way of life. He is unconsciously suggesting that his every freedom be usurped and that he come to rely upon his government for his every act, his every motive, and his very livelihood.

Governments are formed primarily to function as protective devices for the flow of commerce, and for the methods by which men make a living. The Sophists taught that Governments were devices created by the weak to protect them from the strong. At any rate, we can assume that the prime purpose of Government is to afford protection to its citizenry. Beyond this point the citizen theoretically must choose his own path. Any attempt of Government to infringe beyond this boundary of its necessity into the domain of private citizenry can well bear the markings of dictatorship.

Our democracy was founded upon the principles of freedom for men, and the governmental structure was established as an agency of protection for its citizens. From the beginning, we determined the extent of our governmental powers and gave indication of this limit-

## — A Student Vignette — Death in Tientsin

The warm, gentle sun flooded the morning with pure, clean light, and a soft breeze brought in from the sea all the pleasant odors of the new-born spring.

So clean was the sunlight that even the poverty-stricken villages on either side of us were transformed into splendid kingdoms. The mud huts seemed to grow from the earth and glitter like ancient castles.

The simple people of the villages were engaged in equally simple tasks. The women washed clothes in earthen tubs or squatted by tiny streams washing dishes. The men patiently tended sparsely scattered rice fields and led oxen here and there. The children romped on the white sand beach—a small rubber ball their only toy.

So all was peaceful as the little landing craft carrying our thirty man liberty party to Tientsin plowed stubbornly up the Peiping River.

"Hey, fellows! Look!"

All eyes followed the outstretched arm. The swollen, angry river had tossed something upon the beach. On closer scrutiny it was quite obviously a man—a dead man, the body covered with tattered rags.

(Continued on page twenty-five)

# os Dangerous Phrase

## Guar Against Legislating Them- res In Totalitarianism

DOUELAM

tation by use of the inscription on our coins which reads "In God We Trust."

Then why is the phrase "There ought to be a law" so dangerous? In answering this we could well offer three resultant conditions which a preponderance of government regulation would invariably bring about. To illustrate the point, we can call upon history for proof. The first condition likely to result is dictatorship as witnessed by the former German and Italian governments. Here the state assumed control of all functions. Not only did the dictator afford theoretical protection to all citizens but he held power directly over every function of life. The second resulting condition would be that of a managed economy whereby all functions of life, industry, trade, health, art, music would be subject to bureaucratic planning; and all would theoretically work like clockwork under the master plan by virtue of power vested by law. The third condition is complete anarchy. Unpopular laws cannot be enforced unless a powerful coalition seizes the reins of government and controls the military of a country. The recent example of our experience with the OPA law can well give indication that a weakly enforced, unpopular law can serve only to break down the existing powers of government.

We have federal laws dealing with tax regulations on bottled liquor and licenses for selling it. In addition, every state and most counties parade a grand array of liquor control laws. Yet are these effective? No! They serve only to provide employment for thousands of enforcement officers. These zealots stage perhaps annually a big drive into the hills and canyons of the back country, wreck a few stills, and jail a few rum-runners. The reason for their efforts is to amass a record sufficiently impressive to warrant their continuance in office. Actually they are not in favor of the law except that it provides employment. Certainly the bootleggers do not favor it except that it allows them bigger profits. And most definitely do the consumers object to it as it greatly increases the cost of alcohol. Yet somehow through political maneuvering, lobbyists, pressure groups, and in spite of the consumers' howls, the liquor laws remain in control year after year—perfect examples of statutes that offer no improvement and cannot be enforced by reason of unpopularity.

Multiply the preceding examples to include several hundred such lame statutes and agencies—all serving to persecute certain groups at the expense of others—

and the result will be a complete break-down of law and a state of anarchy.

It seems that man by his very nature was endowed with the right to individual freedom—freedom of social action, speech, thought, and worship of deity. Man plays a definite role in nature's fight to survive and by virtue of his superior mental capacity has been enabled to rule as lord over the physical universe. With the influx of organized societies made necessary by the increase in human population, it became necessary to formulate laws which would work for the well-being of the society. However, history is overrun with examples of excessive oppression by laws. These run through the ranks of absolute monarchy, revolution, anarchy, dictatorship, state socialism, and generally undesirable political conditions. It seems that in making laws and organizing states for social protection, men have always tended to overlook the dangers of excessive regulation by the government and consequently have seen terrifying results.

In building and strengthening our own nation which is yet comparatively young, let us keep alert to examples of the past. Let us profit by mistakes of our predecessors and avoid the pitfalls of governmental tyranny. If we remain ever aware of this danger, we will develop greater respect for our existing statutes, cooperate in making them effective and cease to declare idly that "there ought to be a law against it."

### — A Student Vignette —

## First With the News

Larry Danton hurried down Garden Street, knifing his way through the bustling downtown traffic. His trim brown and white shoes rained short rapid steps on the pavement.

Graying and in his forties, the bantam-sized man scurried in and out of the milling throng of big city folk. His sharp-featured face bore an alert look. His mind seemed to race, keeping pace with the brisk pelting of his small feet on the sidewalk.

Every inch a newspaperman, the man of many scoops, he shot periodical glances at his wrist watch. His every move was one of swiftness. His renown as the reporter "first with the news" was well deserved.

Stepping from the sidewalk into Beaver Street, Larry was startled by an automobile careening toward him. He leaped backward.

A woman nearby screamed. There was a screech of brakes and the sound of metal striking flesh. Larry was smashed to the pavement.

(Continued on page twenty-two)



# Wee-quo-whom Diary\*

A Description of the Falls of Neuse, Once the Scene of Thriving Industry and Later a Famous Trysting Place and Picnic Site for Wake Forest Students

By EVELYN McDANIEL

*Illustrated by the Author*

*"We sat down at the falls of a large creek, where lay mighty Rocks, the Water making a strange Noise as if a great many Water-Mills were going at once."*

John Lawson, gentleman and explorer, entered this description in his *History of North Carolina* in 1714, bringing into existence the first historical reference to the Falls of Neuse, the quiet little community that gathers itself and its wooden houses closely around the swift falls of the river Neuse, five miles west of Wake Forest.

For all we know, the Lawson party, then exploring the interior of the state for the Proprietors of North Carolina, may have stopped there to watch comely Indian maidens drawing water from the river. The vicinity around the falls was then settled by Tuscarora Indians, thriving traders, reported to have been the fiercest tribe in this region. Years later the spot was to become popular and even famous as a picnic site and a trysting place for Wake Forest students.

Five miles was no distance at all to walk for a picnic if as delightful surroundings as those found at the Falls of Neuse were to be found. And often times students walked there without the promise of a lunch for their pains. Each spring when the flowering arbutus and azaleas enhanced the natural beauty of the place, the spot was visited by innumerable young couples. Without a doubt, many Wake Forest men must have made love and proposed on the very spot where two centuries before other men had paused to rest and enjoy the same picturesque scene.

The broad, flat rocks where the Lawson party rested and where two generations of Wake Forest men entertained at picnic banquets, at times, have served more serious purposes. Until recent years, nearly all the baptismal services of the colored churches in the area have been held there. And for hundreds of years they have served as a fishing bank and as a haven for tired swimmers.

Today one enters the town by a ruddy, clay road

\* Wee-quo-whom was the Tuscarora Indians' pronominal name for the Falls of Neuse.

which rises to a high bluff, then drops abruptly almost to the river basin. Only a little above the level of the water stretches an even expanse of hard, dry land, following the course of the river for a short distance, then melting again into the steep wall of the river bank. The impenetrable quiet that pervades the places seems almost a tangible thing. It is broken only by the constant rumble of the falls, still "making a strange noise as if a great many water mills were going at once."

The sense of calm is a deceptive one now, however, for the Diana Cotton Mills, opened last June, gives the vicinity a slightly urban personality.

The industrialization of the Falls of Neuse began before the Civil War when a paper mill was built flanking the swiftly flowing river near the broad, flat rocks. The mill produced only rag paper for the process for manufacturing paper from wood pulp was then unknown. During the war the mill was one of two in all of North Carolina which continued to operate and housewives were urged to save their scraps and rags for use by the mill at the falls. In those days the mill was operated by a Scotsman, Angus McReath, and produced all the paper used by the Raleigh papers. Today this man's son, J. H. McReath, the village's oldest resident, reminisces about the days when wagons, loaded with heavy bundles of paper, would begin the long, slow, thirteen mile trip over the wagon road to Raleigh.

Just prior to the turn of the century, the competition of the Canadian paper mills brought to a close the waning prosperity of the Neuse River plant, and for a short while, there was an ominous silence in the mill buildings. The inhabitants of the village went elsewhere to seek a livelihood.

In 1902 the little town witnessed still another transformation; the old paper mill equipment was carried out and new machinery brought in. The mill began producing cotton goods. Unable to maintain successful production, however, the mill changed hands in 1913 and became the Neuse Manufacturing Company. Successful for many years, the mill finally failed again in 1936 and the old building once more lay idle.



The struggle of the owners for successful operation became the struggle of the people of the town. The mill is their only occupation, their main topic of conversation, their very existence; when the mill closes, the people silently leave to seek work in the mills of other towns. Yet when the mill reopened after two years of inactivity, it was doomed to failure in the minds of the people, and their prophetic attitude proved true, for the new organization enjoyed only a brief career of six months before the equipment was sold as junk to Japan.

The war years were particularly trying to the people of the Falls of Neuse. They commuted in coöperative groups to the Royal Mill in Wake Forest, and to Milburne, and others left to find work in nearby Raleigh and elsewhere. Even the general store was closed, and the quiet village, which normally appears deserted, seemed emptier than ever.

The town was not entirely deprived of progress through these years of troubled peace, however, for in 1937 the old one-way bridge was torn down and a new one was built on the site of the old ford, where the river was crossed before there was a bridge at all.

The most important event in many years, though, was the flood rise of the river two years ago, when the water rose 20 feet above its normal level of flow, and four feet above any height previously reached. Fortunately, the homes of the residents are built on the high hills that are the steep banks of the river, and the

water came scarcely above floor level in most of the homes.

Second only to the excitement of the flood is the prospect of soon having telephones and a paved road to connect their seclusive township with the surrounding country, for there is no newspaper in the town, nor a doctor. Communication is solely by word of mouth, and, of course radio; but in times of emergency the villagers must drive along the clay Raleigh-Oxford road to find aid.

Drained of many thousands of gallons of water for the water supply of several towns nearby, the depleted current of the river no longer furnished adequate power for the operations of a mill, and electricity is used, although the old wooden structure that was the water wheel may still be seen, now still and silent.

Perhaps it has been their many troubles which has made the people of the Falls of Neuse a sympathetic people but it is an established fact that they have profound sympathy for the present generation of Wake Forest men. Scarcely any home there has not witnessed a midnight visitation from a plaintive-voiced fraternity pledge, trudging aimlessly about, lost and trying to find the way back to the campus. They've seen the planks in the old bridge counted year after year by the torturers, who never, somehow, arrive at the same total. But these midnight and early morning visits are the antithesis of the gay, carefree, and romantic hayrides, and hikes with swimming or fishing as their aims which had the Falls of Neuse as their terminus in other years.

### The Falls of Neuse



# THE STUDENT

THE WAKE FOREST COLLEGE MAGAZINE

VOL. LX

MARCH 1947

No. 5

## THE STAFF

JESSE GLASGOW, *Editor*

PAUL B. BELL, *Business Manager*

Prof. D. A. Brown, *Faculty Adviser*

## CONTRIBUTING

Dot Vaughn, Don Lee Paschal, *Art Work*; E. W. Chilton, James Creech, Tommy Creed, Doug Elam, Jim Hawkins, Evelyn McDaniels, Bill Mellwaine, Sanford Martin, Bynum Shaw, and Bob Wilson, *Editorial Matter*; Gerald Wallace, *Technical Assistance*.

## BUSINESS ASSOCIATES

Grady Patterson, Jr., *Assistant Business Manager*; Emile Fisher, *Circulation Manager*; Bill Hobbs, Campbell McMillan, and Jack Caldwell, *Advertising Salesmen*.

## ERRATUM

An article in *THE STUDENT*'s anniversary issue last month undertook to list 126 former editors of the magazine and to tell something about each of them. The list was prepared hurriedly, making inaccuracies possible and probable. To date, however, only one error has been exposed. The mistake was made at the expense of Mr. George J. Spence, a prominent attorney of Elizabeth City who was listed as being deceased. Mr. Spence writes, quoting Mark Twain, that "the report of my death has been greatly exaggerated." A copy of the magazine's last issue recently sent to him affords him an opportunity few people have: reading something akin to his own obituary. Mr. Spence was an honor graduate in the class of 1906 and has practiced law for more than forty years. While a student here he made friends with a number of men who later became Wake Forest professors. Among them are Dr. T. D. Kitchin, Dr. Hubert Poteat, Dr. W. E. Spens, Prof. J. G. Carroll, Prof. H. A. Jones, Mr. E. B. Earnshaw, and Mr. C. J. Jackson.



## NEXT MONTH

The last number of Volume LX of *THE STUDENT*, according to present plans, will have as its theme "The New Wake Forest." Through the coöperation of the Winston-Salem Chamber of Commerce, Mr. C. J. Jackson, director of the Wake Forest Enlargement Program, and Mr. Jens F. Larson, the college architect, articles describing the plans for the new school at Winston-Salem will be featured. The issue will include aerial photographs of Reynolda and Graylyn and possibly the proposed plan for the arrangement of the new campus.

## THIS MONTH'S WORK

Pictured on this month's cover is Mr. E. B. Earnshaw, who is this spring completing his fortieth year as bursar of Wake Forest College. The 1942 *Hoxler*, which was dedicated to him, said of Mr. Earnshaw: "He has met every demand with a sense of understanding and friendliness, inspiring in students and colleagues alike the highest admiration and respect." *THE STUDENT* publicly endorses this deserved praise by featuring an article about him in this issue.

Jim Hawkins, Mr. Earnshaw's Boswell in the article appearing on pages fourteen and fifteen, came to Wake Forest last spring after serving five years in the army air force. The army, he says, left him with an intense desire to do more traveling. Writing occupies his spare time right now, but he hopes to make it his profession. Believing that interesting stories may be found where one would least expect to find them, Jim is letting his home in Richmond, Virginia, serve as a base for an increasing number of journeys which he hopes will provide him with story material.

James Creech, authority on the reading habits of Wake Forest students (see the article on page six), is a junior from Four Oaks, the Johnson County metropolis where ninety years ago this spring four little trees sprang from one acorn. Jimmy, who has done hitchhikes both in the navy and at Campbell College, describes himself as being the weak, silent type who prefers his mother's cooking to anything served in these parts. His only vice, according to a prejudiced roommate, is that he snores unharmoniously.

Tommy Creed, one of four students who is contributing to *THE STUDENT* for the first time this month, is a junior from Greensboro. While in high school he handled sports for his yearbook and wrote for the *Greensboro Record* but on coming to Wake Forest found his duties as a football manager left him little time for writing. Now retired as a manager, Tommy keeps in touch with sports even closer by reading about and attending athletic contests more often than he had time for before "retiring." He hopes to do newspaper work after graduation from Wake Forest next spring.

Traipsing from one department to another in search of a hidden talent, Evelyn McDaniel has left, at least partially, her pre-medical, socially scientific, and psychological approaches to life and is presently foistering herself upon the journalistic life of the campus. She introduced her talents to *THE STUDENT* first through the highly artistic drafting of the cover title, and now in the article, *Wee-quo-whom Diary*. A senior from Miami, Florida, where nothing but the Indians can be traced back further than one man's short lifetime, Mac finds herself intrigued by the antiquities of such communities as the Falls of Neuse, whose history travels a longer and more tradition-ridden road to reach the Indians.

# Pen Pan Alley

By SANTFORD W. MARTIN

## MY KIND OF MINISTER

HAVE you ever stopped to remember that you and I will be the pillars or the pebbles of the congregations of tomorrow, sitting in front of the future preachers of today? Have you ever given a second serious thought to the type of minister you want in that pulpit? Fortunately, or unfortunately, I have.

And in view of the many chances that so many of us let slip by unnoticed at the time, I take this opportunity—maybe the only one I'll ever have—to give a minute portion of the world my idea of the most effective type of minister. Also, in view of the fact that many of you readers—if there are any—have your own ideas of the kind of minister under whom you want to learn the word of God, I say humbly that this is merely a description of the kind of man under whom I want to learn more about the word of God. You may want your minister to be more liberal or more conservative. And that's your choice, to be made and to be contented with under the freedom that is ours as citizens of a country that permits all men to speak the truth as they see it.

Thus, here he is, my kind of minister—some may call him a demon, others may consider him somewhat of a saint, so to speak. As for me, he's the one regular guy who can influence the biggest "bully" on the block as well as lend a melting smile to Aunt Matilda's ability to make the best cup cakes for the Wednesday night pre-prayer meeting social.

First of all the man I want as my minister—and he's more of a minister than a preacher—is the kind of man who possesses a strong personality, a keen wit, an open mind, a liberal intellect, a tolerant outlook, unpretentious humility, and a firm conviction that most questions can possibly have two sides and that it's no sin to change your outlook when a new truth punctures an old superstition. He believes that the *best* minister is the *trained* minister, and that the only trained minister is the man who has grappled on the battlefield of intellectual method versus formulated creed.

My minister is the kind of man who believes that Jesus and His disciples were not a peculiar people, *literally* set apart in pious little clichés of religious

conceit and self-conscious righteousness and artificial fellowship. He believes that the only separateness, the only aloofness, the only peculiarity in which Jesus believed and which he taught was that of a shining and lifting example which could *safely* rub elbows with the lowliest little harlot at the well as well as the highest priest in the temple.

My minister is the kind of man who gives mother and dad and the scripture readings by the fire their due credit, *but who also says*, "Try to develop the lessons learned from their biblical interpretations and try to make them more perfect, more adaptable to the present day. Remember that you're an heir to *all the ages* and a slave to *none* of them, and that your greatest obligation is to learn to live in harmony with our present universe of thought."

My minister is the kind of man who doesn't waste his time, his talent, his energy in *arguments* over the reason for the *two* accounts of Saul's death in the Old Testament or the forces which caused the waters of the Red Sea to roll back or even whether or not Jonah was swallowed by the whale and delivered safely therefrom. He believes that those literalists who are as concerned over the number of chickens in Noah's Ark as they are over the doctrine behind the beautiful and very understandable message of our Saviour's Sermon on the Mount are to be helped rather than avoided.

My minister is the kind of man who believes that no real Christian is so dubious of the strength of his moral standards that, for fear of becoming stained, he will lock himself between the clannish, the "clieheish," the "groupish," the "me-tooish" walls of an ivory tower of religious snobbery. He believes that the weakest minds in the Christian program are those would-be disciples who walk around with sanctimonious noses tilted to the sky in quest of a golden key with which to lock their minds to all future *truths* and revelations that might be contrary to their time-worn interpretation of the old, old story.

My minister believes that there's a very definite and essential spark of goodness in everyone—from the little

(Continued on page twenty-four)





*In 1947, he completes forty years.*

**H**ANDLING money is his business. He takes the money you pay for an education; he spends the college's money to see that you get a better education. He is Elliott B. Earnshaw, who is this spring completing his fortieth year as bursar of Wake Forest College.

There is no "Private" on his office door; there are smiling faces and helpful hands in his general office; the door to his private office is open—equally—to a trustee, a business man, a professor, or a student.

Forty years in an office have made few changes—his hair is thin and white; but his hand is firm and his eye is bright. He is of average height, has a clean face and a lean straight body showing that he was and is an active sportsman; his voice is clear; he speaks to the point; he writes clearly and rapidly; he handles business matters first. Yet, a good story is welcome and there is usually another in exchange.

He was born and reared in Georgia. Sui! Elliott Earnshaw began life on August 28, 1881, in the town of Cartersville, Georgia. He spent his boyhood in the cities of Atlanta and Macon. What free time he had he used to help support his widowed mother; yet he managed to complete a high school education at the Boys High School in Atlanta.

The regular session of 1901 found him at North Carolina State College in Raleigh; the young Mr. Earnshaw had decided he wanted to be a mechanical engineer. But one year was enough. True, he did make the highest average in his freshman class but the requirement that each student "do" several

# "Watchdog" ch

A Biography of the Forty Years Mr. Earnshaw

By JAWW

hours per week in the blacksmith shop changed his mind; he said, "the smoke gets in your eyes."

Mr. Earnshaw came to Wake Forest College in 1902. But Dr. Sledd's requirements for English 3 stood in the way. The catalog demanded that each student be familiar with ten classics and Earnshaw had not even read one. After reading a theme about which he said, "the trouble is that you pick up a tree to kill a mouse with," the good teacher reduced the list to four and told the hopeful student to return the following Tuesday to be examined.

A saddened Earnshaw left; it was then Saturday and he was definitely not a fast reader. He started for his room to pack his trunk to return to State. But a tap on the shoulder interrupted him; there stood Dr. Charles E. Taylor, then College president, who said, "Young man, come in here." They went into the Bursar's office and talked for a half hour. Earnshaw decided that he ought to stay at a school where the President took time to talk to a student, still a stranger. So, with the help of condensed versions of the required books, Mr. Earnshaw managed to pass his test.

And Dr. Taylor found that he had done himself a favor when he persuaded young Earnshaw to stay on, for later he married the youngest of Dr. Taylor's six daughters.

Wake Forest College of 1902 had 315 students and about five buildings, including old Wait Hall, the Library, the Chemistry Building, what is now the Social Science Building, and the old Chapel Building.

Among the members of his class student Earnshaw found a comrade who enjoyed a good game of tennis. He and his friend, young Hubert Poteat, became the best team ever to represent Wake Forest on the tennis court. They played intercollegiate tennis for four years, 1904 to 1908, losing only one match. The year 1907 proved to be their best. They went to Atlanta that spring and won the Southern Intercollegiate doubles title, defeating the team of Carter and Middlebrooks from the University of Georgia in the finals in three straight sets. The singles champion-



*These students, Hubert Poteat and Elliott Earnshaw, won distinction to Wake Forest for their tennis championship.*



# the Treasury"

## Mr. Earnshaw Has Spent Serving Wake Forest JAWKINS

mind: ship was settled between the two Wake Forest stars with Poteat winning 8-6, 8-6, 6-0.

192. The 1947 catalog says about Mr. Earnshaw: *B.A. Wake Forest College, 1906; M.A. ibid., 1908; Instructor in Mathematics and Acting Bursar, Wake Forest College, 1906-7; Bursar and Secretary, ibid., since 1907; Assistant Secretary of the Board of Trustees, ibid., 1907-23; Superintendent of the College Hospital, ibid., since 1911; Secretary of the Board of Trustees, ibid., since 1923.*

It all began because he had to earn his way. A recommendation that Earnshaw be given a job came from Dr. Vann, then President of Meredith, addressed to Professor Mills of the Mathematics Department, since in those days the mathematics teacher was also the college Bursar. Young Elliott Earnshaw began as assistant to the bursar in 1903. Advancement came quickly after graduation; he became acting bursar and mathematics instructor in 1906 just as

his tennis companion was beginning to teach Latin, and in 1907 he was appointed bursar of the College as a full time job, and became the first who did not have to teach as well as care for college business.

But it wasn't an easy job; the bursar did without help in 1907 and served as the College registrar as well, a job that he held until 1920. Even after help came the Bursar and the president shared the same secretary—a young lady who was none other than Mr. Earnshaw's wife.

For an office the bursar had to get along with the room that is now the South Reading Room in the Library—but by the end of the year he moved into the same general location in old Wait Hall that the present office has in the new. The fine modern machines were lacking; figures were added the old fashioned way. It was strictly a one man job, even at registration time.

One registration day a new student handed him a plain paper bag, indicating that payment was within. It was. The fellow was a temperamental musical student and had given a concert two days before to earn enough to enter school. Admission had been \$1.00. So the surprised bursar found a bag of one



In 1907, he completed four years.

dollar bills, each nicely wadded, separately. The whole registration line had to wait while the harassed Mr. Earnshaw smoothed out enough of the necessary bills to cover payment.

The office that began as a one man affair seemed to get more complicated each year; everything increased but the college debt which was soon paid off. The endowment rose from around \$287,000.00 to the present \$3,000,000.00—which does not include the Reynolds gift. The yearly budget increased from a small \$48,000.00 to \$568,000.00 per year; and the student body reached its present total of over 1,500 on Wake Forest Campus alone.

What does the Bursar do? He is like a father to a family. After Earnshaw had received his appointment, the Chairman of the Board of Trustees said of him, "There is the watchdog of the Treasury." And he has been that and a lot more. His business is more than merely receiving money from students; he pays bills, he watches the college's financial records, he is an important factor in making contracts. And this particular bursar has gone beyond merely keeping financial records to taking a very active and helpful interest in the many various activities of the college and in its future.

In years past each student was required to pay fourteen separate fees. However, with the approval of all concerned, the efficiency-minded bursar reduced that number to the present level of three—general fees, tuition fees, and the graduation fee.

Like other working people the college teachers like to be paid regularly; they seem to want to know when to expect payment of their just dues. Yet,



Hubert and Elliott Earnshaw brought they won the Southern Con- ample!

when Mr. Earnshaw became bursar, there was no regular time for payment; the good teachers were not even sure they would get the money. But this new bursar, who knew full well how they felt, asked the Board of Trustees to authorize regular monthly payments, even if the money had to be borrowed. This was done and salaries have been paid by the last of the month ever since then except during a 1914 panic when the local bank was issuing script. Even then the resourceful bursar had the money in ten days.

One of the biggest problems was the lack of safe storage for the college records. These papers, including financial records, registrar's books, and faculty and trustee meeting minutes, dating back to 1834, were exposed to fire. Mr. Earnshaw recommended and the Board of Trustees approved a vault. The college was well repaid because when old Wait Hall burned in 1933 the vault held and the records were intact.

To keep up with what is being done in the business offices of the best institutions of the country, Mr. Earnshaw became a member of the Association of University and College Business Officers of the Eastern States in 1922; this organization holds yearly meetings to discuss current problems common to all. Today that organization is of great aid in helping its members handle veteran's problems. A steady worker with an eye for improvement, he became Vice President in 1926 and President in 1929 and, as President, was one of the leaders in the fight to standardize the reports all colleges send to the government so that fair comparisons and accurate studies can be made.

Wake Forest College may have been small, but its bursar was in there looking for the best with an eye on the future and, as a result, Wake Forest is today ready to assume the larger position given it by the Reynolds gift.

Always active, Mr. Earnshaw has managed to complete many projects for the college such as planning and building the brick walks around the campus with the hope that every path may be paved some day; he spent weeks with only one helper making a complete card catalog of the alumni; he was responsible for the faculty retirement plan now in effect and a plan which provides for group insurance to cover hospitalization and medical care.

Then there is the new plan for which the professors are grateful. The Board of Trustees approved Mr. Earnshaw's suggestion that every member of the faculty having professional rank be given every third summer off with pay.

But a Bursar's life isn't all work. Anyone who happens to pass his home one block north of the campus on a warm Saturday afternoon might find him at work in the neat flower garden beside his brick home. And then there is golf, which he has played and enjoyed for years.

Once a very insistent agent was trying to sell Mr.

Earnshaw some product. He stood opposite the desk and watched while Mr. Earnshaw hurriedly signed some checks because he was in a hurry to get to the golf links. Meaning to flatter, the agent finally said, "It isn't everyone who can write so their signature can be read upside down, Mr. Earnshaw."

The Church, too, has benefited—only this year did Mr. Earnshaw give up the position of Church Clerk which he has held for 22 years, and he was its treasurer when the present building was being constructed.

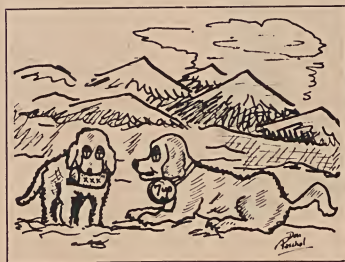
Around 1909 electric lights reached Wake Forest College and the Chapel got some of the "new fangled" things. One commencement shortly thereafter, just before the evening service, "Dr." Tom, the old Negro Janitor who is so well remembered, came to the Bursar and told him the lights in the vestibule would not burn. Mr. Earnshaw took a ladder and made them work. "Dr." Tom looked on approvingly and said—"Thank de Lord. Thank you too, Mr. Earnshaw—and I gives you the preference."

The door to his office merely says "Bursar" but it's a very different office from that of 1907. No longer is he alone; instead, there are four full-time helpers and three part-time workers including the new Assistant Bursar, Mr. Worth Copeland. Although he has about the same amount of space, the various pieces of equipment make a high degree of efficiency possible. The biggest single job is the record keeping that must be done for the more than 1,000 veterans on the campus.

Those who complain about the equipment and supplies available at the school will be interested to know that Mr. Earnshaw recently sent Mr. Copeland and Dr. Black to Atlanta with a list, 23 pages long, which the college is trying to get filled from the stock offered by the government to non-profit institutions.

And those veterans who live in the barrack apartments or who plan to do so can thank Mr. Earnshaw. At his suggestion the college bought and moved some old C.C.C. houses from Camp Butler and is now spend-

(Continued on page twenty)



# THE CRIME AGAINST THE FOREST

By BYNUM SHAW

**An essay bemoaning the fact that millions of tons of wood pulp will be used this year to produce spiced and unsipped western, detective, fantasy, and love stories.**

IN the years that followed the Great War numbered I, a flurry of people who thought something had happened to them sat down at borrowed typewriters and beat out millions of words. Some of the millions died in the typewriters. They must have made terrible cadavers. Millions more were torn hot from the smoking keys, rushed off to publishers, hastily read, and as hastily put into print. Thousands of trees were hacked up to furnish paper on which to print those myriad syllables, many long forgotten.

History, which repeated the Great War, is repeating the great deluge. The typewriters are warning up, and the presses are rolling. The trees are falling at a record rate.

That would all be fine if the words on the paper said anything. A tree serves mankind well when it houses an edition of Shakespeare. But many of today's words are a far cry from those of the bard of Avon. They say nothing. In the popular manner of expressing it, there is a constipation of ideas and a diarrhea of words. Contemporary writing is beginning to show it.

This is not just an opinion. The books bear out my statement. During the war and since it ended there have been dozens of books proposing ideas for peace. Some of them have been good. Others have been impractical. None of them have been put into effect. There have been scores of experience stories. Some of them have been good, too. But now the war is over and the experiences are still pouring from the presses. Who cares about them anymore?

Of all the tripe that is being set up in eight-point, fiction is the most guilty of this murderous onslaught on the forests of the nation. During the past ten years more bilge has been distributed through publishers than was pumped out of the holds of all the ships used in both wars. The supreme example is probably the best-selling compilation of barroom anecdotes, *Forever Amber*. Whatever reasons Miss Winsor had for working so long on so little, she could possibly have achieved them all by condensing each of her chapters into one page which, with constant use of ditto marks, would briefly outline Amber's boudoir escapades. It would have sold just as well, and at least 800 pages would have been saved on each book. After all, how many of the people who bought the Amber opus cared a whit for the less intriguing doings of the French court or

the English court or what little history Miss Winsor managed to squeeze in between seductions?

Of less renown but with more guilt because there are so many of them are the word spinners of the Maisie Grieg bracket in which the sex is purer and less obvious. They have dreamed up a single formula for stories, and during their lifetimes they turn out about fifty variations on the one theme.

Illustrative of their style is this review of *Leg Artist*, by Gene Harvey, taken from the "Books for Adults" section of a national mail order company's catalog: "Deborah Mann was a beautiful clerk in the Martinsville five-and-ten. But she longed for finer things. One day a handsome stranger came by her counter and asked, 'Would you like to be a model?' Then began the exciting career of Deborah Mann, her meeting with photographer Bill Townsend, and her rocket trip to fame as a leg artist."

A few of this type writer should be left in circulation. Without the sweet little platitudes of Grace Livingston Hill, Faith Baldwin, and a nice family murder like the Rinehart *Staircase* some households would have no library, might even forget how to read, and many a lonely housewife would die without ever reading about the beautiful love she sought so vainly.

In regard to detective stories in general, there are many of them we could do without. Far be it from me to suggest that there is no need for someone to carry on the tradition of Sherlock Holmes or to recover a purloined letter, but detective story writing has become a racket, an amazing race on the keyboard to determine which sleuth sire can turn out "the mostes the fustes." Every ten years or so they collect their published work in an omnibus, and in off seasons they collect their friends' stuff.

As I said, there is room for a few good mystery men, but when it comes to the point where one cannot count them all on the fingers of his whole family line the private eyes are seeing a little too much. Perhaps the best solution would be to put all the thriller authors in jail, turn all the criminals loose, and let crime run riot for six months or so. Then unshackle the writers, and the ones who solved the murders could write them up. Or better still, keep the authors in jail and give the police a chance to solve a few crimes. At least a few starving newspapermen might have something to write about.

Another bit of extraneous writing comes in the cate-





## DRESS SHIRTS!

YOUR SIZE!  
YOUR STYLE!  
IN WHITE  
AND COLORS!

Yes, Taylor's has the finest selection of dress shirts in years! Made by Mohawk, Cape Cod, Sir William and Campbell — broadcloth, shantung, madras and miracle cloth — all sizes and sleeve lengths — fused and flat collars. Now is the time to replenish your shirt supply.

MEN'S DEPT. — STREET FLOOR

*Taylor's*

THE SHOWPLACE OF THE CAROLINAS

gory known as pulps. In newsstands worthy of the name at least fifty different publications of this breed are carried, westerns, sports, detective, adventure, fantasy, and love, spiced and unsipped. It would be criminal, of course, to remove all of them from circulation. Not that many people like to sit in the shade of a good sturdy tree.

I once took a correspondence course in short story writing. The first assignment was, "Pick out nine good pulp magazines. Read a story from each and send in a synopsis, indicating what makes each story click." I couldn't find nine good pulp magazines to begin with, so I picked them at random. By the time I had read the third story I fell asleep, still without an inkling of what had made the first story "click." But I did realize that pulps fill a need. They are cheap, they are full of action, and they start good fires. We couldn't get along on cold mornings without a few of them. But please, not quite so many.

We could also conserve paper by having fewer pocket book companies. The midget reproductions were a good enterprise at the outset. They provided an opportunity for even a poor man to build up a good stock of fine reading matter. But other companies have seen the advantage of the tiny tome and are offering everything from blood curdling mysteries to trashy love for only a quarter. One could count in most pocket book racks seven or eight brands, at least a half dozen of which could happily be dispensed with.

When one considers that over ten million tons of wood pulp will be used this year in printing, that available supplies of spruce, fir, hemlock, and pine are fast being depleted, and that much of the stuff set into type today is extraneous, he will realize how great is this "crime against the forest."

There is probably no solution, aside from an attack of conscience on the part of the book publishers. Perhaps if someone would develop a disease that would lay hands on and carry off all writers who are saying nothing the trees would get a respite. But then, we would have very little to read.

### High Quality Personalized Stationery

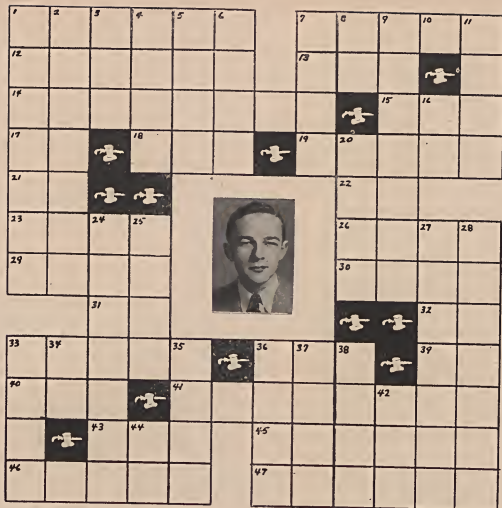
WITH YOUR FRATERNITY  
OR COLLEGE SEAL  
Fram

Edwards & Broughton Co.

Campus Representative:  
Paul Bell - Box 298



# CAMPUS CROSSWORDS



## Across

1. Miss Jo's breadboy, pictured
12. Faculty.....
13. ....boogie Institute
14. Stellar grid man
15. Mr. ".....," good man with the pipes
17. Hesitation
18. Popular fruit drink
19. What some Deacs are (sing.)
21. What some coeds have, some haven't
22. Another hesitation
23. Gymnasium
26. Snakes in the grass
29. Hunter Night Owl Association (abbr.)
30. What freshmen should be and not heard
31. Degree
32. Alas!
33. Why students write home
36. Wake Forest composer (initials)
39. Durham ..... (abbr.)
40. Old Testament priest
41. Where student body president lives
43. Jack ..... student
45. President of Wake Forest College, 1884-1905
46. What law students get down to
47. Campus Lotharios

## Down

1. Student Meecca, tobacco type
2. Bell ringer
3. ....wulf
4. Educated Numismatists, Nationally Affiliated (abbr.)
5. Sorrowed after exams
6. .... a tete
7. Long drink
8. Degree
9. What Baptists do
10. Ford model
11. Other half of -Williams Building
16. Plural ending in Dr. Poteat's class
20. Whose course is economics?
24. Paper head; editor
25. Used with "Y," makes bread rise
27. Spare history scholar
28. The Book Store is nobody else's business
33. Affectionate for Wake Forest man
34. Short for English Lit.
35. Two-house men
36. What some dorms are infested with
37. Columnist
38. Artist we couldn't help using
42. University for Lower Intellectuals (abbr.)
44. Hear blank, hear blank

ANSWER ON PAGE 28

## "WATCHDOG OF THE TREASURY"

(Continued from page sixteen)

ing some \$70,000.00 or more to make 57 livable apartments.

The hardest single item to get is plumbing and this is the reason all are not now in use by students. One apartment is now used by a plumber who said that unless he could use it he would charge portal to portal pay from Burlington.

Mr. Earnshaw believes in the future of Wake Forest College. He is "thoroughly in favor of moving" it to Winston-Salem and he believes that by accepting the Reynolds offer "the prospect of a bright future is much better."

"If it's good for the college, I'm all for it."

This is the man who has spent forty years controlling the college's business; he has seen the college make great strides in a forward-looking direction. He has tried to do what is right; he has tried to look toward the future and to get for the college what it needs. He has tried to be fair and to live by his motto—"Everybody who comes into this office must go away feeling that he has had a square deal."

## THE NEW STATUS OF WOMEN

(Continued from page three)

render the expression with a peculiar grace and charm that seems to uplift vulgarity into an atmosphere of refinement.

### FREE!

Join Our RECORD CLUB and Get FREE Records

For each 12 Records Purchased during a 3 months period You Receive one FREE Record

Get on Our Mailing List for  
Latest Record Releases

"Everything for Band and Orchestra"

**E. R. POOLE MUSIC CO.**

110 W. Martin St. Raleigh, N. C. Phone 4364

*We Specialize in*

**TUX AND TAILS**  
\$0.60

**EVENING DRESSES**  
\$1.00 and Up

**MURRAY CLEANERS**

Phone 3071

*We Deliver*

Then, naturally, there followed smoking, drinking, gaming at cards, and common brawling, one female beauty with the other. The women are wearing the pants, too. You have but to look about this campus to see some coed trip across in dungarees, long recognized as the symbol of the husky brute.

It can all be epitomized in the speech of a welder in a shipyard who strolled into a beer parlor in Jersey City last election eve. Cigarette ashes fell onto her shirt front, and she said, "A beer, bartender, and if you ain't for Dewey I'll smash your damn teeth in."

Women have a new status.

Now the status of women doesn't bother me a whit. As far as their rights are concerned they can have them, and welcome. They can get the last bottle of Scotch on the shelf and pay for it with a smile; they can smoke all they want when I am reduced to bumming cigarettes; they can vote and be elected president. I don't care. But as long as I remain a man I am going to resent the fact that I must pay chivalrous homage to a bunch of people who have discarded every shred of the purity and wholesomeness that were the reasons why men worshipped them in the first place. I don't like being short changed, and the whole brotherhood of mankind is being sold short. There is ambiguity in the attitude of the present day Eve who looks at a man on the bus and thinks, "Why the hell don't he get up and give me his seat? Ain't he a gentleman?"

To my way of thinking it is time for the males of every community to get together and pass a new set of rules concerning women. They would read something like this:

1. I will not give up my seat on the bus to a woman unless she is wearier than I am, or is going farther, or looks as though she is the kind who would give me her seat if I looked tired.

2. I will not say, "I beg your pardon," if I belch in a woman's presence. I probably just beat her to it.

3. I will not open a door for a woman any more. There is no reason why she should walk out first. Let her open the doors a while.

4. I will not get out of my car and walk around to the other side just to let a woman out. If she hasn't

## BROOKS FURNITURE SHOP

### ANTIQUES

*Have Your Old Furniture Reworked  
To Look "Like New"*

Workshop: 327 West Martin Street

RALEIGH, N. C.  
Phone 3-2751

got sense enough to look and see if a car is coming she ought to get run over.

5. If I am on a ship and it is sinking and I get to the lifeboat first, that's just too bad, Delilah. You shouldn't have cursed me.

6. I will not carry a girl's tray back after lunch. She ate, too, didn't she?

7. I will discard all other symbols of feudalistics servitude. The women have given up their right to them in assuming equality with males.

For the few ladies to whom this essay does not apply I will gladly throw my coat into the gutter that they may walk across. But I shall not throw it there for the others to lie upon.

### THEN AND NOW

(Continued from page seven)

bodies of Wake Forest and N. C. State, the "Push Women Society" came into being. The members of this organization were usually responsible for the tumult created after each game. After starting the fracas they would retire to the edge of the field to watch the battle. They were active only when the Deacons lost, it seems, for trouble just started automatically when Wake Forest won the Easter Monday game. And it seemed that the battlefield was usually somewhere in

the immediate vicinity of Meredith College, then located where the Mansion Park Hotel is today.

Several reasons may be given for the growth in popularity of the Easter Monday game with State. The fans were always assured of getting their money's worth since the games were hard fought and won by close scores. Both teams usually boasted good records for the season and much importance was attached to winning this particular game. The two rival coaches could always be depended upon to use their best pitcher for the game. The teams were so evenly matched that a wrong decision by an official could determine the winner usually so the very best umpires were engaged for this biggest game of the year. And perhaps many fans attended in hopes that a riot might break out between the two student bodies.

The first trace of the decline in popularity of the annual classic was noticed about 1924. Not once during the big game that year was it necessary to stop the play to get the spectators off the field and no longer were the stands packed with howling fans.

The exact reason for the decline in interest is unknown. Perhaps the fact that the two teams, Wake Forest and State, began meeting four times each season detracted from the significance of the Easter Monday game.

Or perhaps the athletic minded populace south of the Mason-Dixon line were becoming more interested in a game which featured more brute strength and

### SPECIAL OFFER

#### To Wake Forest Students

CLIP THIS COUPON  
ONE Genuine 8"x10" Silvertone Portrait—Reg. \$5 Value  
This Coupon Effective through

For Only \$2.00

MAY 15

Choice of 4 Glamour Poses  
Special Hollywood Lighting

All Work Guaranteed

### REMBRANDT STUDIO

RALEIGH, N. C.

Only One Offer to Customer Open 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.  
W. H. EVANS, Manager  
Under New Management and Ownership  
111 West Martin Street Phone 2-2574

### GREEN GRILL, INC.

324 SOUTH SALISBURY STREET

"The Place for Good Eats"

ALWAYS A GOOD STEAK

W. W. (RED) BALENTINE, Mgr.

### ART FLOWER SHOP

24 West Hargett Street  
RALEIGH, N. C.

Corsages, Cut Flowers, Designs

Phone 7240

Night Phone 2-3482

Visit

### THE CITY BARBER SHOP

The Friendliest Shop in Town

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

"Hurry Back"

**We Have Regular Meals  
Every Day - Including Sunday**

TRY OUR BREAKFAST SPECIALS  
7:15 - 10:30

AFTER 5:00 WE HAVE  
Oysters, Chicken  
Steaks with French Fries\*\*

**DICK FRYE'S RESTAURANT**



**FOR RECORDS,  
SHEET MUSIC**

Largest and Newest Stock  
Both Popular and  
Classic

ALSO SCHOOL SUPPLIES, FOUNTAIN PENS  
LEATHER GOODS, AND GREETING CARDS

**JAMES E. THIEM**

PHONE 2-2913

RALEIGH, N. C.



*Your story in  
pictures, letters,  
everything included.*

**STEARNS**  
*Engraving Company*  
**ARTISTS. PHOTO-ENGRAVERS**  
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

bodily contact. It is an established fact that after World War I football gained popularity so rapidly in the south that it became as southern as fried chicken.

Wake Forest, still a small school, could invest heavily in only one sport. During the time Coach Hank Garrity was at the helm of Wake Forest football and baseball, the former game seems to have been stressed more than baseball. The baseball team won the state championship but fans talked only of the football team that had beaten Carolina three years in a row.

Now, nearly a half a century after the first Easter Monday baseball game with State, the annual Wake County championship football game each fall provides the chance, color, and drama once provided by the spring affair. And the Easter Monday game, once Wake Forest's, State's, and perhaps North Carolina's biggest sporting event, is regarded as just another baseball game.

**FIRST WITH THE NEWS**

*(Continued from page nine)*

The mass of pedestrians hesitated. As a crowd gathered, Larry picked himself from the pavement with embarrassed movements. Pain etched his face as he hurriedly brushed the grime from his clothing.

Larry glanced at his watch. Eleven o'clock. Might make the city edition with this accident. An accident was always a good story. And Larry Danton was a man who got good stories.

Larry scrawled rapidly on a small pad. Then he resumed his swift trek down Garden Street. His short, machine gun-like steps ate up distance. His pace increased even more as he neared a tall stone building.

Swinging through a revolving door, he entered the noisy office of the *Sun*.

"Got anything, Larry?" asked the city editor as the little man threaded his way through the hustling newspaper office.

"Got an accident, Mac," he replied, moving toward a desk on which a typewriter sat.

He dropped into a swivel chair and rapidly spun a sheet of paper into the machine.

Now for a moment, the little man did nothing swiftly. He coughed, glanced about and raised his small slate-colored eyes to the large wall clock. It was 11:15. His face clouded. Then he exploded keys against paper.

His stubby fingers moved less rapidly with each word; at last they did not move at all. He slumped in his chair.

As one individual, those about him closed upon his sagging form, awed at its stillness. Their eyes traveled



from the limp figure to the sheet of paper resting in the typewriter.

Moving closer they read:

"Larry Danton, forty-six-year-old *Sun* reporter, often described as the newspaperman 'first with the news,' died shortly after 11:15 o'clock this morning from injuries he suffered when struck by automobile at Garden and Beaver streets. . . ."—B. McI.

## SIXTY-THREE YEARS HAVE BROUGHT NO CHANGE

(Continued from page six)

into the librarian's book and found there "an account that is not altogether complimentary to the college students."

He found that most students read history and biography but added that "We cannot commend them for this, for it is done through compulsion."

Mr. Dunford further learned that "with but few exceptions, seniors, juniors, 'preps,' old students, new students, all, read novels and these are rarely standard works. . . . Scott, Reade, Dickens, Simms, Thackeray, etc. are scarcely ever interfered with; but those of a much lower order such as *Tempest and Sunshine*, *Deserted Wife*, *Buffalo Land*, *Sylvia's Lovers*, *Forgers and Detectives*, *Planter's Daughter*, *Love after Marriage* and scores of others not so nearly standard as even these."

*Baron Munchausen*, *Arabian Nights*, *Gulliver's Travels*, and Jules Verne's and Mark Twain's works were sought after by many students, said Mr. Dunford. He termed these books "romanees of the wildest kind."

He found that novels were more read than any other type of literature read for pleasure. Hastening to say that he did not condemn novels and novel readers as such, he declared editorially that "We do most emphatically condemn the reading of novels to the exclusion of all solid reading. . . ."

By way of statistics concerning the popularity of novels, Mr. Dunford said, "Mr. X read six from the 13th to the 21st of the month and Mr. Y read eight from the 12th to the 20th."

In conclusion, the writer of 1883 mounted a convenient editorial stump and proclaimed, "Such a course of reading is very hurtful to any student and should be stopped immediately."

As to the present day, whether students read better or worse literature must be left for moralists and professors of literature to decide.

Mr. Dunford, doubtlessly, will be pleased when he learns that *Planter's Daughter* and *Love After Marriage* have passed away with the years. But he might be grieved to learn that for every one of their ilk which have succumbed dozens of like specie sprang up to fill the gaps. Meanwhile, Dickens and Thackeray have remained respected and undisturbed upon their shelves except when occasionally interfered with by a dutiful student of the English novel.

## EDWARDS PHARMACY

**Welcomes Students**

FOR DRUGS and SUNDRIES  
Gale's American Customed Candy  
Wake Forest

## HINE-BAGBY CO., INC.

"Your Store"

### CLOTHIERS and FURNISHERS

A Complete Line for College Men

Phone 2-3145

412 N. Trade

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

## THE COLLEGE BOOK STORE

"On the Campus"

### Student Headquarters

FOR —

BOOKS

SUPPLIES

PENANTS

JEWELRY

SODAS

## PEN PAN ALLEY

(Continued from page thirteen)

backstreet hotel harlot to the anxious little hostess of Missionary Circle No. 3—and that it's his duty, as a minister of the Creator of that goodness, to help make that spark a flame, that flame a light, that light a way. He believes that no sparks can become flames until they're fanned by the breeze of sympathetic understanding and wise guidance and tolerant ears pressed searchingly against a nasty problem. He believes that no man is too muddy or too saturated or too illiterate to be shown the way to fan his own spark of goodness. My minister had rather offer guidance to the feebly

**You'll Find Our Uptown Office  
Convenient**

### WAKE FOREST LAUNDRY & CLEANERS

TELEPHONE 2441

### HOLLOWELL'S FOOD STORE

**"GOOD THINGS TO EAT"**

FRESH DOWNYFLAKE DONUTS

PHONES 2521 - 2531

### WE NOW HAVE:

Student Desks  
Automatic Electric Water Heaters  
Radio Consoles and Table Models  
General Household Furniture

### SMITH FURNITURE CO.

(Wilkinson Building)

WAKE FOREST

PHONE 434-1

uttered gropings of a needful soul than to smile in greasy unctuousness across a fried chicken belly at all the Sunday morning claims of record enrollments and bountiful collections and "another fiscal year's success."

My minister believes that church unions and associations and Sunday schools and conferences and all other auxiliaries can be thrown out the window the moment they come to serve only the egotistical, social-minded, get-elected, why-can't-I-be-on-the-program, let-me-in-the-pot-too whims of those traditionalists who go to Sunday school and what have you largely because they've been doing it since their first day of wet diapers in the Cradle Roll department. He believes these auxiliaries can be tossed back through the window the moment they come to serve and to teach and to enlighten and to respect the average human being and the God-given sanctity of his soul. He wants no habitual worshippers under his wing, so to speak; he wants a service attendance that's built out of desire rather than habit, out of recognized need rather than community prestige.

My minister believes that a sermon of sound reason and thoughtful revelation can be far more convincing and enduring and helpful to the average soul than any instantaneous, teary-eyed, billy-goat-voiced, hand-pumping, elementary school, old-time rampage of sawdust emotion and psychologically produced shouts of glory, glory and what have you. He believes that the most ignorant are the most fearful, and that the most enlightened are the most cheerful, and that therefore it's his duty to keep his congregation enlightened and cheerful and up with the modes and the methods and the thoughts and the progress and the great advantages of the times.

My minister believes that the dogmatic condemners of such a wholesome recreation as dancing get their convictions largely from the cooked-up anticipations and fears of suggestiveness and immorality that might run through *their own minds* if they were to waltz gracefully across a ballroom floor with their best girl. He believes that these anti-dance fanatics can hardly—if at all—distinguish between vulgarity and a wholesomely directed good time. He believes—because he's seen them—that there can be such a thing as a *lady* and a *gentleman* on a dance floor. He believes that a game of cards for the mere sake of quiet recreation and relaxation is *not* an agent of the devil. He believes that smoking is not a moral issue because it has nothing to do with moral standards. He believes that no soul will be lost between the seats of a good motion picture theater.

My minister believes that the "devil," about which his literalist friends warn him, can be found a lot more readily in the hearts of petty church gossips than between the recreating fingers of a pool player chalking his stick. He believes that such little rumor mongers should be told that a whispered prayer is a lot more effective and soothing than a whispered sewing basket of gossip. He believes that the same "devil" mentioned

above can drip across some pulpits in the form of fire and brimstone messages that frighten little children and mothers into tears of fear instead of loving joy.

My minister believes that the happiest people in the world are the most democratic people, and that Jesus Christ was the most democratic man who ever lived. And finally he believes that a person should not imprison his mind while trying to save his soul *just as* he shouldn't rape his soul while trying to develop his mind.

In short, my minister knows people and their needs as well as he knows the 23 Psalm; and it's this knowledge and this understanding that makes his congregation the most enlightened "people in town," so to speak—for no one dozes, or cares to doze, when he preaches the truth as he sees it.

My minister is an optimist who has full faith in the younger generation and its possibilities. He would not consign them to hell and all the dogs to which many good Brothers have been philosophically tossing them since the beginning of time. He looks around him and sees the living results of a progress that says "do," not "don't." He never lets himself forget that he was young once and still is in spirit and in hope and in attitude. He intends to stay that way and to praise highly the frankness and "above-boardness" of today's youth and its forthrightness in smoking the first cigarette right at the dinner table in front of "Mom and Pop" instead of sneaking a hypocritical puff behind the barn.

My minister can't stomach dogmatism in any field. And the only thing over which he himself can show a faint sign of fanaticism is the God-given right of every living man to his own opinion and proper respect of that right. He may not believe as you do, but he will never point a judging finger at you and say, "You're lost, Buddy, until you see the only true way which is my way." For those kind of characters my minister has only one question: "Can you prove that your interpretation of the 'way' is the ultimate interpretation? If you can, then I'll accept your philosophy gladly. If you can't, then move over, Brother, and merely give me room to work out my own personal interpretation. It's a pretty personal matter, anyway, don't you think?"

My minister believes that the best salesman must possess the most tactful approach. And he believes that the best way to sell an article is to convince your client that what you have for him is better than what he already has and is exactly what he needs. He's convinced that you can't shove religion down the throats of humanity and that you can't influence that which you know nothing about and refuse to learn anything about. He believes that the Christian program is in great need of some trained salesmen who know what they're talking about and understand the client to whom they're talking. In short, he believes that the day of crude, dogmatic, wild-eyed raving religious fanatics is about over and that the day of trained, tactful, intelli-

gent, influential salesmen of truth and salvation is about to come.

## DEATH IN TIENTSIN

(Continued from page eight)

The shock was short lived, however, for we were far more surprised by the reactions of the villagers. The rubber ball had escaped one of the children and had come to rest near the body. Immediately a little girl gave pursuit. On sight of the distorted face of the dead man she paused momentarily, then calmly picked up the ball, washed the sand from it, stepped back across the body and joined her playmates with a shout of

OUR FRIENDS ARE  
OUR CUSTOMERS

LET'S BE FRIENDS

THE SUPER MARKET

L. Belangia  
PHONE 2661

F. R. Keith  
PHONE 2691

HAPPY - SNAPPY SERVICE  
ALWAYS

Whether you are the owner of a dozen suits or just one you want it back in a hurry when it is being cleaned. Our new modern equipment is fast and efficient.

PHONE US. WE COLLECT AND DELIVER

WILKINSON CLEANERS

PHONE 3751

Opposite Railroad Underpass

THE RECORD BAR

18 WEST HARGETT STREET  
RALEIGH, N. C.

We are now official distributors of General Electric, Stewart-Warner, Temple and Air King Radios—in all price ranges. Come in and ask for Ernie or Fenner and check with us before you buy.

Our Radio Repair Department is the best—all our work is guaranteed and no job is too big or too small.



triumph. The women continued their washing of clothes and dishes; the men did not cease their tilling of the soil.

We were all dumbfounded. A tense calm replaced the previous quiet calm. All countenances were bereft of expression.

What sort of people were these? What kind of men and women gave birth to children who could accept sudden, violent death with such a lack of emotion? We began to stir about, to grow uneasy; for around the next bend lay Tientsin, and there dwelled a million of them.—E. W. C.

## IN WAR AND PEACE

(Continued from page five)

A running story of the first two voyages was told on the fourth anniversary of Pearl Harbor by Joseph Aquila, second mate of the ship. This merchant marine officer in his letter to *Wake Forest* related that the crew had made good use of the library given by the student body.

Mr. Aquila's letter read, "I thought you might like

\* The *Wake Forest* and her crew celebrated V-J Day—Aug. 14, 1945—in Okinawa.

† *Delirium tremens*—a violent form of delirium, as from excessive use of alcoholic liquors, characterized by tremblings and delusion of the senses. Often the victim imagines snakes or pink elephants are after him.



## MILLER MOTOR CO.

WAKE FOREST

to hear what has happened aboard the *Wake Forest Victory* since its trial run. Taking a partial load at Oakland, Calif., topped off with the rest of the cargo at Port Huene, Calif., the ship began its first voyage, following the trial run.

"Our first port of call was Eniwetok in the Marshalls where we were awaiting further orders. Our next stop was the Ulithi Islands where we joined a convoy for the final leg of our voyage to Okinawa, which was our final destination.

"While in Okinawa\* we had a few air raids but nothing serious. Also had to go to sea to get out of way of an oncoming typhoon. Luckily we got only the experience of the tail end of the typhoon.

"We then headed back to discharge the rest of our cargo. Our next orders took us to Saipan in the Marianas with a medical corps outfit. From Saipan we headed back for the good ole U. S. A.

"On arrival in the States we were sent to dry dock for minor repairs and removal of our armament."

Of the second voyage of the *Wake Forest Victory* Mr. Aquila wrote, "Although most of the crew were given leave, soon again the ship had a full complement. Again we were loaded. 'Full Ahead' rang out the telegraph and soon we had the gentle roll of the deck under our feet and the rhythmic hum of the turbine in our cars and voyage number two for the ole girl was underway. Destination—Buckner Bay, Okinawa. Fifteen days, nine hours and forty-five minutes later we were once again in sight of land, lying lazily at anchor.

"The total distance logged from San Francisco to Buckner Bay was five thousand, eight hundred and seventy-two miles, giving an average speed of sixteen knots. To date we have traveled some twenty thousand miles."

(When he wrote on Dec. 7, 1945, the ship was in Okinawa, expecting to be loaded to return to San Francisco around Feb. 1. Subsequent records show that the *Wake Forest* steamed under the Golden Gate on schedule.)

Mr. Aquila closed his letter, "In behalf of all the men, officers, and myself, I want to extend the best of everything to all at *Wake Forest College*." Local efforts certainly had been appreciated.

The merchant marine officer failed to inform us of one incident that occurred on the first trip. Perhaps he thought the affair would have shocked North Carolina's bone-dry Baptists.

It seems that shortly after the ship left San Francisco, the Chief Steward, having run out of his private stock of liquor, jumped overboard. However, he had sense enough to don his life preserver and was saved without too much difficulty. It was later determined that he was suffering from the "D.T.'s."† The captain posted a constant guard over him for several days. He finally snapped out of it and was returned to duty.

While on their second trip over the lonely Pacific



stretching the Armed Guard gun crew realized that for their idle moments the library's books alone were not enough. They needed women. Women, however, except for the ebony-colored, island variety, were unobtainable. So to make the best of the situation in true Navy fashion the gunners wrote Wake Forest College for pin-up pictures of her sixteen most beautiful co-eds.<sup>†</sup> These luscious damsels—their photos, that is—were to hang around the walls of the *Wake Forest's* recreation room. The one chosen "Miss Wake Forest Victory" would occupy the central position.

Again the Veterans' Club came to the fore, this time with a campus-wide beauty contest. Full-length pin-ups of the queens were mailed to the crewmen. It was thought that Postmaster Wiggins here would have to employ additional postal clerks to handle the fan mail.

On voyage number three the *Wake Forest Victory* carried a cargo of bulk grain for the Army, arriving in Kobe, Japan, April 13 of last year. This grain was used to alleviate famine conditions in Japan to aid the American Army in its occupation policies. The Japanese Governor of the Prefecture, in order to show his appreciation, invited the captain and officers of the vessel to a "banquet," which Captain Hummer later stated was quite a solemn affair. Several small toasts were drunk in which the Governor thanked the captain for the delivery of the grain, as his people were starving.

Captain Hummer noted that the grain cargo was discharged in a remarkably short time by Japanese stevedores, both men and women being employed. The complete turn-around time from Portland to San Francisco was only thirty-two days—maybe another record for Victory ships. The vessel returned to the States with a million-dollar cargo of Japanese raw silk, one of the first such shipments in almost five years.

The Oliver J. Olson and Company writes that for the fourth voyage the *Wake Forest* was assigned to the Army, and took Army cargo and supplies to Japan for the relief of our occupation forces there. The round-trip required only thirty-six days. The *Wake Forest* liked to stay on the move; like the college, it was no laggard.

At present the proud vessel is busily engaged in the intercoastal domestic trade.

Just as she helped out in war-time, so is she now helping in an effort to make peace-time an era of prosperity and progress.

<sup>†</sup> Acknowledgment of receipt of the pictures was never made, so whom of the sixteen the gunners chose as their Queen is not known locally.

## GENERAL ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

### SPARTAN and R.C.A. RADIOS

All Kinds of Kitchen  
Enamelware

## JONES HARDWARE CO.

PHONE 263-1

WAKE FOREST

## TRY SHORTY'S SPECIAL

SANDWICH, Fried Egg, Ham, Cheese,  
Lettuce and Tamato on a Toasted Bun.

## SHORTY'S

"SNACKS AT ALL HOURS"

## MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT DAIRYLAND

### WE FEATURE . . .

- COMPLETE LINE OF PASTEURIZED  
GRADE 'A' DAIRY PRODUCTS
- COMPLETE FOUNTAIN SERVICE
- ICE CREAM IN TAKE-HOME PACKAGES

TRY ONE OF OUR THICK MILK SHAKES and a  
FRESH SANDWICH MADE ON ORDER

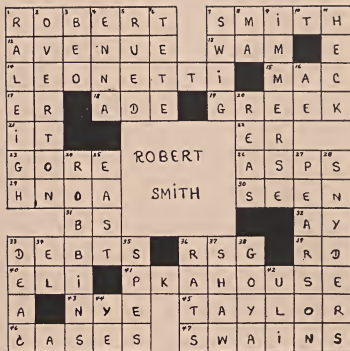
## IN RALEIGH IT'S

**FOGG'S**  
RESTAURANT

Specializing

STEAKS

SEA FOOD



*and now!*

## TRAILWAYS OFFERS 2 BUSES DAILY TO DURHAM, and 1 BUS DAILY TO WILSON

Lv. for Durham: 7:20 a.m. and 6:55 p.m.    -:-    Lv. for Wilson: 8:45 a.m.

You can depend on Trailways Cream and Crimson buses.  
use them — for Economy and Safety.

Plan now to see "THE LOST COLONY" on historical Roanoke Island  
this summer. Trailways expense-paid tours, running from Charlotte  
and Washington, D. C., will include beach hotel room, meals, and  
ticket to pageant. It's your vacation MUST this year.



**Carolina TRAILWAYS**  
THE ROUTE OF THE Trailmasters

## Directory of Advertisers

ART FLOWER SHOP .....	21
B. & S. DEPARTMENT STORE .....	Cover 3
BROOKS FURNITURE .....	20
CAMEL CIGARETTES .....	Cover 2
CAROLINA TRAILWAYS .....	28
CHESTERFIELD CIGARETTES .....	Cover 4
CITY BARBER SHOP .....	21
COCA-COLA BOTTLING CO. ....	18
COLLEGE BOOK STORE .....	23
DAIRYLAND .....	27
DICK FRYE'S RESTAURANT .....	22
EDWARDS & BROUGHTON CO. ....	18
EDWARDS PHARMACY .....	23
FOGGS .....	27
GREEN GRILL .....	21
HINE-BAGBY CO. ....	23
HOLLOWELL'S GROCERY .....	24
JONES HARDWARE .....	27
MILLER MOTOR CO. ....	26
MURRAY CLEANERS .....	20
POOLE'S RECORDS .....	20
RECORD BAR .....	25
REMBRANDT STUDIOS .....	21
SHORTY'S .....	27
SMITH FURNITURE CO. ....	24
STEARN'S .....	22
SUPER MARKET .....	25
TAYLOR'S .....	Cover 3
THIEM'S .....	22
VOGUE .....	2
WAKE FOREST LAUNDRY .....	24
WILKINSON CLEANERS .....	25

# \*YOU

*in Toffee Tweed*



**\*as seen in Glamour**

The perfect tweed suit—  
the kind you never tire of.

On the days you don't wear it you wish you had! The jacket with its four big patch pockets, each with three buttons and button holes, has a smart, easy-going air, yet it's trim as a needle. Toffee Tweed runs a little broken check in tan, brown or black with white to show color and texture rather than design. It's new, it's smart and it's definitely for YOU, out of Glamour! Sizes 10 to 18.

*Buy With Confidence Wear With Pride*

**B. & S. DEPARTMENT STORE**  
**WAKE FOREST**

**EASY TO SEE**

why Chesterfield is by far  
the favorite of Hollywood Stars

*Virginia Mayo* ONE OF THE STARS IN  
"THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES"  
DRESSED IN THE NEW CHESTERFIELD PRINT

**A** **B** **C**  
ALWAYS Milder BETTER TASTING  
COOLER SMOKING

**ALWAYS BUY CHESTERFIELD**

RIGHT COMBINATION • WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS • PROPERLY AGED



# ***THE STUDENT***

*THE WAKE FOREST COLLEGE MAGAZINE*



VOL. IX. NO. 4

APRIL, 1947

# EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!

A record catch? Sixty-nine pounds of the rare yellow-bellied cobia. Landed in 35 minutes by Mrs. Dorothy Newstead in the Gulf Stream.

From the rivers of Georgia, Mrs. Dorothy Newstead has followed the trail of game fish to the Atlantic and Pacific.

*Mrs. Dorothy Allan Newstead*  
Holder of the International Women's All-Tackle Record for Cobia

**EXPERIENCE IS  
THE BEST TEACHER...  
IN DEEP-SEA FISHING...  
IN CIGARETTES TOO!  
CAMELS SUIT ME TO A T**

More people are smoking CAMELS today than ever before in history!



Remember? You stood in line to get cigarettes...took whatever you could get. That's when millions learned Camels suited them best.

*Yes, experience during the war shortage taught millions the differences in cigarette quality!*

• Mrs. Dorothy Newstead speaking: "During the war shortage, I smoked many different brands. That's when I found Camels suit my 'T-Zone' best!"

You and millions of other smokers, Mrs. Newstead.

Result: Today more people are smoking Camels than ever before. But, no matter how great the demand, this you can be sure of:

**Camel quality is not to be tampered with. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.**

*According to a recent Nationwide survey:*

**MORE DOCTORS  
SMOKE CAMELS**  
*than any other cigarette*

• Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors — in every branch of medicine — to name the cigarette they smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand.



**YOUR 'T-ZONE'  
WILL TELL YOU...**

**T for Taste...  
T for Throat...**

That's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your 'T-Zone' to a T!



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

FRANCE'S role in the last war left many grave doubts among college faculties as to the assured continuance of French as a language to be taught in American educational institutions, but the following story from *Time* will illustrate the reason why it will always be in vogue:

In the Chamber of Deputies, speakers were hotly debating the issue of equality of male and female salary rates in certain positions in the French civil service. One member of that group had the floor and was making the point that, after all, there was very little difference between men and women. Immediately, a member of the opposition rose to his feet to give voice to an impassioned cry:

"Vive la difference!"

The strange antics of Marcus Gulley and Sally Hudson had us guessing for a couple of days. Sally has been walking over the campus her dear friend following three paces to the rear. Suspecting smallpox, an asafetida charm or a small tiff, we questioned Sally, who, forefinger to pursed lip, related this sad tale:

"I'm on campus this week and they won't let me speak to Marcus.

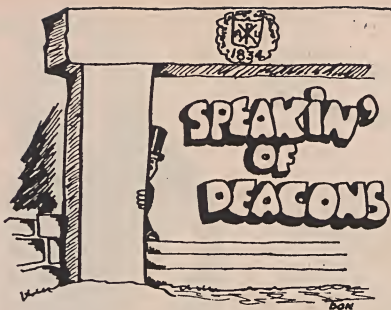
THE STUDENT, founded January, 1882, is published during the months of October, November, December, February, March, and April by students of Wake Forest College as directed by the college Publications Board. Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Wake Forest, N. C. under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rate: \$1.50 per year.

Represented for national advertising by W. B. Bradbury & Co., 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Editorial correspondence should be addressed to The Editor, Box 3, Wake Forest, N. C.

Advertising and subscription correspondence should be addressed to The Business Manager, Box 298, Wake Forest, N. C.



In fact, they won't let me speak to any boys, not even you."

Incensed at whomever would dare to separate our favorite couple, we presented Sally with a copy of our Boy Scout manual, thumbed through it to the section on the Indian sign language, and silently departed.

It seems wonderful that nature and science are going hand in hand as the summer approaches. Monk Critcher hints of his plan to open up a flying school here at Wake Forest. There is a rush to Professor Carroll's Astronomy class, even Education majors trying to get in it for some late non-credit training. Then, there is that group of Bostwick gals that tan their own hides atop the porch of the dorm.

Bill Scarborough: "Professor Clonts, I can't understand why I made such a very low grade on this history test."

Professor Clonts, after glancing over the paper: "You'll have to pardon me, Mr. Scarborough. You see, I thought that I was grading Miss Kidd's paper."

It's cap-and-gown time once again and THE STUDENT ardently advocates the revival of Wake Forest's time-honored custom of all undergraduate acquaintances of each graduating senior giving a tangible token of their esteem. Cheeks or cash will be acceptable in lieu of summer suits, Gladstone bags, etc., owing to the scarcity of the latter items.

The College Book Store's Everett Snyder tells us that, due to an unforeseen rise in excess profits tax, he is forced to withdraw his offer to build the new college at Winston-Salem in case of default by the present backers.

There is not one word of truth in the rumor that the Mushroom Growers of America are holding a conclave on the campus. The gray, gaunt appearance of many of your classmates is due only to the late arrival of the monthly subsidy from the Government. The Biology Department refuses to accept the blame for the disappearance of cats and other small household pets.

# RELAX

IN  
JARMAN'S NEW



## "Leisuals"

You relax in styled comfort in Jarman "Leisuals"—at the tennis matches, on outings, vacations, or lounging at home. Try a pair of Jarman "Leisuals" today—the smart footwear for all leisure wear.

## Jarman

SHOES FOR MEN

Style No. ....4089

Price .....\$9.95

BROWN, TAN and WHITE

VOGUE SHOE DEPT.



ON CAMPUSES everywhere  
Beech-Nut Gum is a favorite

Everywhere it goes the  
reputation of Beech-Nut  
for fine flavor goes with it



Beech-Nut Gum



# Vogue

ALWAYS  
SOMETHING  
NEW



CLOTHIERS  
HABERDASHERS  
HATTERS

## Vogue

213 Fayetteville Street  
RALEIGH, N.C.



# Honor and the System

**At Wake Forest it means . . . to do the right thing at all times and to abstain from the wrong.**

**By DOTI HAWORTH**

At Wake Forest and other schools no subject has been more in the minds of students in the last year than has the Honor System. For years many colleges and universities have employed this system as a means of self-government for the student. It has been found that whenever a number of people, whoever they may be, are associated to accomplish a definite purpose, regulations are necessary. Naturally if success is to be attained all must, in a spirit of coöperation, comply with the regulations even though at times they seem to imply a hardship on the individual. This is the basis of the Honor System.

Much has been said recently about the Honor System's being ineffective. Such questions arise as these: "Why is the Honor System seeming to fail now?" or "It used to be effective; is there a change in our way of thinking, our morals, or are we just more aware of the individuals who don't comply with our regulations?" These questions are answered more in the minds of the individuals than in those of any group. Just as the individual has had an earlier basis for anything else, he also has had a respect or disrespect for honor long before he comes to college.

Through the years almost all of our colleges and universities have tried some form of an honor system. In some schools experience has shown that it was an ineffective process, while in others the keeping of the Honor System intact has been more important than anything else in the institution. It is with pride that these institutions point out the distinctive factor in their successful plan.

In the several schools contacted and questioned, there has been definite interest in the subject. These schools from which information was received are as follows:

University of Richmond, University of South Carolina, College of William and Mary, Duke University, University of Alabama, Washington and Lee University, West Virginia University, University of Kentucky, University of Virginia, University of North Carolina.

Each of these schools was asked this question: "Do you have an Honor System; if you do, what is its distinctive fac-

tor which you consider to be its basis for success; and how successful has your system been in the past five years?"

From three of the schools a short answer was received. These said that they had tried the system and that they had found it highly unsatisfactory or impractical.

From seven other schools general statements were received which say that to them the Honor System is a form of student self-government which, assuming that each student is honest and dependable, has them to accept a code or plan for honor. The Honor System, it was indicated, can only be a working reality and not as it often is, a mere pretense, when the entire student body of any institution be organized to enforce it, and agree to accept it willingly and wholeheartedly. The feeling of the campus at large must be in favor of such a plan; and students must have realized its heavy and exacting responsibilities. As long as any student, whoever he may be, loses his good standing with his fellow students for reporting to the Honor Committee any person whom he may see violating the code in any way—the system in that institution is already dead.

## THE UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA

"The University of Alabama does not have an honor system. At one time we had the honor system, but the idea was abandoned. At the present time cases of dishonesty are handled by the faculty committees of the various divisions of the University. In the case of a first offense the student is given the grade of 'P' and put on the probation list. For the second offense the student is dismissed from the University for the remainder of the quarter in which the infraction occurs."

## DUKE UNIVERSITY

"We do not have the Honor System at Duke. It was abolished several years ago by a student vote; and since we have used the proctor system."

## THE UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

"The University of Kentucky does not have the Honor System. A great many years

(Continued on page twenty-five)

## At Wake Forest

*"... the Honor System simply means that every man is on his honor as a gentleman to conduct himself in a manner to be expected of a gentleman and to report violations of this code of ethics on the part of others."*

# "Bill" Speas — Witty Scholar, Devoted Father

His first vacation in twenty-seven years

will be a celebration.

By CHARLES GILES

AFTER he grades his last set of exam papers in a few weeks, Dr. Bill Speas will close his office for the summer to enjoy his first real vacation in the twenty-seven years he has taught physics here. The vacation will come as a sort of celebration of the fortieth anniversary of his receiving the B.A. degree at Wake Forest and the twentieth of earning the doctorate at Cornell.

Most people would like vacations a little more frequently, but to Dr. Speas they are a matter of little importance since he intensely enjoys his work as head of the Wake Forest College physics department. He plans, however, to utilize this June, July and August for doing on a large scale what he has been doing at intervals—playing golf with Dr. Hubert Poteat and other cronies, listening to radio broadcasts of ball games and symphony music, fishing with his father-in-law in the Chowan creeks near Edenton, working in the yard around his attractive home in "Woodland," especially pursuing further his flower-growing hobby. And above all, getting plenty of rest and reading in his favorite reclining chair, where now he averages a good five hours a day.

No long trips or extended visits for him this summer—that would be too much like labor. "Do all your traveling while you are young," advises Dr. Speas, who is as spry as most men half his age.

At the same time the physics professor commences his vacation some 160 seniors will bid the local classroom *adieu*. Probably every one of them will carry away from Wake Forest some unforgettable tale about Dr. Speas, who, for his humor-inspiring eccentricities, as well as for his fine qualities of sincerity and square-dealing, is one of the best loved Wake Forest professors.

Certainly no departing graduate will ever forget the classic story of the winter day when the good doctor slipped and fell on the snow-covered campus, and then strongly admonished himself: "Get up from there, Old Bill Speas, before those students laugh at you!" Nor will those who have "had" him for physics ever forget how he incessantly chewed smoking tobacco, although despite constant vigilance no one ever could detect him putting it into his mouth.

These graduates going out to hold down their first

jobs can look back upon the inspiration of Dr. Speas, a man who works diligently and gets a great "kick" out of his professorial duties. They will remember that he seemed to derive as intense a pleasure from his physics experiments as a little boy does from his Tinker Toys.

This love for his work will make it hard for Dr. Speas to accept retirement in nine more years. He confesses that he does not know what he will do with himself when he no longer shall teach, but his wife says that he may become a florist since he likes so well to raise flowers.



In the center, the Witty Scholar.

Speaking of his twenty-seven years' work here, Dr. Speas says, "I've enjoyed it a lot in all respects except for not having the right kind of laboratory. Once we were burned out; the rest of the time we've been shifted around from pillar to post." But he is going to see to it that the department has an ideal laboratory when the College moves to Winston-Salem.

A good many students are fairly well acquainted with Dr. Speas, the teacher. But few are acquainted with Dr. Speas, the family man and home-lover. Some have the opinion that in his home the professor has all sorts of mechanical contraptions with which to tinker and scores of scientific books to read. Well, the mechanical devices are there, and he is expert with them all—lawn mower, can opener, vacuum cleaner. And the physics tomes are there, too, but if you take a furtive glance at the title page of the book he is curled up with you probably will see something like *The Greek Coffin Mystery* or *The Mystery of the Spiral Staircase*. The professor at home is simply "Bill" to his intimate friends, or "Da-Da" to his children.

Dr. Speas is mighty fond of his children—three talented young daughters, the apples of his eye—piano-playing Alice, age 11 and the co-editor of a little newspaper and a monthly magazine department; neophyte artist Melinda, 10; and the inimitable little Fanny, age five, whom all Wake Forest knows for her unpredictable actions and sayings.

The doctor, not at all a "long-hair," is proud of his dishwashing and floor-scrubbing proficiency, and Mrs. Speas, the former Miss Iona Wells of Edenton, doesn't

seem to mind if her learned husband gives her a helping hand.

Once in a while, however, Dr. Bill gets on a different track, for example the time he came home effervescing over a new physics book. "Here, Iona, read this! Best book I ever read! Yessir, best I ever read!" Mrs. Speas, a former grammar school teacher who knows the value of patience, exclaimed appropriately, took the book, and read at a couple of pages until the doctor wandered off. "I didn't understand a sentence of that physics," Mrs. Speas tells you with a twinkle in her eyes.

The life story of Dr. Speas is that of a youth reared on a Carolina farm who through industry and application became a physicist well-known for his superb instruction and work in his field.

In 1885 William Eugene Speas was born near East Bend, N. C., a small Yadkin County town some eighteen miles from Winston-Salem. His father was a successful tobacco and grain farmer and served as director of a country bank.

We have a picture of the youthful Bill—plowing, splitting wood, tending the stock, and as the high spot of the whole year, riding with his father over muddy roads in a covered wagon, seated atop a load of tobacco, into the Winston-Salem tobacco markets where they spent the night asleep in their wagon.

Although until he started to school he was a temperamental little rowdy, he calmed down enough to be known later as a "good little boy" who never got a whipping in school—a feat in those days.

From the age of five to fifteen young Bill trudged five miles a day to and from the one-room log schoolhouse that served his part of the county. "But," reminisces the doctor, "the school term lasted only three or four months."

To prepare himself for Wake Forest, Bill attended for two years a private high school in nearby Boonville. Then, forty-four years ago, he commenced his Wake Forest career. Here he distinguished himself by his fine scholarship; he was one of six seniors to graduate with a four-year 95-plus average. There was no Phi Beta Kappa chapter here then, but in 1945 Dr. Speas was elected to PBK membership.

His professors, about whom present-day students hear many reverential remarks, were certainly a distinguished lot: Presidents Charles E. Taylor and William Louis Poteat; Professors Benjamin F. Sledd, Charles Brewer, James L. Lake, John F. Lanneau, J. B. Carlyle, and George W. Paschal.

Dr. Speas recalls that a fellow's curriculum was almost entirely prescribed by the faculty, and he says, "It was a better curriculum than your elective one of

today. It was better for teaching a man to think." Required were two years of Latin or Greek, two of English, four of science, and two of mathematics. There were no such things as majors and minors here in 1903-1907, but most of Speas' work, as may be expected, was in physics and mathematics.

J. Melville Broughton, later to become North Carolina's governor, and J. V. Hipps, later to become a senior missionary to China, were two of Bill Speas' schoolmates.

When asked what they did for a good time in Wake Forest two score years ago, the doctor grinned and replied that they studied a great deal, attended the societies twice weekly if they couldn't get out of it, and

watched the trains pull in. "A favorite pastime was razzing girls on the train! They stuck their heads out the windows and we carried on with them!"

Another favorite diversion was the Saturday picnic excursion to the Falls of the Neuse. The bore-some Saturday morning nine-to-twelve society meetings were compulsory, relates the doctor, but one was excused from them if he were going at least five miles out of town. Well, the Falls were six miles out!

Bill didn't participate in athletics, but he was an avid fan at the baseball and basketball games, just as he is now. He recalls that the present Social Science building was at that time one of the best gyms in the state.

Being a man of modest means with a love for adventure, young Speas each summer vacation earned most of his college expenses by selling stereoscopes to the housewives everywhere in the East—from the doorsteps of Philadelphia to the porches of Pittsburgh, from Atlantic City to Schenectady. (Little Fanny now uses his salesman's bag for her doll's clothes.) Hubert Jones, now Wake Forest professor of mathematics, was his working partner.

Dr. Speas says, "That summertime work was the best part of my education—traveling around, meeting hundreds of people, and talking to the good middle class people in a number of states." He advises extensive travel for young folks' education and may let Alice visit in Long Island this summer.

After graduation in 1907 Mr. Speas returned to his old private high school in Boonville and taught for a year. Successful in that position, he was elected principal of a Beaufort County (S. C.) public high school for the next year.

By 1910 he was able to carry out the suggestion of Dr. Sledd, his English teacher and friend, that he go to Johns Hopkins University for graduate work. There



On the right, the Young Dandy.

(Continued on page twenty-five)



# Wake Up, Jake!

He was good. . . . It was the way he got his inspiration that bothered him.

By HAROLD T. P. HAYES

*"How came any reasonable being to subject himself to such a yoke of misery, voluntarily to incur a captivity so scruple, and knowingly to fetter himself with such a sevenfold chain?"—DE QUINCEY.*

THERE was nothing and there was everything. Nothing was space and everything was black space. Jake cried out. The sound left his throat and he could hear his cry disappear like an airplane fading into the horizon. A million years later his cry came back to him and burst like an ack-ack shell in the middle of his face.

"Jake! Jake! Wake up, Jake!"

Beau was bending over him and shaking his arm.

"You kept hollerin' you'd quit. You musta' had a nightmare. Quit what, kid?"

Jake looked into Beau's face. The fat, brusque trumpet man looked sympathetic and seemed to console rather than question. Jake opened the window of the bus and gulped in fresh air. He pulled his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the perspiration from his hands and forehead.

"I'm okay, Beau. Sorry to have disturbed you."

"You musta' really had a nightmare," Beau said. "You carried on so bad, I thought I'd better wake you up."

Beau stared at Jake for a moment as if he didn't comprehend his actions. Then he turned and waddled back to his seat. Jake was still sweating and he began to feel nauseated. He gulped air but the nausea persisted. His head grew light and his stomach felt as though it had suddenly become completely separated from his body and transformed into a malicious demon intent upon destroying itself. For a moment he felt suspended and then he stuck his head out the window and retched. Nothing came up. He gasped and spit and retched again. It seemed as if his intestines would be torn formed into a malicious demon intent upon he rested his head and shoulders on the ledge for support. He could hear Beau whispering across the aisle.

"He's got the dry heaves," Beau said to the trombone man.

"Yeah," he answered.

It had passed now. Jake took the handkerchief in his hand and slowly wiped the slobber from his lips. He slipped back to his seat and fell into a light, restless sleep.

A throbbing in Jake's body woke him up. As he slowly opened his eyes, his eyelids seemed to scrape against the eyeballs. The shadows were glaring and the lights were blinding. He closed his eyes and each throb of his pulse felt like a needle being systematically driven into the base of his brain.

The throbbing gradually began to decrease but his headache persisted. Jake raised his head and looked around the bus. Beau and all the boys had gone back to sleep. He stood up in the aisle and stretched. He was tired and his body felt numb all over. He pulled his trumpet down from the baggage rack and sat back down.

The bus sped down the highway. The noise of the motor was not loud enough to attract attention, but just monotonous enough for him to feel its presence. Jake opened the case and pulled out his horn. As he did so, a small, white cardboard box fell to the floor.

He picked it up, put it in his case and placed his case on the seat beside him. He ran his fingers over the smooth, slippery valves and a chill trembled through his body from his toes to his scalp. Twenty-two years old and shot already. He had been good and he knew he ranked with the best of them now. It was the way he got his inspiration that bothered him. He swore softly. He had to quit. That was all there was to it. He had to quit. Somewhere in the back of the bus one of the boys was whistling the sad, weird strains of "Mood Indigo."

Two thousand miles in six days. That's a lot of travelling, he thought. Especially when you have to travel two thousand miles every six days for the rest of your life. He wished his head would quit aching. He pressed the ice-cold mouthpiece to his lips. It felt right.





# Pen Pan Alley

By SANTFORD W. MARTIN

## FREEDOM FROM MENTAL SLAVERY

THIS is the last column that I shall write for THE STUDENT. It will be difficult to say goodbye to my boss, Jesse Glasgow, and all the gang on "publication row." They've been the kind of friends—Bynum, "Willie" Robbins, J. D., Bob, Ed, Gerald, Bill, Dutch, and the others—who might not agree with a word you write but who would fight for the freedom of expression that is the very heart of creative writing.

My limited experiences and brief exposure to the art of creative writing have convinced me that writing is a sacrifice—not the kind of sacrifice that makes you a martyr necessarily—but the kind that causes you to win friends and lose friends overnight. And, to me, a worthwhile conviction sincerely expressed is worth more than a lukewarm "pal" who quivers and usually disappears under the barrage of such open convictions.

Writing is no easy task for me. Words and thoughts and sentences come hard to me. Every paragraph is dug up and patted down again and dug up until my energy and even morale at times lies prostrate and despondent upon the bed of my mind. But even so, to me, there's nothing quite comparable to the satisfying joy which comes from an original thought conceived on the mental bed of pain and agony and sweat and born in the maternity ward of comprehensive sentences.

Perhaps the greatest salute to anyone's creative efforts—especially where personal convictions are involved in science and philosophy and literature as well as religion—comes from the snapping tongues of those self-appointed judges who would condemn and sentence and hang upon the gallows of mental slavery the "upstart" convictions of a would-be creative writer. Nothing is quite as flattering to the creative writer as the antique groans of those self-appointed judges who become furious when you fail to believe and to write and to love and even to worship as they do. It is the pointed finger, the condemning sneer, the sentencing swagger of such "divine" judges that convince the creative artist of strong personal convictions that he might "have something here"—maybe a new truth, or at least a fingertip on the doorknob of a new truth.

But there is one thing certain—at least, I've found it to be true—that all men who try even in a hap-

azard sort of way to think and to decide and to wake up and even to doubt, if need be, *with their own minds*, usually believe with all their hearts that the masses of mankind were not born with saddles on their backs, nor were any self-appointed judges or creed-bound fanatics booted and spurred to ride them like horses. The more a person thinks for himself and tries to put those thoughts into expression, the more he is convinced that *hell itself must be quite similar to mental slavery*.

The more a person thinks for himself the more convinced he becomes that God gave us minds to be used liberally and thoughtfully in the fields of science and philosophy and literature *as well as* religion; that God gave us minds to be developed and stimulated and strengthened to such a degree that the intoxicating dogmas of religion or philosophy or any other field will not rape them; that God gave us minds with which to appreciate and to take or leave as much of Plato and Seneca and Emerson and all the other thinkers of posterity as we care to, *not* to toss them aside for fear they'll be contrary to our time-worn interpretations and traditions and cult-flabby beliefs; that God gave us minds with which to understand and love the old, old story, *and also* with which to appreciate the efforts of the thinkers of all the ages to make the significance of that story more comprehensible and the hope it brings more keenly realized.

And finally the most important conviction which has come to me as a result of my attempts to think and write for myself is the firm religious belief that I have no earthly or divine right whatsoever to walk up to the Jewish lad or the Catholic girl and tell them that they're wrong and I'm right. The only thing I could possibly say to them, or to the self-appointed judges among us, is simply, "I don't agree with all you say; but your decision and your belief is your God-given privilege; may God keep you and me and the whole world in touch with His truth as He leads each one of us personally to see it; and, under such a shining star of religious tolerance and democratic equality, may the ultimate Truth come to each man and woman in due time and through due freedom of heart, mind and soul."

# Community On Wheels

"That's no traveling show. That's Trailerville!  
Students live in those trailers."

By LAWRENCE McSWAIN

A WAKE FOREST alumnus, driving around the campus, pulled his car to a stop near Gore Gymnasium, looked, got out of the car and looked again. "Hey," he said to the nearest student, "Got a show here tonight?"

The student looked across the street, saw the group of trailers parked neatly around the gymnasium, then laughed and said, "That's no traveling show. That's Trailerville!! *Students live in those trailers!*"

The man got back into his car, muttered something about having seen everything now, and drove off, still muttering.

There they are, the strangest phenomenon on the campus since V-J Day, and they serve a very useful purpose. Due generally to the postwar housing shortage and crowded conditions in the village of Wake Forest, the trailers make convenient homes for the students who own them.

The trailer community is divided into two large sections. Clustered around the gymnasium are twenty-two trailers occupied by married students and their families; fourteen are located behind Simmons Dormitory and are owned by single students. Four trailers form a small community near the old Football Stadium and two others are parked behind fraternity houses in the town. A total number of forty-two trailers accommodates approximately one hundred persons.

Although an average original investment of \$1,500 is necessary to buy an equipped trailer, the students feel that they are actually saving money, compared to the cost of an apartment for four years.

An interesting consideration, however, is that the forty-two trailers have an aggregate minimum value of \$63,000, while the college owned and constructed emergency housing project around the tennis courts cost \$67,000 and is serving 48 students and their families. The trailer owners justify this fact by maintaining that a large part of their original investments may be regained by selling the trailers after graduation.

The students and their families who live in trailers form a fascinating facet of campus life. Most of the mobile traveling homes have their wheels removed for the college period, and some of them are framed with small picket fences and have their owners' name-plates outside the doors.

It must be remembered that regardless of how attractive trailer life might appear, it is at best a cramped experience. The husbands and fathers from the trailers frequently find it necessary to use the college libraries or vacant classrooms for studying purposes. It is not uncommon, however, to see a father rocking a small child to sleep with a textbook propped before him.

Most of the trailer students find it necessary, to budget the money they have in order to stay in school. The married veterans estimate their monthly expenses to be near \$120, \$30 more than the amount allowed by the GI Bill for married college students.

These families take all meals in the trailers, and find that the largest item on the monthly budget is food. This item is large despite the fact that many of them make frequent trips to their homes to bring

(Continued on page thirty)



Student Businessman JIM MARSHALL, shown standing in the doorway of his three-room aluminum "home."



Student-Farmer BAXTER SMITH, shown seated on his doorstep surveying his pint-sized "truck farm."

# Flag Stop

**Forestville, now only a bend in the road, was once the main station.**

**By HIRAM WARD**

AS YOU GO toward Raleigh, you come to a big bend in Highway 1 about a mile south of Wake Forest. Perhaps you have thought it only a bend and notice only the old house and filling station on the left, the remodeled house and white church on the right.

The next time you travel to Raleigh look at that bend again. It is Forestville, a settlement many years older than Wake Forest and one which over the ensuing years has played quite a large and helpful role in the development of Wake Forest College.

Long before the founding of the college, when what is now Wake Forest was known as the Forest of Wake, and even before Calvin Jones cultivated his tobacco and corn on the land that is now sprinkled with college buildings and magnolia trees, Forestville was a thriving little community.

After the college was founded in 1834, home-builders, instead of building in Forestville, began moving in toward the college. Legend surrounding this move was that early citizens of the community thought it best to leave the college plenty of room, but as the years went on the college was finally forced to build a rock wall around the campus to keep private homes off. Nevertheless, in the early years of the college, Forestville was still the town, and Wake Forest was the "young man's school."

Before 1840, students received their mail at the home of John M. Fleming, which was located where Crenshaw Hall now stands. However, in 1840, the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad was completed and a station and postoffice were established in Forestville.

With its new postoffice and railroad station, Forestville gained more importance than ever. Students used the Forestville station as a point of embarkation or debarkation on all trips, as the railroad was the main means of transportation. Too, they now received mail daily whereas before they had received it only twice each week. Dr. G. W. Paschal, in Vol. 1 of his *History of Wake Forest*, describes those daily walks of more than a mile to obtain the mail. Students and faculty members alike supposedly derived great pleasure from these walks which provided exercise and "the opportunity to see the train, no little privilege in those days."

In April, 1844, the great American statesman and orator, Henry Clay, passed through North Carolina. He made two speeches at this time, one in Raleigh and the other in Forestville. Neither the text nor the amount of interest his Forestville speech aroused, are known.

In Raleigh, however, he composed the famous "Raleigh Letter" concerning his views on the annexation of Texas which caused him to be distrusted by slaveholders and abolitionists alike. The failure of his attempt to become President of the United States is attributed by many to the "Raleigh Letter."

In the early 1850's Forestville had grown only slightly. There were now two general stores instead of one, and the scattered homes remained few. However, it was still the important spot of the locality because of its postoffice, stores and the railroad station. The main handicap of the community was the lack of a church, and on Sunday the citizens walked, or drove their horse-drawn carriages, seven miles to attend church at the Wake Crossroads Baptist Church, the oldest Baptist church in this locality.

In 1858 the people of Forestville and the surrounding community built their own church, which is still in use today. Isham Holding, great-grandfather of Tom Holding, W. W. Holding, and Mrs. E. E. Folk, provided a tract of land on which the building was to be constructed. After it was completed and the church organized, he deeded the land "to the trustees of Forestville Baptist Church in consideration of the love of Christ and the respect of the Baptist Church." Under terms stated in the deed, the land will remain the property of the Forestville Baptist Church so long as used as a church; at the termination of such time

*(Continued on page twenty-eight)*



*The Forestville Baptist Church.*



# A Great Day For Winston-Salem

An essay describing the advantages the College will mean to Winston-Salem.

By SANTFORD MARTIN

IT'S been over a year now since Wake Forest College was offered a new home in Winston-Salem, and little less than a year since her mother, the North Carolina Baptist State Convention, accepted that offer for her. Even today it's no trouble to recall the various attitudes which possessed the Wake Forest alumni and supporters when word came through that the Reynolds offer had been accepted. I can remember how backs were patted, how smiles were contagious, and how happy most of us were to learn that a great southern college would soon move to North Carolina's largest twin city and into the accompanying arena of economic, social, spiritual and physical advantages.

And I can also remember how some were fearful that Wake Forest would not be Wake Forest after she moved to Winston-Salem. Yet, on the whole, since that memorable day in August of 1946 most people have been patting Wake Forest on the back and congratulating her for the new horizons that she has accepted for her future goal. It's been "good luck" here and "you're fortunate" there, "what a chance" here and "the best thing that ever happened" there to the old school called Wake Forest. The Reynolds family has been praised, and rightfully so. The leaders of the Twin City have smiled upon the coming of the Baptist College and have buckled down with determined efforts that spell success.

However, out of all the praises that have been extended, one of the most appropriate conclusions was reached by an old Negro woman, who was sitting behind me on a Winston-Salem bus last Easter. She and her friend were talking about everything from apple dumplings to the man who persuaded Richard to open the door, when two high school boys—freshmen, I presumed—sat down across the aisle from us and started talking about the possibilities of going to college at Wake Forest when it opens its new doors "out at Reynolda." Catching the drift of conversation from across the way, the Negro woman turned to her companion and said, "It sure will mean a lot to this city to have a college like Wake Forest."

Being a Wake Forest alumnus myself—or practically one—I was very tempted to turn around and say, "Amen, sister," or perhaps "You said a mouthful there." But a second thought prevented me from doing so and filled my mind with speculative opinions of the gain that will be Winston-Salem's through the movement of Wake Forest.

Wake Forest will add tremendously to the cultural

life of the greatest industrial city in North Carolina. Industry without culture is like the bachelor who needs a wife but doesn't have one. Industry without culture is like the diamond ring which is pretty as it is but which could be beautiful if it had just one more stone. Industry without culture is like the well without a pump. Drawing the water with rope and bucket will do the job; but how nice a pump would be.

It should be noted, however, that Winston-Salem is not without collegiate culture. There are Salem College, for women, and the Winston-Salem Teachers College, for Negro men and women. But what a task it must be for only two forts of culture, so to speak, to guard a "battlefield" as large as the Winston-Salem, Forsyth County community. The move of Wake Forest will bring new strength to the two main cultural outposts of Winston-Salem. This is not to say that Winston-Salem is a cultural wilderness. But the Twin City can easily welcome another shot of culture serum in its right arm, if not left arm also. And Wake Forest has plenty of that serum to offer for both arms.

Wake Forest College will bring a living spirit of independent thought and a proper respect for culture to a very busy city. Winston-Salem has been busy making money for almost a half-century. Wake Forest College has been busy thinking for over a full century. What an unsurpassable combination it will be when the thinkers of life come together in social intercourse with the money makers of life. What great things they can teach each other. What a day of freedom it will be when a man's mind can soar above money and status and class and race. And what a great day it will be when the thinker becomes financially able to advance and spread such a program of independent and constructive thought. Winston-Salem has just begun to live. And when she gives birth to the new Wake Forest College, which will always possess the old Wake Forest spirit, Winston-Salem will be able to charge out of the maternity ward with cigars in one hand and chewing gum in the other and a smiling face that will say, "Have one, have two, have as many as you like, fellows, I've just given birth to the most progressive baby you ever saw. And can she think! She's got a mind that's already chattering about every field from Shakespeare to sperm cells. Have another one." What a great day for Winston-Salem.

Wake Forest College will bring to a busy city a thriving atmosphere of unpretentious scholarship and a proper respect for the dignity and rights of the human



mind. There will be clubs of local citizens to which the scholars will talk and explain the surface meanings of their particular fields. Book clubs, garden clubs, Thursday afternoon clubs and what have you will be the recipients of a knowledge about which they have read and of which they have taken a few needful sips. Some will like it, some will detest it, and there'll always be those who shrink away from a new truth. But they'll come back for more, and they'll learn new truths, new interpretations and new methods of hoping for and gaining a better life. Men with minds as free as the birds winging southward in autumn will shatter a few conservatives and encourage a few liberals and will threaten and hurt no one. Faces will light up from the thoughts of sleepy minds suddenly awakened. What a great day for Winston-Salem!

Wake Forest College will bring a new and soothing lotion to the commercial face of Winston-Salem. Through the decades Wake Forest has tried her best not to be class-conscious or status-conscious or race-conscious. She has believed in business, in making money, in commercial advancement. But she has tried quite sincerely—and I think properly so—to look upon the value of money as a wonderful medium of exchange rather than a petty scale on which to weigh a man's status in life. The man with the patch in his pants and the snag in his shirt has been as cordially welcomed in her halls as the man in the gray flannels and cutaway coat. She has always possessed the democratic virtue of evaluating the man himself and not his apparel or possessions. And, I believe, it will take more than a money-conscious world to change a century-old virtue. Even so, the new Wake Forest with the old spirit will be a definite asset to the commercial life of the Twin City. She'll bring an increase in population, in the contents of the city's cash registers, in the visitors who will come to see a game or attend a concert, in grocery counters, in movie attendance, and a general increase in everything commercially worthwhile. What a great day for Winston-Salem!

And finally—and perhaps most significantly—Wake Forest College will be a definite vitamin for the religious life of a busy city. She's been a devout Christian since the day of her birth, for she was originally conceived for the purpose of teaching young men to be ministers of the Word of God. She's been accused of slipping now and then, of becoming worldly and materialistic now and then, of telling her boys and girls to seek new truths now and then, of spreading "evil" scientific and philosophical conceptions of religion now and then; but never has she been accused of being an atheist or a bitter cynic or a hopeless agnostic. Her real fault—if it is a fault at all—has been to teach young men and women to think for themselves in the field of religion as well as in the fields of science and law and philosophy and literature. In religious points that really matter she has been basic and fundamental; in matters of only illustrative value she has been modern and liberal. She

(Continued on page thirty)

## WHEN IN WINSTON-SALEM



### HOTEL ROBERT E. LEE

Welcomes You



Frank L. Swadley, General Manager

# Unrivaled By Any

**Like Her Many Sons, the "New Wake Forest" Will Be Peerless**

TODAY, more than a year after the first announcement of the Reynolds offer, three prominent architects are busy drawing plans for the "new Wake Forest" to be located on the Reynolda estate two and a half miles north of Winston-Salem.

Early in April the Planning Committee, appointed by the Wake Forest College Board of Trustees to activate the moving of the college to Winston-Salem, confirmed the appointment of Mr. Jens Frederick Larson, of New York, as architect-in-chief and named Mr. William Henley Deitrick, of Raleigh, and Mr. Leet A. O'Brien, of Winston-Salem, as associates.

All three of these men have had wide experience in working with college construction programs. Deitrick, who graduated from Wake Forest in 1916, has drawn the plans for every building erected on the present campus since 1930 and has designed buildings for Shaw University, Peace and Campbell Colleges. O'Brien was the designer of the Bowman Gray School of Medicine

and has done work for N. C. State, Appalachian, and the Woman's College in Greensboro.

Mr. Larson, an international figure in his field, has attracted attention for himself with his work on the campus of the University of Cairo in Egypt, his design for Dartmouth's beautiful new library, and his planning of the Colby College campus in Maine and the Lehigh University campus in Pennsylvania.

After being commissioned to plan the campus, Mr. Larson spent many afternoons in wandering over the Reynolds estate in order to familiarize himself with the area on which he is to build the new school. He met with the eleven-man Planning Committee and later with the Wake Forest faculty to get their ideas and suggestions for planning the new institution.

Mr. Larson is very enthusiastic about the site with which he is working and is high in his praise of its natural beauty. On several occasions he has said that there is no prettier site in America on which to erect



REYNOLDA ESTATE—In the lower left the formal gardens and barn, in the right center the "Bungalow," and in the upper center and right the site for the campus of the "new Wake Forest."



GRAYLYN, the Gray home located near the site of the proposed new medical school and hospital.

a new college than Reynolda. "You have the beautiful mountains to look at on one side and a lovely view of the city on the other," he explains.

The architect has promised to exert every effort to make the new creation the most effective of any educational institution in America. In planning the new college it is his intention to preserve as many features of the natural landscaping of the present site as possible. Good use will be made of the sweeping terrain and as many of the trees will be left as possible.

Mr. Larson has decided not to confine the architecture for the buildings on the new campus to one type. "Architecture is educational," explains the man who lectured on it at Dartmouth for five years, "and should be used to reflect the history of the state and its social activities, and should in itself be as educational as the college it represents."

The academic buildings on the new campus will reflect the past and consider to a degree the courses taught in each. The Student Union, and administration building, on the other hand, will be of a more modern style. An effort to find something truly Wake Forest is being made.

The architect has said that Reynolda is the best possible site for the college and explains that it is well suited in its relation to both the city of Winston-Salem and the state as a whole. The new campus site is connected with the city by Reynolda Road (U. S. Highway 421) and Cherry Street Extension which Mr. Larson hopes will be beautified by the State. Tentative plans for the construction of a new parkway which will also serve the area are being made.

The present plans are flexible and are very tentative in nature. Thus far only the landscaping phase of the project has been completed. The detailed planning may take a year or two but the architect has finished drawings of a tentative layout for the college campus. (This outline is presented on pages sixteen and seventeen of this issue.)

According to the provisional layout, the visitor will find a square in the center of the campus which is to be situated on the highest point of the estate. From

this point can be seen the Reynolds Buildings and other taller buildings of the city. The Student Union, dining hall, and gymnasium will be located here with the dormitory group nearby.

The academic campus, including buildings for class instruction and the library, will be located in a quieter spot. The School of Religion will be situated in a secluded part of the campus reasonably close to the music building. The law school with its library will also be relegated to a little section of its own.

As yet no separate campus has been laid out for women students. Nor have provisions for separate sections for fraternities been made. These details will likely be worked out when a more complete layout of the new campus is made. Space for faculty housing has been allowed for on a road on the north side of the campus. It is understood that faculty members will be able to buy building lots or finished houses.

Mr. Larson and the other authorities have been impressed with that feature of the new campus site which will allow for expansion. The new school is planned to accommodate 2,500 students but it can be enlarged easily to serve as many as four thousand.

At the same time the Liberal Arts College, the School of Religion, and the Law School are being moved from Wake Forest to Winston-Salem, the Bowman Gray School of Medicine and the Baptist Hospital are being transferred from their present location in Winston-Salem to the Graylyn estate, adjacent to the Reynolda campus of the new Wake Forest, approximately two and a half miles north of the city.

Announcement of this movement was made last February when the Graylyn estate was offered as a possible site for a new hospital and medical school. The present location allows little room for needed expansion and after careful consideration plans for the move to Graylyn were approved.

The new plant will include dormitories for students, additional buildings for nurses, and a chapel in addition to a hospital larger than the one now in use. The construction of the new hospital and med school,

(Continued on page thirty-two)

# Tentative Plans Wake Forest College at R

Winston-Salem, North Carolina

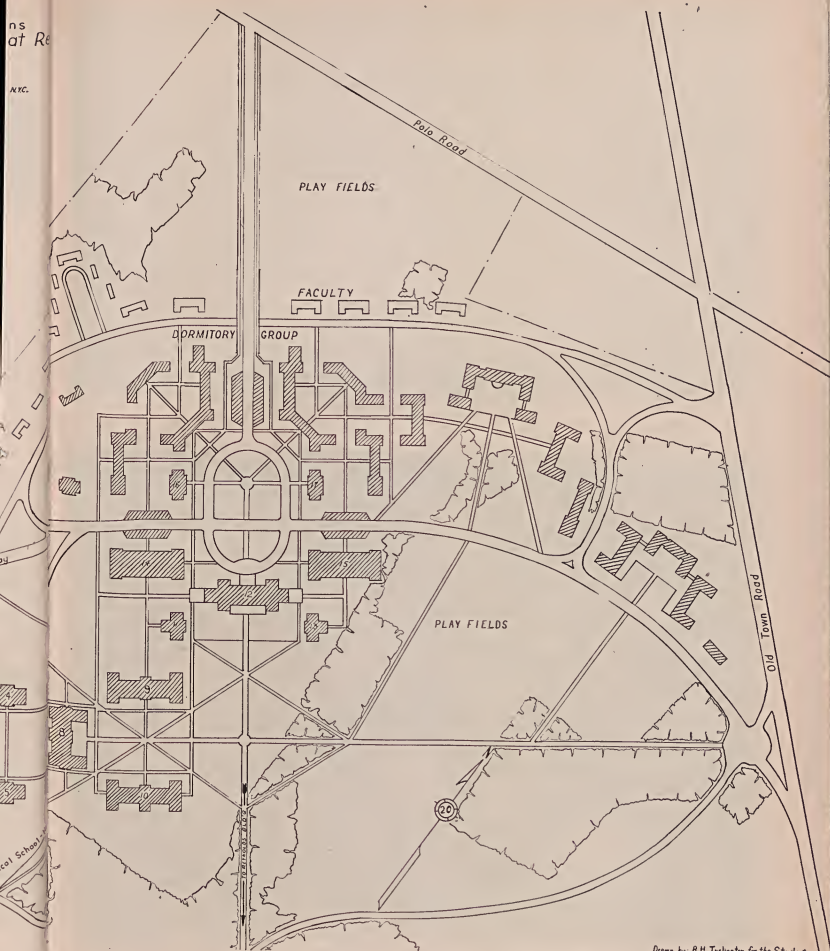
Scale: 1" = 200'

J.F. LARSON, Reg. ARCHITECT # 508 N.C.

1	President
2	Music
3	Engineering
4	Biology
5	Home Economics
6	Physics
7	Chemistry
8	Library
9	Social Science
10	Literature
11	Classics
12	Union
13	Spec.
14	Auditorium
15	Gym
16	Administration
17	Organization
18	Law
19	Religion
20	Meridian Arrow







Drawn by R.H. Turlington for the Students

# The Twin City, Yesterday and Today

Begun by a small group of Moravians nearly two centuries ago, today it is the third city of the South.

NEARLY two hundred years ago a small group of Pennsylvania Moravians, after careful selection, bought a large tract of land in the Piedmont section of North Carolina at the three forks of the Yadkin River. Later a new settlement was carefully laid out and built according to definite plans. The tranquility-loving Moravians named their new town Salem, meaning "peace."

The little town grew rapidly; a water system was established and dwellings, stores, and shops were built. Adjacent to their church the Moravian fathers consecrated a graveyard, "God's Acre," and later founded a girls' school.

The Revolutionary War brought Nathaniel Greene's soldiers to the town, and in 1781 Cornwallis passed through Salem. A decade later George Washington, then serving his first term as president of the United States, visited the vicinity and stopped for two nights at Salem Tavern.

Industries thrived almost from the beginning and

even then tobacco was an important crop. Weaving, dyeing, tanning, and baking were the important businesses. Manufacturing included the making of roofing tiles, ornamental tile stoves, clay smoking pipes, and candles.

Nearly one hundred years ago the state legislature created from Stokes County a new county which it named Forsyth. Shortly thereafter a county seat was established one mile north of Salem Square and named Winston, in honor of a Revolutionary War hero. Winston developed rapidly as an industrial center and market. The year 1872 saw the first tobacco auction and the opening of the first tobacco factory.

In 1913 the citizens of Winston and Salem voted to consolidate the two municipalities to form Winston-Salem. By this time the city had become known for its textiles, hosiery, blankets, knit goods, tobacco products and tobacco market.

Still standing and in use are the Moravian Brothers'



DOWNTOWN WINSTON-SALEM—In the upper left are the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company's factories, in the upper center the Reynolds Building, on the right the Nissen Building, and in the center foreground, the Hotel Robert E. Lee.



BOWMAN GRAY SCHOOL OF MEDICINE AND BAPTIST HOSPITAL.

home, built in 1769 and the oldest building in Salem, the old Vogler house, the Wachovia Museum, formerly Salem Boys' School, and the old Belo Home, all of which suggest another day and a different way of life. Surrounding such old landmarks as these are the city's factories and bustling business district, both characteristic of the city of today.

The Winston-Salem of 1947 is the leading industrial city of North Carolina and the third city of the South in the value of manufactured products. Its bright-leaf tobacco market, its tobacco-manufacturing center, its circular-knit hosiery mill, and its knit underwear factories are the world's largest. Seventeen furniture plants, manufacturing furniture of all types, are located in the Winston-Salem vicinity. It is a large producer of radios, radar, and electronic equipment and supports a large amount of retail trade.

Two radio stations, one of the pioneer FM stations in the South, two daily newspapers, and two weekly newspapers serve to inform its citizens of events of local, state, national, and international importance. The city is served by eleven principal highways over which travel the coaches of four bus lines. Three railways serve Winston-Salem, and its airport is one of the nation's newest and finest.

Winston-Salem was founded and built by home-loving, civic-minded people. Through the years, great institutions have grown, adding their influence and stability to the making of a wholesome, well-rounded community life.

The Ardmore and Buena Vista areas are just two of the numerous attractive residential and suburban

districts which are filled with comfortable homes. According to a late census, the city has more than 10,000 homes occupied by the owners.

Often called the city of churches, Winston-Salem has more than 150 churches representing some twenty denominations. Every section of the city is graced with lovely church buildings in attractive grounds, ranging from the old Home Moravian Church to the large, modern Baptist and Methodist structures which are among the finest in the South.

The city is also distinguished for its good schools. It supports twenty public elementary and four public high schools. These buildings appear attractive and well-equipped, and are set in spacious grounds providing adequate facilities. Salem Academy and Salem College, which developed from the original school founded by the Moravians in 1772, are among the nation's oldest leading schools for women. The city is the home of Winston-Salem Teachers College, a co-educational institution for Negroes, and the Bowman Gray School of Medicine of Wake Forest College, which was moved to Winston-Salem in 1941.

Three hospitals, affording more than seven hundred beds, are located within the city. The Forsyth County Tuberculosis Sanatorium is located nearby, and there are three convalescent homes in the city. Its City-County Health Clinic and City and County Health Departments have coöperated to make an enviable record in disease prevention for their district.

The city is not without its recreational facilities. Twenty-six parks and playgrounds afford picnic areas,



*A court on the campus of Salem College.*



*The lake at Reynolda as seen from the porch of the "Bungalow."*



*The Reynolds Home, the other side of which is shown on the cover.*

athletic fields, and other special amusement features. The best of these is Reynolds Park, which was built at a cost of nearly a million dollars and is one of the South's finest municipal recreational centers.

Numerous amateur and semi-pro baseball, basketball, and softball teams have regular schedules of games which are attended largely. Four eighteen-hole golf courses and a mild climate make golf a year-round sport. Within the city are located nine swimming pools and eight motion picture theaters. The Reynolds Auditorium and Bowman Gray Stadium are available for special events.

The YMCA and YWCA provide recreational programs, and the city maintains a department which conducts extensive supervised activities. A million-dollar coliseum which will seat 9,000 is soon to be erected. It will be the scene of ice shows, large agricultural shows, and conventions.

Winston-Salem provides its cultural opportunities, too. An annual concert series is presented under the auspices of the Civic Music Association. Lectures at Salem College are open to the public. A Little Theater group and numerous book, music, and garden clubs function actively. The Piedmont Festival of Music and Art is held annually each summer. Three libraries, providing about 70,000 volumes, are available.

The advantages and opportunities offered by Winston-Salem are manifold. Only the genuine spirit of coöperation shown by its citizens, however, make it possible for them to be afforded Wake Forest.



*Jens F. Larson, architect-in-chief, shown with his proposed drawing for the new campus.*



# Scared o' Nobody

A man whirled angrily but saw his great size and paused.

By BILL ROBBINS

THE old Filipino guided his pony to the corner just short of the traffic that flowed across the bridge to Quezon Boulevard. There several other carts much like his own were stopped. Their colors—red, yellow and gold—relieved them against the backdrop of debris and gutted buildings that, a year after the war, still loomed over the streets of Manila. Tassels swinging from their canopies danced as sightseers stepped down or climbed in.

He turned to his fare, a giant merchant mariner whose blue-gray clothes blended into the shadow of the canopy, whose face was a pale white and shaded into hair that was almost the same color. At regular intervals his hand brushed across his mouth. The driver smiled ingratiatingly.

"Whatcha stoppin' here for?" Brock Johnson snarled. He tightened his lips and moisture oozed from them, as he leaned forward from the shadow. He glowered a menace at the driver. "This ain't where I told you to take me."

The Filipino waved his arms. "It is not allowed to us that we may travel on Quezon," he explained, carefully enunciating.

"Don't gimme none o' that," Brock growled, the blue in his eyes glinting, their lids round and watery. "Whatcha take me for anyway? You ain't pullin' nothin' over on me. Get-up! Gee! Haw! Go ahead!"

The driver was growing more and more excited as he tried to convince the American. His arms hacked the air and he slipped from English into gibbering Tagalog.

But Brock would listen to no more excuses. He wrenched the reins from a futile grip, the springs groaning as he shifted forward and threw his long legs over the seat. He elbowed the driver aside and with a jerk of the reins jolted the pony's head back and up and tore the jaws apart with the pain. Hauling on the left rein and whipping with the tips, he lashed the pony into the mass of hornblowing jeeps and trucks.

The pony squatted its hindquarters and scrambled forward in short jerks, each time shying back until the cut of the leather drove him on. The cart swayed crazily and its owner clutched the seat. Brakes screeched and horns blared terror into the pony.

Brock was lashing and laughing and roaring taunts that muffled the other noise. His feet braced apart, swaying, he towered over cart and driver and uproar. He reached out to shorten the reins and lengthen his whip.

And as he whipped and roared a sense of power surged through him. A lord! A master of men! Wish those dam' runts on the ship could see me! Wouldn't those rats in the firehole sit up and take notice! Chicken, eh? I'll show 'em! G--- d---! Git up! His lax mouth tightened and the upper lip that usually draped like a curtain lifted and curled. He swabbed the beaded dampness from it with his hand.

The leather cut the air again and again to splat on the pony's flanks.

In front of the Intermezzo Club after an hour of bullying progress, his hair darkened with dampness, the conqueror leaped from his chariot. His jeer ripped at the Filipino.

Still glowing, Brock turned. An ant-heap of souvenir peddlers crawled about him, slithering back and forth from a sidewalk stall. He quelled them with a fist threateningly brandished and strode through. Ducking his head he stepped through a door opening beside the stall. Brassy music drifted down a flight of steps.

In the semi-darkness inside a Filipino girl stopped him, her teeth glimmering in imitation of a smile. The odor of coconut oil and garlic that hung in the air about her was faintly nauseous. Brock threw an arm around her and turned to the stairs but she squirmed away and pointed to a placard on the wall.

"Cover charge two pesos," he read and laughed. He hauled a roll of bills from his pocket and peeled off one.

"Here, keep the change," he said and climbed the stairs.

As he neared the top the music grew louder, jarring above a confusion of voices. The stench of garlic intermixed with the smell of coconut oil and the odor of sweaty Filipino bodies; the fumes of bad whiskey, kerosene-like, struck his nose.

From the stairs he stepped out upon the dance floor and loomed in the space between the customers and the band. He swaggered to a table, sat down and tipped his chair against one of the square columns that supported the roof. Light from two windows threw shadows in the folds around his mouth and sweat began to grease his face.

The boy who answered his call waited while he glanced at the menu.

"Singapore sling," he ordered.

The boy came back with coconut gin. Brock looked at it and roared.

(Continued on page twenty-three)

# THE STUDENT

THE WAKE FOREST COLLEGE MAGAZINE

VOL. LX

APRIL 1947

No. 6

## THE STAFF

JESSE GLASGOW, *Editor*

PAUL B. BELL, *Business Manager*

Prof. D. A. BROWN, *Faculty Adviser*

## CONTRIBUTING

Don Lee Paschal, R. H. Turlington, *Art Work*; Dr. C. S. Black, Dick Harris, Frank Jones, *Photography*; John D. Davis, Charles Giles, Doti Haworth, H. T. P. Hayes, Sanford Martin, Lawrence McSwain, Bill Robbins, Hiram Ward, and Bob Wilson, *Editorial Matter*.

## BUSINESS ASSOCIATES

Grady Patterson, Jr., *Assistant Business Manager*; Emile Fisher, *Circulation Manager*; Bill Hobbs, Campbell McMillan, and Jack Caldwell, *Advertising Salesmen*.

ON THE COVER this month is a picture of the Reynolds Bungalow as seen from the lake on the Reynolda estate, the future home of Wake Forest College. Called the "Bungalow" because of its style of architecture, the mansion stands on a choice location in a dense grove of trees which seclude it from the rest of the estate. It is the present of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Babcock, both of whom are members of the Planning Committee and were instrumental in making the Reynolds offer to Wake Forest.

IN PREPARING the section on Winston-Salem and the "new Wake Forest," the editor received invaluable assistance without which the presentation of this material would have been impossible. Thanks are due Mr. C. J. Jackson, Director of the College Enlargement Campaign, for his cooperation in permitting the use of the proposed layout of the new campus; Mr. Harry J. Krusz, General Manager of the Winston-Salem Chamber of Commerce, for his kindness shown the editor during a two-day sojourn in his city; Mr. Frank Jones, Winston-Salem Journal-Sentinel photographer, for the pictures of the Reynolds estate and the city of Winston-Salem; and above all to Miss Flora Ann Lee, Publicity Director of the Winston-Salem Chamber of Commerce, for help rendered in all phases of the work. She provided needed information about the Reynolda estate and the city of Winston-Salem and obtained for use with these articles the graphic pictures included in this section.

THE SIX NUMBERS comprising Volume LX were the first issues of THE STUDENT to be published in more than three years inasmuch as publication of the magazine was suspended during the war. The present editor

had never been on the staff of the magazine before and consequently knew little about its production when he "took over" last fall. During the course of the last nine months he has become indebted to a great number of persons for assistance given in every phase of the work. To list everyone to whom thanks are due would necessitate including extra pages in this issue. It is possible, however, to thank publicly a few of them. To Prof. D. A. Brown, faculty adviser to the magazine, Dr. E. E. Folk, general consultant to all college publications, and Mr. Edwin Wilson, all of the Wake Forest English Department; Dr. C. S. Black; Mr. C. P. West; and Messrs. Hardison, Barrow, and Hofmeister of the Edwards & Broughton Company, go gratitude for their cooperation and patience in dealing with an inexperienced but ambitious college editor.

## Typewriters - Duplicators Adding Machines

**CAROLINA TYPEWRITER CO.**

115 S. Salisbury Street

Raleigh, N. C.

"Any Repairs to Any Office Machine"

There's a  in your future.

**MILLER MOTOR CO.**

WAKE FOREST

## SCARED O' NOBODY

(Continued from page twenty-one)

"I told you Singapore sling. What the hell do you call that?"

The boy bowed and smiled. "Sir, we have only the base."

Broek ordered another of the drinks printed on the menu.

"Sir, we have only the base." Another bow and smile.

"Well dammit, bring me a quart of whisky," Broek snarled.

He poured a half-glass from the bottle brought him and took a long swallow; another drink, draining the glass, brought tears to his eyes. He wiped his mouth and stood up.

The band leader was talking to a soldier when Broek walked up. The soldier was small and dark, indistinguishable, except for his sharp nose, from the Filipinos. He spoke with a Brooklyn accent as he placed a peso in the bandleader's hand.

"Play 'Gimme Five Minits More,'" he requested.

"I don't like that song," Broek interrupted. "Play sump'n else." And he handed the Filipino a ten-peso note. The musician grinned and winked, handing back the soldier's bill.

"We do not have the music."

The soldier scowled at Broek. "Who the hell d'ya think you are?" he sputtered.

"Go swimmin'," Broek jeered and, turning, walked back to his table.

He poured himself another drink as the band began to imitate an American arrangement of "Mr. Five By Five." Some khaki clad men scraped chairs and led dark girls to the floor. Broek took another drink. He wiped his mouth and twisted half around in his chair to watch.

In the afternoon heat the dancers swayed lazily. A few jitterbugged but not enthusiastically. They circled about the floor, brushing close to Broek, hemming him in, almost suffocating him. And as he watched, one couple became detached from the others. The boy was tall, dwarfing the girl whose hair glistened, its blackness outlined against khaki. She snaked her hips to a rhythm all her own, slowly, suggestively, oblivious to the music.

Broek saw her coming and waited. As she throbbed past, he reached out and palmed a lean buttock. Without breaking the rhythm she circled, her outstretched hand describing an arc, brushing his cheek. It burned where her fingers had touched. He wiped his mouth and took another drink and wiped again. Her partner glared.

Broek swayed as he rose; his bulk broke a path to the couple. When he tapped for a break the soldier turned and bumped into a heavy shoulder quickly moving in. The girl leaned against Broek, reached up to rest a hand against his biceps and smiled when he tightened the arm, rippling the muscle; black lights eddied in her eyes.

But she never felt an arm like that, he thought.

## IN RALEIGH IT'S

**FOGG'S**  
RESTAURANT

**Specializing**  
**STEAKS SEA FOOD**

## Visit

## THE CITY BARBER SHOP

*The Friendliest Shop in Town*

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

*"Hurry Back"*

## HINE-BAGBY CO., INC.

*"Your Store"*

**CLOTHIERS and FURNISHERS**

A Complete Line for College Men

Phone 2-3145

412 N. Trade

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.



## FOR RECORDS, SHEET MUSIC

Largest and Newest Stock  
Both Popular and  
Classic

ALSO SCHOOL SUPPLIES, FOUNTAIN PENS  
LEATHER GOODS, AND GREETING CARDS

**JAMES E. THIEM**

PHONE 2-2913

RALEIGH, N. C.



Power from her fingers and warmth from his stomach joined in a flood of strength and he tipped back his head and laughed. Eyes that had been watching him from all over the room steeled at the sound.

Power filtered into his brain. Set 'em up, I'll knock 'em down. Bet that scared 'em—buncha lily-livered G. I.'s. Rookies, I guess. Not a man in the lot. Lookit 'em lookin' at me. Scared—all of 'em. They oughta be. Lookit those shoulders. Big. Strong. A man. A big man. A strong man. Mister Big. Mister Strong. Mister Big Strong. Go to hell—that's it. Mister Great Big—

He felt a tap on his great big strong shoulder and looked down at another soldier.

"Scat!" he hissed and wheeled the girl across the floor, jostling couples, making them split and stumble. A man whirled angrily, but saw his great size and paused. Brock bumbled by, brushing against the irate one.

Scared as hell, he chuckled to himself. Why shouldn't he be? All of 'em are.

The girl stepped away from him. The music had stopped but, lost in strength, he hadn't noticed. She started to walk toward the table where her partner was sitting but Brock caught her hand.

"Where ya goin'?" he demanded.

"I must go back to my boy friend," she replied.

"You stay wi' me."

She smiled again and sat down at his table.

He drank, then wiped his mouth. He danced again and humped against other couples. The music stopped and he drank again. He wiped his mouth. The next time the music started he had the floor to himself—himself and his partner. Power soared and burned in him. He wiped his lips. The music stopped and he sat down. He was holding his partner's hand over the table when a chair scraped and he turned his head.

"Mind if I sit down?" the dark little soldier asked. He swayed and leaned on the chair back for support.

"Go to hell," rasped Brock.

"Can't," stated the soldier. "Need 'nother drink. Got drink? Gimme a drink." He reached for the bottle. The band started playing but no one went to the floor for all eyes were on Brock's table. He hit the soldier's hand as it touched the bottle.

"Drink your own G--- d--- whiskey!" he roared.

"Say, you really are a bastid, ainchaz?" sneered the soldier. "Won't even give a guy a drink."

"Go shoot your marbles, kid, you're too little to drink."

"Yeh?"

"Yeah."

"Whatsa matter? Why ainchaz dancin'?" asked the soldier. He turned to the girl. "Won't this big lug dance witchaz? Cum'mahn, I'll dance witchaz." He caught the girl's hand.

Brock grabbed the soldier's shirt, yanked him close, then shoved, sending him sprawling, skidding up to the band platform. The soldier stumbled to his feet and staggered back to the table, his eyes glinting, his arms straight and stiff at his sides, his hands forming claws. He stopped in front of Brock and silence blanketed the room—a strained, electric silence.

"You sonuva b---," he swore and sprang, raking one claw after another across the pale face, ripping the skin, tearing at the eyes, biting, scratching, clawing, before Brock could get to his feet and hurl him away. As he hit the floor Brock fell on top, clutching his throat. His fingers found the soft flesh and closed, biting into the cartilage. He pounded the dark head against the floor; the face began to bulge and brown pigment lay like a veil over swollen purple. The soldier clawed and gasped for breath. Brock squeezed harder.

A torrent broke loose in his head. Dirty war, I'll show you! Try to show me up, hunh! I'll kill you! Think you c'n bite me an' get away wit' it. You can't! I'll tell the world! Kill you! Kill 'em all! Kill everybody! All runts anyway. Scared. Think I'm chicken, do they? Kill them, too! Show what a man c'n do! All of 'em! Scared runts. Rats. Scared—I ain't. Ain't scared o' nobody. Better watch! Wish that bo'sun was here. Kill him, too! Scared o' nobody—on earth. G--- d--- runts. All scared o' me. Laugh will they. I'll laugh.

His fingers bit deeper.

"The dirty—"

Heavy hands fell on his collar and his shirt tightened. His eyes, raising, passed over a ring of combat boots, traveled up over a circle of khaki and recoiled from a tight perimeter of faces, all alike, the same hatred and loathing chiseled in everyone.

Then myriad hands clutched him and he felt himself being lifted, helpless, and rushed, seething and bouncing, and hurled through space. Splitting parallels of pain jolted into his shoulders and back. The steps rasped away skin and clothing as he skidded down the stairs.

Through a fog of pain he heard voices. "Hell, keep it and drink it," one said.

But another replied, "If he touched it, it's poison."

A splintering of glass and kerosene-smelling whiskey splashed in his face and over his clothes. No one could hear his groan as the brassy music floated down the stairs.

## GENERAL ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

### SPARTAN® and R.C.A. RADIOS

All Kinds of Kitchen  
Enamelware

JONES HARDWARE CO.

PHONE 263-1

WAKE FOREST



## HONOR AND THE SYSTEM

(Continued from page three)

ago such a plan was in use, but it was discontinued because it was found unsatisfactory in every way."

### WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY

"Our system here at Washington and Lee has been in effect for quite a long time, certainly since the days when General Lee was president of Washington College. Our students and alumni take a very great pride in it. The leaders in our student body take the spirit and practice of the Honor System with the greatest earnestness.

"In my judgment the most nearly distinct feature of the Washington and Lee system is the fact that the final disposition of an Honor System case is made by the Student Body Executive Committee. When the Executive Committee makes a decision, that decision is not subject to review by the members of the faculty or the administration or even the Board of Trustees, will realize that a system such as ours can succeed when the students realize that its proper functioning depends entirely upon their vigilance and their willingness to see that no violations are allowed to pass without action.

"Amid the ebb and flow of incoming and outgoing classes the Honor System has had an amazing dominance over the atmosphere and the traditions of the college campus, which are often more permanent than its buildings and more powerful than its faculty regulations.

"Years of operation of the Honor System have convinced us that of all the character-building agencies of the American college campus it may become, when effectively utilized, by far the most valuable and efficient."

The results of this survey seem to indicate the following ideas:

That the Honor System is most workable when it is accepted as a part of the tradition of an institution;

That to remain in force the code and its meaning must be explained thoroughly to new students through a process of orientation and indoctrination;

That it is best administered by students themselves, but only when the student body as a whole realizes its responsibility in cooperating with the Honor Council.

Perhaps the most pertinent observation to come out of the study is this: *The Honor System can work!*



### "BILL" SPEAS

(Continued from page five)

he made another outstanding scholastic record, worked as assistant in physics two years, and received the master's degree in 1913.

Clemson College utilized Professor Speas' abilities

## Ready for Business...



FORTUNE  
"TOWNSTREET"  
SERIES

● When there's business ahead, look fit, feel right, in Fortune "Townstreeters"—the footwear for town and business. Come in and try a pair today. Your first step will convince you.

ADVERTISED IN  
Collier's

*Fortune*  
SHOES FOR MEN



B. & S. DEPARTMENT STORE, Inc.

Buy with Confidence — Wear with Pride

WAKE FOREST, N. C.



**STEARNS**  
Engraving Company  
ARTISTS PHOTO-ENGRAVERS  
DIALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

WE  
HAVE  
EVERYTHING  
A  
STUDENT  
NEEDS.  
THE  
COLLEGE  
BOOK STORE  
THE  
FRIENDLY  
MEETING  
PLACE  
IN  
THE  
CENTER  
OF  
THE  
CAMPUS

for the next seven years, and then in 1920 he began his long professorship at Wake Forest. He interrupted his duties here for the 1926-27 school year and took the Ph.D. degree at Cornell University, where for another brilliant record he was elected to membership in the national science scholarship fraternity, Sigma Xi. Still vivid in his memory are the long hours he labored on his dissertation, "Absorption Spectra of Organic Dye Solutions."

Dr. Speas well remembers the two solar eclipses he has seen. On the 10th of May, 1900, while scientists from all over the world gathered at Wadesboro, N. C. to watch the moon come between the earth and the sun, the fifteen-year-old embryo scientist was plowing in a Yadkin County red clay field. When the eclipse occurred Bill's mule thought night had arrived and doggedly made its way to the barn, dragging along an outraged youth, plow and all. Dr. Speas laughs for minutes about that episode, says it was the funniest thing that ever happened to him.

When in August, 1931, the world's scientists gathered in New Hampshire to experience a total eclipse of the sun, Dr. Speas decided not to be left out, grabbed a conscientious physics student, jumped into his brand new Chrysler, and took off for New England. The physicist says that the eclipse he saw there with its wonderful corona and prominences was one of the most fascinating natural phenomena he has ever seen: "I got more from it than I did from a trip to the Chicago World's Fair two years later."

Yes, Dr. Bill Speas has had a useful and interesting life up to now, and he intends for the next thirty or forty years to be that way. But his immediate concern is this big three-month vacation that is coming his way.

# WAKE UP, JAKE!

(Continued from page seven)

ceiling. There were no shades around the lights and the hard, yellow reflection of the light on the walls hurt Jake's eyes. The roof of the low-ceilinged building was enfolded with rust brown girders.

"What a dump!" Jake said.

As they pushed their way through the noisy crowd, a Negro boy in his early teens touched Jake on the arm. "Could I have your autograph, Mister Farrow?" he said. The boy's eyes were fixed upon him with admiration.

Jake took the extended pencil and scribbled his name. "Gee, thanks," he said. "I play the trumpet too and I'm going to practice until I'm as good as you are."

"Sure," Jake said. "That's the thing to do."

He sat down beside Beau and took out his trumpet. He ran over the chromatic scale absently and let his gaze wander around the crowd out in front. He spotted the boy who had asked him for his autograph.

That kid looks just the way I did when I started, he thought. He tried to feel sorry for the boy but his head hurt too badly to feel sorry for anyone except himself. He could remember the time when he had stood

in front of the band stand and watched old Louis Stone, the greatest of them all. He had sneaked into a colored dance hall in Chicago and he had been frightened standing in the midst of the sweaty Negroes. Old Louis had fixed it, though. He had taken out his old, battered trumpet and put Jake in a trance, making him oblivious of his surroundings. Jake guessed that the Negro boy was frightened too. He also remembered that old Louis had a seared lip and wore dark glasses. He wondered how long it would be before this kid had his dark glasses. Would he want to quit? Jake asked himself.

Leader lifted his hand and they started the theme amidst a burst of applause. Jake congratulated himself. His head ached but his lip felt good. Tonight he would do without it. Tonight he would play on ability alone.

They came to his ride. He had played the number every night since he had joined Leader. He didn't need ideas on this ride. As he rose from his chair, the eyes of the dancers and the eyes of the Negro boy were fixed upon him.

He raised his horn to his lips and started a light, syncopated pattern. It sounded all right until he started missing notes. He knew the chords and he thought he was playing the right notes, but it wasn't music coming out of his horn. He listened closer to the chords but he had lost it now. He grew panicky. Beau and Leader looked up at him with puzzled expressions. He was gone. He sat down in the middle of the number and told Beau to take over.

As they picked the next one out of the books, Beau turned to him with a worried look on his face.

"Same trouble, Jake?"

"Yeah, Beau," he replied. "Same old thing."

Jake looked down front. The boy looked disappointed and the sparkle had left his eyes. Jake's head ached. He cursed the bus silently. Then he cursed all buses, one-night stands, and jazz.

He quit fighting. He bent over and pulled the white, cardboard box from his ease. Beau turned to him again.

"Not again tonight, Jake. Take it easy. I'll take the ride."

Jake pulled one of the short, brown cigarettes from the box before answering him.

"It's okay, Beau," he said.

Beau turned away as Jake lit the cigarette and took a deep drag. The smoke flowed smoothly from his mouth to his lungs and back through his nose. That's good, he thought. That's fine.

His headache gradually left him. The drab, angular appearance of the warehouse seemed to fade into soft flowing shadows which pushed closer until the only light Jake was aware of was that which illuminated his music stand. He took another drag and held it in his lungs before he exhaled. The music light became brighter and the shadows softer. He reached in his ease and took out his dark glasses. Now the light was subdued and

he was in a brown world where there was, nothing but shadows and curves.

The band began to play again; this time a number by the Duke. Jake didn't pick up his horn, but sat quietly enjoying his sensations and waiting for his solo. The brass hit a chord softly, held it for two measures and began a pyramiding crescendo. The saxes joined in and together they produced a wailing, screeching dissonance. Then everything stopped abruptly and left only Jake and the rhythm section to create.

He had it now. He could feel the fluid notes start in his brain, tingle through his body and pour out his horn. He contrasted rhythm with melody and plucked only the weird notes from the modern chords.

On his last chorus, an inspired band joined in with everything they had. The loudest and wildest applause was coming from the Negro boy. Jake chuckled. This was the Jake Farrow they had all heard about, he thought.

He lit another cigarette and took another drag. It tasted even better than he expected. He held the cigarette between his thumb and forefinger and stared at the smoke. It was wonderful. He decided he would count to fifteen before he took another drag.

He got as far as eight. He jerked the cigarette to his lips and puffed greedily until there was nothing left but the butt.

Jake was a tremendous hit with the crowd. They loved him for his jazz. He caught the spirit of Dixie-

### MR. JULIAN A. BROWN

has joined our staff of experienced personnel as

### Manager and Supervisor

of our plant. We are installing  
NEW AND MODERN EQUIPMENT  
in order that we may give you unequalled service,  
workmanship and quality.

## WILKINSON CLEANERS

C. H. WILKINSON, Prop. J. A. BROWN, Mgr.  
Opposite R.R. Underpass -:- Telephone 375-1

## HOLLOWELL'S FOOD STORE

### "GOOD THINGS TO EAT"

FRESH DOWNYFLAKE DONUTS

PHONES 2521 - 2531



land style and he told them the aching, crying story of all types of improvisation through the medium of his horn.

As the band began to play the theme at the end of the dance, Jake threw down the butt of his eighth cigarette. He was awfully tired now. He had drained himself and his head felt as if it would float off his shoulders. He looked at the cigarette butt on the floor. As he watched the lazy smoke ascend, he felt the shadows close in on him and finally, after an eternity of waiting, he was rising with the smoke. He didn't try to hold back.

"Where are we going?" Jake asked the smoke.

The smoke didn't answer, but faded away to nothing and left Jake in the dark. His breathing was heavy and he could hear it echo around him as if he were in a vast, resonant chamber. He stood still and waited. He stood still and waited for five years.

Finally, out of the corner of his eyes, he distinguished a small, green light. He turned and walked slowly toward it. He took a few steps and found that now he was walking but at the same time he was on a platform which was moving smoothly and swiftly and carrying him closer to the green light.

He looked down at his feet and he could see that the platform was made of white, cardboard boxes. He looked back at the light. It was a giant, flashing neon sign and it was spelling the word "QUIT."

Jake couldn't stand it. He was being forced to the

edge of the "I." He moved to the very brink and found that the only thing he could see in front of him was green space. Behind him was darkness. His body, his clothes and his whole world was a green world.

He turned and ran back toward the darkness, but the force that was pushing him forward was too strong to resist. The platform glided to the edge of the "I," the white cardboard box he was standing on tipped forward and Jake fell headlong into a green chasm.

He was falling. He reached out, but there was nothing to save him. He forced himself to open his eyes. Facing him and falling with him was the giant, monstrous face of the Negro boy, superimposed on a background of green. The large eyes were fixed steadfastly upon him and were filled with horror.

He closed his eyes again. He fell for two minutes and then he opened them again. This time the boy had reduced in size and he had a shiny trumpet in his hands. He closed his eyes.

He fell a long time before he was forced to open them again. At first he didn't see anything. He turned his head and the wind rushing past him screamed in his ear. The colored boy was his normal size and was falling by his side. His trumpet was gone and he held in his mouth a long, brown cigarette. Dark glasses veiled his eyes from Jake.

Jake closed his eyes. Suddenly he stopped falling.

There was nothing and there was everything. Nothing was space and everything was black space. Jake cried out. The sound left his throat and he could hear his cry disappear like an airplane fading into the horizon. A million years later his cry came back to him and burst like an ack-ack shell in the middle of his face.

Beau was bending over him and shaking his arm.

"Jake! Jake! Wake up, Jake!"



#### FLAG STOP

(Continued from page eleven)

the property will revert to his legal heirs. The plot immediately behind the church was already in use as a cemetery, but it was not until July 19, 1873, that the land was purchased from Holding for \$31.25 and became the property of the church.

Recorded in the records of the church are the minutes of its official organization, dated June 8, 1859. "The ministers comprising the Presbytery were W. M. Wingate, W. T. Walters and W. T. Brooks. On motion of W. T. Brooks, W. M. Wingate was appointed moderator.

"After singing an appropriate hymn, prayer was made by Bro. W. T. Walters. After reading a Chapter some remarks were made by the moderator.

"Letters were then called for and the following were handed in and read: a letter of Junius W. Fort from Wake Union Church, Job Craver and wife from R. Gilliad Church, L. H. Dunn, John R. Dunn, William B. Dunn, David W. Allen, Wm. L. Cook, P. A.

You'll Find Our Uptown Office  
Convenient

## WAKE FOREST LAUNDRY & CLEANERS

TELEPHONE 2441

## ART FLOWER SHOP

24 West Hargett Street  
RALEIGH, N. C.

*Corsages, Cut Flowers, Designs*

Phone 7240  
Night Phone 2-3482



Dunn, Sisters Mary A. Dunn, Matilda Dunn, and Eliza Jones, from Wake Forest College.

"The presbytery then proceeded to examine the members in point of doctrine, etc., at some length, after which Bro. W. T. Brooks moved that the right hand of Fellowship be extended, which was accordingly done."

Since 1859, when the church was officially organized, the history of Forestville has, directly or indirectly, been colored by it.

In June, 1852, the College officials made an unsuccessful attempt to have a railroad placed in Wake Forest. Later, in 1872, this attempt proved successful, and, in 1874, the main station was located at Wake Forest, leaving Forestville merely a flagstop.

Dr. Paschal, in his *History of Wake Forest*, refers to this incident saying, "This removal caused a great deal of hard-feeling between the two towns which extended to dividing asunder of pastoral relations in the Forestville Baptist Church." Dr. W. T. Brooks, who was pastor at that time, supposedly left Forestville because he favored the move and so many of his members were opposed to it.

Another issue which arose about this time concerned the postoffice. The Wake Forest postoffice had never been active for any length of time, but in 1873 it was again set up and resumed operation. This move made Wake Forest practically independent of Forestville since it now had its own railroad and postoffice also. The tie that remained between the two towns was the Forestville Baptist Church which had many Wake Forest residents as members and which was attended by others, as well as by students.

J. B. Saintings, of Wake Forest, remembers those days well. He came to this locality in the early 1860's, and today, 92 years of age, recalls many details which help to complete the picture. According to him, there was no great amount of ill-feeling between the two towns at this time. The citizens of Forestville recognized the importance of Wake Forest's having a train station and felt it proper that it be that way. Forestville's wants and needs were still satisfied by its flag-stop station. Since necessity did not throw the people together regularly, as the postoffice and railroad station had previously done, the distance which separated the two towns caused them to see little of each other.

The Church records do not give a very detailed account of its activities over the years. The minutes are more in detail concerning the organization than they have been any time since then. In pre-Civil War days slaves were admitted as members, and the records show that many made good ones. Others, however, were dismissed or expelled for various reasons.

The minutes also show that the Forestville Church was one of strict discipline. Members were expelled for such things as drinking, non-support of the church, and lack of interest. Some were placed on probation, and later accepted back into the church. One man was dismissed and re-accepted twice within a matter



*This old house was formerly the Forestville Postoffice and was patronized by Wake Forest citizens and students.*

of a few years. After gaining admission the last time he asked that his letter be given him, and he withdrew from the church.

Church services were held once each month on through the early 1900's, and Sunday school every Sunday afternoon at 3:00 p.m. This schedule continued even after the Wake Forest Baptist Church was completed in 1913 and many of the Wake Forest residents who were members of the Forestville Church transferred their letters to Wake Forest.

There are several landmarks which are recognized as being peculiar to early Forestville, but the main, and the most important left today, is the Church.

The Forestville Baptist Church today approaches its 90th birthday. It is undoubtedly the best preserved building of its age in this locality, and unless closely inspected, appears to have been only recently completed. Its grounds, as well as the building, are well kept. The building's exterior is spotless white, and its floors and pews are stained dark. The only physical change since it was built in 1858 is the remodeling of what was once the slave gallery to the present Sunday school rooms in the balcony.

The members of the Forestville Baptist Church may well be proud of it. It was the connecting link between two towns which saw them through a period of strain—the connecting link which held two communities together spiritually, until they grew together physically.

## TRY SHORTY'S SPECIAL

SANDWICH, Fried Egg, Ham, Cheese,  
Lettuce and Tomato on a Toasted Bun.

# SHORTY'S

"SNACKS AT ALL HOURS"

## A GREAT DAY FOR WINSTON-SALEM

(Continued from page thirteen)

has spent her life developing the kind of religious tolerance that will not point a condemning finger at a neighbor of another faith. Even so, she's been intolerant at times and has felt badly about it later. And although she's been narrow at times, she has endeavored successfully to broaden herself without losing herself. She's been a good girl, a great girl, a virtuous girl, a little country girl who has had only one sweetheart since the day of her birth in 1834—and he was Truth, then, now and forever more. What a great day for Winston-Salem.

The above revelations cause me to wonder if there is any need to worry about Wake Forest failing to be Wake Forest after it moves to Winston-Salem. Can such an institution of liberal truths be changed by the mere construction of new buildings and the whirligig influence of a cosmopolitan community? I don't think so. Rather I'm inclined to believe that if there are any great changes to be made, Wake Forest will make them and Winston-Salem will be the fortunate recipient. What a great day for Winston-Salem!

And although Wake Forest will add these and many other noble traits to a busy Winston-Salem, she will be expected to receive as much from the Twin City. Therefore, the move is a definite gain for Wake Forest as well as Winston-Salem; for after all she is a little

country girl coming to town. But what a girl! And what a great day for Winston-Salem!



## COMMUNITY ON WHEELS

(Continued from page ten)

back farm produce, ham, eggs, and great quantities of canned goods.

An estimated minimum expense account for a married couple, living in a trailer, with no car, for any given week runs as follows:

Groceries	\$14.50
Clothing	3.00
Water and lights	2.20
Laundry and dry cleaning	2.00
Insurance	2.00
Maintenance	1.00
Newspaper	.30

Total ..... \$25.00

The majority of the trailers are furnished with small ice-boxes or refrigerators and electric hot-plates or kerosene grills. Since storage space in trailers is limited, groceries must be purchased often. Meals are served on combination study-dinner tables, usually situated in one end of the vehicle.

In the typical small trailer, a closet for clothes storage occupies one side and opposite the closet is the kitchen arrangement, with stove, sink, and ice-box, conveniently arranged to conserve space. The large bed or double bunk fills the other end, with built-in storage drawers underneath.

Several of the homes have small washing machines, and a line of drying clothes is often swung between the vehicles. Since many of the wives work, however, most of the students resort to the town laundry.

For recreation, the trailer students are little different from other college people, and seem to be happiest when paying a visit to a neighbor to talk over school work, to discuss baby care, or to play a few rubbers of bridge. Frequently there are parties and picnics when school work is not too demanding, and more often, several families crowd into one car for a drive in the country.

The Trailerlife mascot and watchdog is a foot-long fox terrier owned and fed by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patton of Morganton, N. C. On the Patton's carefully listed weekly budget, one item stands out—Dog, 15c. "Wouldn't have room for a bigger dog," Bob tells his visitors.

Near the northwest corner of the gymnasium is a trailer generally considered to be the roomiest and most convenient in the group, owned by Jim Marshall and his wife. Jim built the three-room trailer himself, and finds that he, his wife, and four-months-old baby, have adequate room. Constructed of plywood and covered with aluminum, the total cost of the trailer

**BRING YOUR DATE  
to the**

**CLUB  
BON-AIR**

NO COVER

\$1.00 Minimum \$2.00 Friday-Saturday

ATMOSPHERE OF REFINEMENT  
REASONABLE FOOD

ORCHESTRA NIGHTLY -:- RALEIGH

**OUR FRIENDS ARE  
OUR CUSTOMERS**

**LET'S BE FRIENDS**

**THE SUPER MARKET**

L. Belangio  
PHONE 2661

F. R. Keith  
PHONE 2691

and all equipment was \$1,000, the outstanding example of Trailerville ingenuity.

Baxter Smith, a freshman from Lexington has found it necessary to build an additional room to his trailer home and has added a garage for his car at the rear. Built at a cost of \$100, the room is neatly wall-papered and furnishes needed space for his growing seven-month son, Smitty.

Obviously the most domestic father in Trailerville, Baxter tends a pint-sized vegetable garden, and is often seen watering a plot of flowers growing near the doorway to his home.

Some of the wives are nurses or carry full-time office jobs in order to help meet the financial obligations of life in school. Ingenuity is often displayed in locating and holding jobs on a part-time basis in and around Wake Forest.

Mr. and Mrs. James Marshall, with the help of two neighbors, have a campus sandwich business, and spend approximately two hours each evening making various kinds of sandwiches and soft drinks for sale in the dormitories and rooming places.

Other jobs held by trailer students are part-time positions in the town of Wake Forest and on the campus. Some of them work as carpenters and laborers for the contractor on the new girl's dormitory, one is a collector of laundry for a local firm, some work in the college cafeteria. Any way, they say, that can be used to make spare money is good enough.

For water and lights, the trailer inhabitants connect garden hoses to the city's water outlets and plug wires into electric boxes near each location. One veteran, maintaining that it was unfair for all students to share the light bill equally since all do not use the same amount of electricity, balked against community use of one power meter, and installed the kerosene lamp by which he studies.

The most frequent complaint of the trailer families is the inadequacy of facilities. No provision for a bath house or laundry has been made. At the present time, the gymnasium shower rooms are being used.

The single students who live in trailers behind Simmons Dormitory live quite differently from the trailer families near the gymnasium. Most of these trailers

## CARS—TRUCKS

**We Service All Makes!**



**SERVICE CHEVROLET CO.**

WAKE FOREST

PHONE 262-1

**We Have Regular Meals  
Every Day - Including Sunday**

TRY OUR BREAKFAST SPECIALS

7:15 - 10:30

CHOPS : CHICKEN  
STEAKS with FRENCH FRIES

**DICK FRYE'S RESTAURANT**

*We Close at 8:30 P.M.*



**DISC  
Rare  
Jazz**

Blues as you like them . . . deep and low down, recorded by the country's foremost JAZZ MUSICIANS on DISC records. Order these rare, hard-to-find exclusives the convenient mail order way. TODAY!

**MUGGY SPANIER and His Orchestra**

The king of the blues and Pee Wee Russell, Vernon Brown, Gene Schroeder, Nick Chiara, Bob Hazzard, and George Wettling feature such classics as "Am I Blue", "How Come You Do Me Like You Do", "You're Driving Me Crazy" and others. Album 711. Three 10" records, \$3.95.

Copr. Disc  
1947

**NORMAN GRANZ—"Jazz At The Philharmonic, Vol. 4**

Great blues specials presented by such famous artists as Illinois Jacquet, Jack McVea, Lee Paul, Johnny Miller, J. J. Johnson, Lee Young and Surprise Star. Has received top rave reviews everywhere! Album 564. Three 10" records, \$3.95.

Mailed FREE with every order . . . "the most noticed new catalog in recorded music."

**UNITED RECORD SERVICE, Dept. 000**

762 10th Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

☐ Ship albums I have checked. I enclose \$..... (add \$50 for packing and shipping cost of Mississippi, \$1.00 west).

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay charges.

☐ 504

☐ 711

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

ZONE..... STATE.....

**FOR QUALITY MERCHANDISE**

**IN RALEIGH IT'S**

**MOTHER DAUGHTER**

**FASHIONS**

**Insurance Bldg.**

## STUDENTS—

FOR THE BEST

HAIRCUT IN TOWN

IT'S

## OSCAR ALSTON'S BARBER SHOP

Opposite the Bus Station

In the Wilkinson Building

Wake Forest

## For More Than THIRTY YEARS

Graduates of

## WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

have recognized  
discriminating  
taste among those  
who chose

GRADUATION  
GIFTS from  
This Good Store

# Taylor's

The Showplace of the Carolinas

RALEIGH

are occupied by two or three students, some of whom take part of their meals in the trailers, and use them otherwise only for sleeping. The college library is used for studying by men who live in small or crowded trailers.

Eighty-five per cent of the single trailer students are veterans. The majority of these were also forced into makeshift quarters by the scarcity of rooming places in the town, but a few have assumed trailer life to escape increasing room-rents and the prying eyes of landlords.

Angus Sargeant, veteran from Charlotte, built the largest trailer in the group over the summer months, with the help of his father. Constructed of plyboard and covered with painted canvas, the trailer measures 24'x 8'x 7 1/2' high. Two rooms, a bedroom and a study room, give the owner all the conveniences of a dormitory apartment.

The trailerites, though comfortable in their small homes, consider trailer life only a temporary arrangement, and look forward to using their transitory homes for the original purpose, travelling.

But when Wake Forest and the nation are again blessed with peace and plenty; when the citizens of Trailerville have graduated and pulled their trailers back to their eight scattered home states, we who know them in the struggle of a postwar world will remember their little community and smile.



## UNRIVALED BY ANY

(Continued from page fifteen)

estimated to cost \$6,000,000, will be planned from the first to serve as a medical school and teaching hospital unit. The move is desirable from an administrative standpoint also for at Graylyn the med school campus would join the new Wake Forest campus.

At the time approval for the relocation of the medical school and hospital was given, it was decided that the campaign to raise funds for building the new plant should be a joint effort with the college program in connection with raising funds to move Wake Forest to Winston-Salem.

North Carolina Baptists are faced with the task of raising a large sum to carry out the building program they have authorized. No information is available as to how much money has been raised for this fund but the tentative layout for the new campus and the plans being made for a bigger and better hospital and medical school allow the conclusion that, like her sons who are many, the "new Wake Forest" will be unrivaled by any.



*It's Spring  
and a young  
man's fancy...*



*... delightful dining ...  
and dancing ... in a  
pleasant ... and  
modern atmosphere*



*Just inside City Limits on  
Louisburg Road*

*Cleanliness, Service and Quality*  
**WE FEATURE WESTERN STEAKS  
AND**

**OUR SUNDAY DINNERS ARE  
PARTICULARLY APPETIZING**

**OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK**

**ANDREW JOHNSON  
DINING ROOM**

228 South Salisbury Street Raleigh, N. C.  
Christ Peters, Mgr.

**STUDENTS—  
OUR MOTTO IS  
SERVICE**



**UNDERPASS  
SERVICE STATION**

*Atlas Tires and Tubes*  
**WAKE FOREST, N. C.**

**THE RECORD BAR**

**18 WEST HARGETT STREET  
RALEIGH, N. C.**

We are now official distributors of General Electric,  
Stewart-Warner, Temple and Air King Radios—  
in all price ranges. Come in and ask for Ernie or  
Fenner and check with us before you buy.

Our Radio Repair Department is the best—all our  
work is guaranteed and no job is too big or too small.

**BRING YOUR WHITE SUITS and  
SHEER SUMMER DRESSES**

**To Our  
MODERN and EFFICIENT PLANT**



**MURRAY CLEANERS**

PHONE 3071

**WAKE FOREST**

# VOTED TOPS!

**CHESTERFIELD**  
THE LARGEST SELLING CIGARETTE  
IN AMERICA'S COLLEGES  
(BY NATION-WIDE SURVEY)

*-Yes we're up  
on our **ABC's***

**A** ALWAYS Milder  
**B** BETTER TASTING  
**C** COOLER SMOKING

# Always Buy **C**HESTERFIELD

ALL OVER AMERICA - THEY'RE TOPS - *They Satisfy*

Copyright 1947, LOUETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

